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LOS ANGELES

LUCAN.

Now while the blaze began to rise around,
The Youth sat mournful by upon the ground.
Lucans Pharsalia Book 8th

Painted by R. Cooke. *Engraved by A. Smith*

Published by Suttaby, Evance & Fox, London;
Sept. 30, 1812.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. LIII.

CONTAINING

THE FIRST VOLUME OF

ROWE'S VERSION OF LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF

LUCAN AND HIS WORKS.

BY JAMES WELWOOD, M. D.

I COULD not resist Mr. Rowe's request in his last sickness, nor the importunities of his friends since, to introduce into the world this his posthumous translation of Lucan, with something by way of preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my sphere, and that I want both leisure and materials to do justice to the author, or to the memory of the translator. The works of both will best plead for them, the one having already outlived seventeen ages, and both one and the other like to endure as long as there is any taste of liberty or polite learning left in the world. Hard has been the fate of many a great genius, that while they have conferred immortality on others, they have wanted themselves some friend, to embalm their names to posterity. This has been the fate of Lucan, and perhaps may be that of Mr. Rowe.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the first, are but very lame, and scattered in fragments of ancient authors. I am of opinion, that one reason why his life is not to be found at any

length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's resentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man set in a true light, whom, together with his uncle Seneca, he had sacrificed to his revenge. Notwithstanding this, we have some hints in writers who lived near his time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary young man.

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an Equestrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been transplanted from Italy to Spain a considerable time before, and were invested with several dignities and employments, in that remote province of the Roman empire. His father was Marcus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of a distinguished merit and interest in his country; and not the less in esteem, for being the brother of the great philosopher Seneca. His mother was Acilia, the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, one of the most eminent orators of his time: and it was from his grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The story that is told of Hesiod and Homer, of a swarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewise told of Lucan, and probably with equal truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high esteem paid to him by the ancients, as a poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was brought from his native country to Rome, that he might take the first impression of the Latin tongue, in the city where it was spoke in the greatest purity. I wonder then to find some critics de-

tract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwise, than that the language he writes in, is as pure Roman as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care that became a promising genius, and the rank of his family. His masters were Rhemnius Polæmon, the grammarian; then Flavius Virginius, the rhetorician: and lastly, Cornutus the stoic philosopher, to which sect he ever after addicted himself.

It was in the course of these studies, he contracted an intimate friendship with Aulus Persius the Satirist. It is no wonder that two men whose genius were so much alike, should unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we consider Lucan critically, we shall find in him a strong bent towards satire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuse than Persius: but satire is still in his view; and the whole Pharsalia appears to me a continued invective against ambition and unbounded power.

The progress he made in all parts of learning must needs have been very great, considering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it, by a suitable education: nor is it to be questioned, but besides the masters I have named, he had likewise the example and instructions of his uncle Seneca; the most conspicuous man then of Rome, for learning, wit, and morals. Thus he set out in the world with the greatest advantages possible, a noble birth, an opulent fortune, great relations, and withal, the

friendship and protection of an uncle, who, besides his other preferments in the empire, was favourite, as well as tutor, to the emperor. But rhetoric seems to have been the art he excelled most in, and valued himself most upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with universal applause. To this purpose it is observable, that he has interspersed a great many orations in the Pharsalia; and these are acknowledged by all to be very shining parts of the poem. Whence it is, that Quintilian, the best judge in these matters, reckons him among the rhetoricians, rather than the poets; though he was certainly master of both these arts in a high degree.

His uncle Seneca being then in great favour with Nero, and having the care of that prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court and acquaintance of the emperor. And it appears, from an old fragment of his life, that he sent for him from Athens, where he was at his studies, to Rome for that purpose. Every one knows that Nero, for the first five years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an emperor, and a philosopher. It must have been in this stage of Nero's life, that Lucan has offered up to him that poetical incense we find in the first book of the Pharsalia: for it is not to be imagined, that a man of Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in so gross a manner, if he had then thrown off the mask of virtue, and appeared in such bloody colours as he afterwards did. No! Lucan's soul

seems to have been cast in another mold: and he that durst, throughout the whole Pharsalia, espouse the party of Pompey, and the cause of Rome against Cæsar, could never have stooped so vilely low, as to celebrate a tyrant and a monster, in such an open manner. I know some commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it seems to me plain to be in the greatest earnest: and it is more than probable, that if Nero had been as wicked at that time, as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for some time in the highest favour and friendship with Nero; and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed his being made Quæstor, and admitted into the college of Augurs, before he attained the age required for these offices: in the first of which posts, he exhibited to the people of Rome a show of gladiators at a vast expense. It was in this sunshine of life, Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman Senator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accomplished in all parts of learning; insomuch, that the first three books of the Pharsalia are said to have been revised and corrected by her, in his lifetime.

How he came to decline in Nero's favour, we have no account, that I know of, in history; and it is agreed by all, that he lost it gradually, till he became his utter aversion. No doubt Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, must make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there

appears to have been a great deal of envy in the case, blended with his other prejudices against him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the spirit and height of the Roman poetry was somewhat declined from what it had been in the time of Augustus; yet it was still an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himself was not only fond of it to the highest degree; but, as most bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his skill in that art, and in music, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better to be thought a bad emperor, than a bad poet or musician. Now Lucan, though then in favour, was too honest and too open to applaud the bombast stuff that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus the philosopher, who for not approving the verses of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promise of amendment, the philosopher was set at liberty; but Dionysius repeating to him some of his wretched performances, in full expectation of having them approved: "Enough, (cries out Philoxenus) carry me back to the mines." But Lucan carried this point further; and had the imprudence to dispute the prize of eloquence with Nero, in a solemn public assembly. The judges in that trial were so just and bold, as to adjudge the reward to Lucan, which was fame and a wreath of laurel; but, in return, he lost for ever the favour of his competitor. He soon felt the effects of the emperor's resentment; for the next day he had an

order sent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all the eminent orators and poets were used to do. It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conscious enough of a superior genius, should be stung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occasion to treat Nero's verses with the utmost contempt, and expose them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero he was seconded by his friend Persius; and no doubt they diverted themselves often alone at the emperor's expense. Persius went so far, that he dared to attack openly some of Nero's verses in his First Satire; where he brings in his friend and himself repeating them. I believe a sample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as translated thus by Mr. Dryden:

Friend. But to raw numbers and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse.
'Tis tag'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid-part chimes with art that never flat is.
'The dolphin brave,
'That cut the liquid wave;
'Or he who in his line
'Can chime the long-rib'd Apennine.'
Persius, All this is doggrel stuff.
Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verse: "Arms and the man I sing."
Persius. Why name you Virgil with such fops as these!
He's truly great, and must for ever please.
Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.
Friend. What poems think you soft, and to be read
With languishing regards and bending head?

Persius. 'Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
'With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris, who slew
'The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
'Made from his neck his haughty head to fly:
'And Mænas when with ivy bridles bound,
'She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
'Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's sound.'

The verses marked with single commas are Nero's; and it is no wonder that men of so delicate a taste as Lucan and Persius could not digest them, though made by an emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero, for a thousand monstrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuse of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them; till, at length, several of the first rank, headed by Piso, formed a conspiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double score; as his country's enemy and his own, and went heartily into the design. When it was just ripe for execution, it came to be discovered by some of the accomplices, and Lucan was found among the first of the conspirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occasion some authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal stain upon his name; that to save his life he informed against his mother. This story seems to me to be a mere calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the most unlikely thing in the world, considering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble scheme of philosophy and morals he had imbibed from his infancy, and which

shines in every page of his Pharsalia. It is probable Nero himself, or some of his flatterers, might invent the story to blacken his rival to posterity; and some unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on trust, without examining into the truth of it. We have several fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and, which makes it still the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable, that he accused her unjustly. As this accusation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, so it does the manner of his death. It is universally agreed, that having chose to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in a hot bath, he supped cheerfully with his friends; and then taking leave of them with the greatest tranquillity of mind, and the highest contempt of death, went into the bath and submitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's last alarm in every part, he called to mind a passage of his own in the Sixth Book of the Pharsalia, which he repeated to the standers-by, with the same grace and accent with which he used to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and tenth of Nero. The passage was that, where he describes a soldier of Cato's dying much after the same manner, being bit by a serpent, and is thus translated by Mr. Rowe:

'So the warm blood at once from every part
'Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
'Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
'The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace.

'Where'er the liquid juices find a way,
'There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray:
'His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
'And ev'n the pores oose out the trickling blood;
'In the red deluge, all the parts lie drown'd,
'And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.'

He was buried in his garden at Rome; and there was lately to be seen, in the church of Santo Paulo, an ancient marble with the following inscription:

Marco Annæo Lucano, Cordubensi poetæ,
Beneficio Neronis, fama servata.

This inscription, if done by Nero's order, shows, that even in spite of himself, he paid a secret homage to Lucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned in some measure for the injuries and the death he gave him. But he needed no marble or inscription to perpetuate his memory. His Pharsalia will outlive all these.

Lucan wrote several books that have perished by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but the titles. The first we are told he wrote, was a 'Poem on the Combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his Son's Body;' which, it is said, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age! The rest were, 'The Descent of Orpheus into Hell;' 'The Burning of Rome;' in which he is said not to have spared Nero that set it on fire; and a 'Poem in Praise of his Wife, Polla Argentaria.' He wrote likewise several books of 'Saturnalia;' ten books of 'Silvæ;' an imperfect 'Tragedy of Medea;' a 'Poem upon

the burning of Troy, and the fate of Priam;' to which some have added the 'Panegyric to Calphurnius Piso,' yet extant; which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later age. But the book he staked his fame on was his 'Pharsalia,' the only one that now remains, and which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect, in respect of what it would have been, if he had lived to finish it.

Statius, in his 'Silvæ,' gives us the catalogue of Lucan's works in an elegant manner, introducing the muse Calliope accosting him to this purpose: 'When thou art scarce past the age of childhood '(says Calliope to Lucan) thou shalt play with the 'valour of Achilles, and Hector's skill in driving of 'a chariot. Thou shalt draw Priam at the feet of 'his unrelenting conqueror, begging the dead body 'of his darling son. Thou shalt set open the gates 'of hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus shall have 'the preference in a full theatre, in spite of Nero's 'envy:' alluding to the dispute for the prize between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by Lucan was Orpheus's descent into hell. 'Thou 'shalt relate (continues Calliope) that flame, which 'the execrable tyrant kindled, to lay in ashes the 'mistress of the world; nor shalt thou be silent in 'the praises that are justly due to thy beloved wife; 'and, when thou hast attained to riper years, thou 'shalt sing in a lofty strain the fatal fields of Phi-'lippi, white with Roman bones, the dreadful bat-'tle of Pharsalia, and the thundering wars of that 'great captain, who by the renown of his arms me-'rited to be inrolled among the gods. In that work, '(continues Calliope) thou shalt paint, in never-'fading colours, the austere virtues of Cato, who

'scorned to outlive the liberties of his country; and 'the fate of Pompey, once the darling of Rome. 'Thou shalt, like a true Roman, weep over the 'crime of the young tyrant Ptolemy; and shalt 'raise to Pompey, by the power of thy eloquence, 'a higher monument than the Egyptian pyramids. 'The poetry of Ennius, (adds Calliope) and the 'learned fire of Lucretius; the one that conducted 'the Argonauts through such vast seas to the con-'quest of the Golden Fleece; the other that could 'strike an infinite number of forms from the first 'atoms of matter; both of them shall give place to 'thee, without the least envy, and even the divine 'Æneid shall pay thee a just respect.'

Thus far Statius concerning Lucan's work: and even Lucan in two places of the 'Pharsalia' has promised himself immortality to his poem. The first is in the 7th book, which I beg leave to give in prose, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thousand times better in verse. 'One day (says he) when 'these wars shall be spoken of in ages yet to come, 'and among nations far remote from this clime, 'whether from the voice of fame alone, or the real 'value I have given them by this my history, those 'that read it shall alternately hope and fear for the 'great events therein contained. In vain (conti-'nues he) shall they offer up their vows for the 'righteous cause, and stand thunderstruck at so 'many various turns of fortune; nor shall they read 'them as things that are already past, but with that 'concern as if they were yet to come, and shall 'range themselves, O Pompey, on thy side.'

The other passage, which is in the 9th book, may be translated thus: 'Oh! Cæsar, profane

'thou not through envy the funeral monuments of 'these great patriots, that fell here sacrifices to thy 'ambition. If there may be allowed any renown 'to a Roman muse, while Homer's verses shall be 'thought worthy of praise; they that shall live after 'us, shall read his and mine together: my Pharsalia 'shall live, and no time nor age shall consign it to 'oblivion.'

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himself, concerning Lucan's life and writings: and indeed there is scarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greatest respect and the highest encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more instances.

I design not to enter into any criticism on the 'Pharsalia,' though I had ever so much leisure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain set of men, that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and seem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell these gentlemen, that Lucan is not to be tried by those rules of an epic poem, which they have drawn from the Iliad or Æneid; for if they allow him not the honour to be on the same foot with Homer or Virgil, they must do him the justice, at least, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The 'Pharsalia' is properly an historical-heroic-poem, because the subject is a known true story. Now, with our late critics, truth is an unnecessary trifle for an epic poem, and ought to be thrown aside as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a distinguishing mark of a mighty genius in the epic way. Hence

it is these critics observe, that their favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the highest wonder and surprise; and the more improbable the story is, still the more wonderful and surprising. Much good may this notion of theirs do them: but to my taste, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with surprising circumstances, big with the highest events, and conducted with all the arts of the most consummate wisdom, does not strike the less strong, but leaves a more lasting impression on my mind for being true.

If Lucan therefore wants these ornaments, he might have borrowed from Helicon, or his own invention: he has made us more than ample amends by the great and true events that fall within the compass of his story. I am of opinion, that in his first design of writing this poem of the civil wars, he resolved to treat the subject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no share in the work. But the force of custom, and the design he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with liberty, and abhor slavery, (the principal design of the poem) induced him to embellish it with some fables, that without them his books would not be so universally read: so much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any shall object to his privilege of being examined and tried as an historian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention, and fiction in the 6th book, where Sixtus inquires of the Thessalian witch Erictho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome: it may be answered,

that perhaps the story was true, or at least it was commonly believed to be so in his time; which is a sufficient excuse for Lucan to have inserted it. It is true, no other author mentions it. But it is usual to find some one passage in one historian that is not mentioned in any other, though they treat of the same subject. For though I am fully persuaded that all these oracles and responses, so famous in the pagan world, were the mere cheats of priests; yet the belief of them, and of magic and witchcraft, was universally received at that time. Therefore, Lucan may very well be excused for falling in with a popular error, whether he himself believed it or no; especially when it served to enliven and embellish his story. If it be an error, it is an error all the ancients have fallen into, both Greek and Roman: and Livy, the prince of the Latin historians, abounds in such relations. That it is not below the dignity and veracity of an historian to mention such things, we have a late instance in a noble author of our time, who has likewise wrote the civil wars of his country, and intermixed in it the story of the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham's father.

In general, all the actions that Lucan relates in the course of his history are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that sometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumstances of actions, from other writers, any more than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We ourselves have seen in the course of the late two famous wars how differently almost every battle and siege has been represented, and sometimes by those of the same side; when, at the same time,

there be a thousand living witnesses, ready to contradict any falsehood that partiality should impose upon the world. This I may affirm, the most important events, and the whole thread of action in Lucan, are agreeable to the universal consent of all authors that have treated of the civil wars of Rome. If now and then he differs from them in lesser incidents or circumstances, let the critics in history decide the question: for my part, I am willing to take them for anecdotes first discovered and published by Lucan, which may at least conciliate to him the favour of our late admirers of secret history.

After all I have said on this head I cannot but in some measure call in question some parts of Cæsar's character, as drawn by Lucan, which seem to me not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the universal consent of history. I wish I could vindicate him in some of his personal representations of men, and Cæsar in particular, as I can do in the narration of the principal events and series of his story. He is not content only to deliver him down to posterity, as the subverter of the laws and liberties of his country, which he truly was; and than which, no greater infamy can possibly be cast upon any name; but he describes him as pursuing that abominable end, by the most execrable methods, and some that were not in Cæsar's nature to be guilty of. Cæsar was certainly a man far from revenge, or delight in blood, and he made appear, in the exercise of the Supreme Power, a noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occasions. Even Lucan, though never so much his enemy, has not omitted his

generous usage of Domitius at Corfinium, or of Afranius and Petreius, when they were his prisoners in Spain. What can be then said in excuse for Lucan, when he represents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharsalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landscape of slaughter and blood, and forbidding the bodies of so many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt? Not any one passage of Cæsar's life gives countenance to a story like this: and how commendable soever the zeal of a writer may be, against the oppressor of his country; it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of malevolence, as to paint the most merciful conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the most savage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life in which even the best of men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many instances have we in history of the best princes treated as the worst of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced against them?

Shall we wonder then that the Roman people, smarting under the lashes of Nero's tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest terms against the memory of Julius Cæsar, since it was from him that Nero derived that power to use mankind as he did? Those that lived in Lucan's time did not consider so much what Cæsar was in his own person, or temper, as what he was the occasion of, to them. It is very probable there were a great many dreadful stories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude; and even men

of sense might give credit to them so far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devastations committed by his successors. Resentments of this kind in the soul of a man, fond of the ancient constitution of the Commonwealth, (such as Lucan was) might betray him to believe, upon too slight grounds, whatever was to the disadvantage of one, he looked upon as the subverter of that constitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that Brutus afterwards stabbed him; for personal prejudice against him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him: and it was upon that account alone that Cato scorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew Cæsar would have esteemed it one of the greatest felicities of his to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæsar; but would only beg the same indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to most other authors, for I cannot help believing all historians are more or less guilty of it.

I beg leave to observe one thing further on this head, that it is odd Lucan should thus mistake this part of Cæsar's character, and yet do him so much justice in the rest. His greatness of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generosity, his consummate knowledge in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all set forth in the best light upon every proper occasion. He never makes him speak, but it is with all the strength

of argument, and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were tedious to enumerate every instance of this, and I shall only mention the speech to his army before the battle of Pharsalia, which in my opinion surpasses all I ever read for the easy nobleness of expression, the proper topics to animate his soldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few mistakes in matters of fact may be added those of geography and astronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken some notice of them in his Notes, I shall say nothing of them. Lucan had neither time nor opportunity to visit the scenes where the actions he describes were done, as some other historians, both Greek and Romans, had; and therefore it was no wonder he might commit some minute errors in these matters. As to astronomy, the schemes of that noble science were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been since.

The method and disposition of a work of this kind must be much the same with those observed by other historians; with one difference only, which I submit to better judgments: an historian, who, like Lucan, has chosen to write in verse, though he is obliged to have strict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as other historians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute passage, or circumstance, if they be not absolutely necessary to the main story, especially if they are such as would appear heavy and flat, and consequently encumber his genius, or his verse. All these

trifling parts of action would take off from the pleasure and entertainment, which is the main scope of that manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a siege, or the situation of a camp, where they are not subservient to the relation of some great and important event, had better be spared than inserted in a work of that kind. In a prose writer, these perhaps ought, or at least may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable instances in most ancient historians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan against this rule, and that is his long and unnecessary enumeration of the several parts of Gaul, whence Cæsar's army was drawn together, in the First Book. It is enlivened, it is true, with some beautiful verses he throws in, about the ancient Bards and Druids; but still in the main it is dry, and but of little consequence to the story itself. The many different people and cities there mentioned, were not Cæsar's confederates, as those in the Third Book were Pompey's; and these last are particularly named, to express how many nations espoused the side of Pompey. Those reckoned up in Gaul were only the places were Cæsar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned the different routs by which they marched as the garrisons from which they were drawn. This, therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewise think, that the digression of Thessaly, and an account of its first inhabitants, is too prolix, and not of any great consequence to his pur-

pose. I am sure it signifies but little to the civil war in general, or the battle of Pharsalia in particular, to know how many rivers there are in Thessaly, or which of its mountains lies East or West.

But if these be faults in Lucan, they are such as will be found in the most admired poets; nay, and thought excellencies in them; and besides, he has made us most ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his poem. The story itself is noble and great: for what can there be in history more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the highest importance to mankind, carried on between the two greatest leaders that ever were, and by a people the most renowned for arts and arms, and who were at that time masters of the world? What a poor subject is that of the Æneid, when compared with this of the Pharsalia? and what a despicable figure does Agamemnon, Homer's 'king of kings,' make, when compared with chiefs, who, by saying only, 'Be thou a king,' made far greater kings than him? The scene of the Iliad contained but Greece, some islands in the Ægean and Ionian seas, with a very little part of the lesser Asia: this, of the civil war of Rome, drew after it almost all the nations of the then known world. Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then mistress of an empire, that reached from the straits of Hercules, and the Atlantic ocean, to the Euphrates; and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caspian seas, to Æthiopia and Mount Atlas. The inimitable Virgil is yet more straitened in his subject. Æneas, a poor fugitive

from Troy, with a handful of followers, settles at last in Italy; and all the empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vast a disproportion there is between the importance of the subject of the Æneid and that of the Pharsalia, that we find one single Roman, Crassus, master of more slaves on his estate than Virgil's hero had subjects. In fine, it may be said, nothing can excuse him for his choice, but that he designed his hero for the ancestor of Rome, and the Julian race.

I cannot leave this parallel without taking notice to what a height of power the Roman empire was then arrived, in an instance of Cæsar himself, when but proconsul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of being what he afterwards attained to. It is in one of Cicero's letters to him, wherein he repeats the words of Cæsar's letters to him some time before. The words are these: 'As to what concerns Marcus Furius, whom 'you recommended to me, I will, if you please, 'make him king of Gaul; but if you would have 'me advance any other friend of yours, send him to 'me.' It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, such as Cæsar was, to dispose of kingdoms as they pleased; and Cæsar himself had taken away Deiotarus's kingdom from him, and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one surprising instance more of the prodigious greatness of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus; and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the civil war. That prince was master of all Egypt; and marching to the conquest of Phœnicia, Cyprus,

and the other appendixes of that empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the Senate, and refuses to give him his hand till he had read them. Antiochus, startled at the command that was contained in them, to stop the progress of his victories, asked a short time to consider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a stick he had in his hand, 'Return me an 'answer, (said he) before thou stirrest out of this 'circle, or the Roman people are no more thy 'friends.' Antiochus, after a short pause, told him with the lowest submission, 'he would obey the Senate's commands.' Upon which Popilius gives him his hand, and salutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up so great a monarchy, and such a torrent of success, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reason to send word to the Senate, as he did by his ambassadors, that he had obeyed their commands, with the same submission as if they had been sent him from the immortal gods.

To leave this digression. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever so little from Homer or Virgil, who have kept possession of the first places among the poets of Greece and Rome for so many ages: yet I hope I may be forgiven if I say there are several passages in both that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity that shines almost in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the Iliad and Æneid in pieces, to prove this: but I shall only take notice of one instance; and that is, the different colouring of Virgil's hero, and Lucan's Cæsar, in a storm. Æneas is drawn weeping, and in the greatest confusion and de-

spair, though he had assurance from the gods that he should one day settle and raise a new empire in Italy. Cæsar, on the contrary, is represented perfectly sedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten up as much upon this occasion, as afterwards they did at the battles of Pharsalia and Munda. Courage would have cost Virgil nothing to have bestowed it on his hero; and he might as easily have thrown him upon the coast of Carthage in a calm temper of mind, as in a panic fear.

St. Evremont is very severe upon Virgil on this account, and has criticised upon his character of Æneas in this manner. When Virgil tells us,

Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra,
Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

'Seized as he is, (says St. Evremont) with this chil-
'ness through all his limbs, the first sign of life
'we find in him is his groaning; then he lifts
'up his hands to Heaven, and in all appear-
'ance would implore its succour, if the condition
'wherein the good hero finds himself would afford
'him strength enough to raise his mind to the gods,
'and pray with attention. His soul, which could
'not apply itself to any thing else, abandons itself
'to lamentations; and like those desolate widows,
'who, upon the first trouble they meet with, wish
'they were in the grave with their dear hus-
'bands, the poor Æneas bewails his not having
'perished before Troy with Hector, and esteem
'them very happy who left their bones in the
'bosom of so sweet and dear a country. Some
'people (adds he) may perhaps believe he says

'so, because he envies their happiness; but I 'am persuaded, (says St. Evremont) it is for fear 'of the danger that threatens him.' The same author, after he has exposed his want of courage, adds, 'The good Æneas hardly ever concerns him-'self in any important or glorious design. It is 'enough for him that he discharges his conscience 'in the office of a pious, tender, and compas-'sionate man. He carries his father on his shoul-'ders, he conjugally laments his dear Creüsa, he 'causes his nurse to be interred, and makes a fu-'neral pile for his trusty pilot Palinurus, for whom 'he sheds a thousand tears. Here is (says he) a 'sorry hero in paganism, who would have made 'an admirable saint among some Christians.' In short, it is St. Evremont's opinion, 'he was fitter 'to make a founder of an order, than a state.'

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont. I beg leave to take notice, that the storm in Lucan is drawn in stronger colours, and strikes the mind with greater horror, than that in Virgil; notwithstanding the first has no supernatural cause assigned for it, and the latter is raised by a god, at the instigation of a goddess, that was both wife and sister of Jupiter.

In the Pharsalia, most of the transactions and events that compose the relation are wonderful and surprising, though true, as well as instructive and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to transcribe the work itself, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most remarkable. With what dignity, and justness of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey and Cæsar, intro-

duced in the first book; and how beautifully, and with what a masterly art, are they opposed to one another? Add to this, the justest similitudes by which their different characters are illustrated in the second and ninth book. Who can but admire the figure that Cato's virtue makes in more places than one? And I persuade myself, if Lucan had lived to finish his design, the death of that illustrious Roman had made one of the most moving as well as one of the most sublime episodes of his poem. In the third book, Pompey's dream, Cæsar's breaking open the temple of Saturn, the siege of Marseilles, the sea-fight, and the sacred grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that, in my opinion, come very little short of any thing we find in Homer or Virgil.

In the fourth book there are a great many charming incidents; and, among the rest, that of the soldiers running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable story of Vulteius. The fifth book affords us a fine account of the oracle of Delphos, its origin, the manner of its delivering answers, and the reason of its then silence. Then upon the occasion of a mutiny in Cæsar's camp near Placentia, in his manner of passing the Adriatic in a small boat, amidst the storm I hinted at, he has given us the noblest and the best image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, in the end of the book. It has something in it as moving and tender as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the description of the witch Erictho, in the sixth book, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry, as well as in painting. The seventh book is most taken up with what relates to the famous battle of Pharsalia, which decided the fate of Rome. It is so related, that the reader may rather think himself a spectator of, or even engaged in the battle, than so remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this book, a noble majestic description of the general conflagration, and of that last catastrophe, which must put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the most elevated style, his sentiments of the immortality of the soul, and of rewards and punishments after this life. All these are touched with the nicest delicacy of expression and thought, especially that about the universal conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in holy writ. In so much that I am willing to believe Lucan might have conversed with Saint Peter at Rome, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have seen that epistle of his, wherein he gives us the very same idea of it.

In the eighth book our passions are again touched with the misfortunes of Cornelia and Pompey; but especially with the death and unworthy funeral of the latter. In this book is likewise drawn, with the greatest art, the character of young Ptolemy and his ministers; particularly that of the villain Photinus is exquisitely exposed in his own speech in council.

In the ninth book, after the apotheosis of Pompey, Cato is introduced as the fittest man after

him to head the cause of liberty and Rome. This book is the longest, and (in my opinion) the most entertaining in the whole poem. The march of Cato through the deserts of Libya, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the virtue of his hero, amidst these distresses through which he leads him, seems every where to deserve those raptures of praise he bestows upon him. Add to this, the artful descriptions of the various poisons with which these deserts abounded, and their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But Cato's answer to Labienus in this book, upon his desiring him to consult the oracle of Jupiter Hammon about the event of the civil war, and the fortune of Rome, is a masterpiece not to be equalled. All the attributes of God, such as his omnipotence, his prescience, his justice, his goodness, and his unsearchable decrees, are painted in the most awful, and the strongest colours, and such as may make christians themselves blush, for not coming up to them in most of their writings upon that subject. I know not but Saint Evremont has carried the matter too far, when in mentioning this passage, he concludes, 'If all the ancient 'poets had spoke as worthily of the oracles of 'their gods, he should make no scruple to prefer 'them to the divines and philosophers of our time. 'We may see (says he), in the concourse of so many 'people that came to consult the oracle of Ham-'mon, what effect a public opinion can produce, 'where zeal and superstition mingle together. 'We may see in Labienus, a pious sensible man, 'who to his respect for the gods, joins that con-

'sideration and esteem we ought to preserve for 'virtue in good men. Cato is a religious severe 'philosopher, weaned from all vulgar opinions, 'who entertains those lofty thoughts of the gods, 'which pure undebauched reason, and a true 'elevated knowledge, can give us of them. Every 'thing here (says Saint Evremont) is poetical; 'every thing is consonant to truth and reason. It 'is not poetical upon the score of any ridiculous 'fiction, or for some extravagant hyperbole, but 'for the daring greatness and majesty of the lan-'guage, and for the noble elevation of the discourse. 'It is thus, (adds he) that poetry is the language 'of the gods, and that poets are wise; and it is 'so much the greater wonder to find it in Lucan, '(says he) because it is neither to be met with in 'Homer nor Virgil.' I remember Montaigne, who is allowed by all to have been an admirable judge in these matters, prefers Lucan's character of Cato to Virgil, or any other of the ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and languishing, but Lucan's much more strong, though overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The tenth book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the Egyptian magnificence, with a curious account of the then received opinions of the increase and decrease of the river Nile. From the variety of the story, and many other particulars I need not mention in this short account, it may easily appear, that a true history may be a romance or fiction, when the author makes choice of a subject that affords so many, and so surprising incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to Lucan's

charge, the most justly imputed are those of his style; and indeed how could it be otherwise? let us but remember the imperfect state in which his sudden and immature death left the Pharsalia; the design itself being probably but half finished, and what was writ of it, but slightly, if at all revised. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the first three books himself, or his wife did it for him, in his own lifetime. Be it so: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of six and twenty, to those he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? Virgil, the most correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued correcting his Æneid for near as long a series of years together as Lucan lived, and yet died with a strong opinion, that it was imperfect still. If Lucan had lived to his age, the Pharsalia without doubt would have made another kind of figure than it now does; notwithstanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of Nero and Augustus.

It must be owned he is in many places obscure and hard, and therefore not so agreeable, and comes short of the purity, sweetness, and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is still universally agreed, among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art; and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering.

I am by no means willing to compare the Pharsalia to the Æneid, but I must say with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation

of thought, Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, and Labienus, shine much more in Lucan, than Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, or Venus, do in Virgil. The ideas which Lucan has given us of these great men are truly greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which Virgil has given us of his deities. The latter has clothed his gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men: the other has raised his heroes so, as to bring them into competition with the gods themselves. In a word, the gods are not so valuable in Virgil as the heroes: in Lucan the heroes equal the gods. After all, it must be allowed, that most things throughout the whole Pharsalia are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the language and expression: but the sentiments are everywhere so beautiful and elevated, that they appear (as he describes Cæsar in Amyclus's cottage in the fifth book) noble and magnificent in any dress. It is in this elevation of thought that Lucan justly excels: this is his forte, and what raises him up to an equality with the greatest of the ancient poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of Lucan's genius, as mentioned by Strada, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known, that Pope Leo the Tenth was not only learned himself, but a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the conversations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day at his villa on the banks of the Tiber with an interlude in the nature of a poetical masquerade. They had their Parnassus, their Pegasus, their Helicon, and every one of the ancient poets in their several characters, where each

acted the part that was suitable to his manner of writing, and among the rest one that acted Lucan. 'There was none (says he) that was placed in a 'higher station, or had a greater prospect under 'him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with 'all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed 'desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the 'back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse 'stuck to the mountain, while the body reared up 'in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept 'himself from sliding off; insomuch, that the spec-'tators often gave him for gone, and cried out now-'and-then, he was tumbling.' Thus Strada.

I shall sum up all I have time to say of Lucan with another character, as it is given by one of the most polite men of the age he lived in, and who, under the protection of the same Pope Leo the Tenth, was one of the first restorers of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. I mean Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus; who, with the assistance of Beroaldus, Badius, and some others of the first form in the republic of letters, published Lucan with notes, at Rome, in the year 1514; being the first impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small compass of years; and, whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever since. Verulanus, in his Dedication to Cardinal Palavicini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious criticism on his Pharsalia, but a beautiful judicious comparison betweeen him and Virgil; and that, in

a style which in my opinion comes but little short of Sallust, or the writers of the Augustan age. It is to the following purpose in English, and it may not be unacceptable to the reader.

'I come now to the author I have commented 'upon, (says Sulpitius Verulanus) and shall en- 'deavour to describe him, as well as observe in 'what he differs from that great poet Virgil. 'Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no less a 'pattern for orators than for poets; and always 'adhering strictly to truth, he seems to have as 'fair a pretence to the character of an historian; 'for he equally performs each of these offices. 'His expression is bold and lively; his sentiments 'are clear, his fictions within compass of proba- 'bility, and his digressions proper: his orations 'artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the 'other parts of his work he is grave, fluent, co- 'pious, and elegant; abounding with great variety 'and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the 'intricacy of contrivances, designs, and actions, 'his style is so masterly, that you rather seem to 'see than read of those transactions. But as for 'enterprises and battles, you imagine them not 'related but acted. Towns alarmed, armies en- 'gaged, the eagerness and terror of the several 'soldiers, seem present to your view. As our au- 'thor is frequent and fertile in descriptions; and 'none more skilful in discovering the secret springs 'of action, and their rise in human passions: as 'he is an acute searcher into the manners of men, 'and most dextrous in applying all sorts of learn- 'ing to his subject: what other cosmographer, 'astrologer, philosopher, or mathematician, do we

'stand in need of, while we read him? Who has 'more judiciously handled, or treated with more 'delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him 'to, or have casually fallen in his way? Maro is 'without doubt a great poet; so is Lucan. In 'so apparent an equality, it is hard to decide 'which excels: for both have justly obtained the 'highest commendations. Maro is rich and mag-'nificent; Lucan sumptuous and splendid: the 'first is discreet, inventive, and sublime; the latter 'free, harmonious, and full of spirit. Virgil seems 'to move with the devout solemnity of a reverend 'prelate; Lucan to march with the noble haugh-'tiness of a victorious general. One owes most 'to labour and application; the other to nature 'and practice. One lulls the soul with the sweet-'ness and music of his verse; the other raises it by 'his fire and rapture. Virgil is sedate, happy in 'his conceptions, free from faults; Lucan quick, 'various, and florid: he seems to fight with 'stronger weapons, this with more. The first 'surpasses all in solid strength; the latter excels 'in vigour and poignancy. You would think that 'the one sounds rather a larger and deeper-toned 'trumpet; the other a less indeed, but clearer. 'In short, so great is the affinity, and the struggle 'for precedence between them, that though no-'body be allowed to come up to that divinity in 'Maro; yet had he not been possessed of the 'chief seat on Parnassus, our author's claim to it 'had been indisputable.'

February 26, 1719.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

In the first book, after a proposition of his subject, a short view of the ruins occasioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to Nero, Lucan gives the principal causes of the civil war, together with the characters of Cæsar and Pompey. After that, the story properly begins with Cæsar's passing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march to Ariminum. Thither the tribunes, and Curio, (who had been driven out of the city by the opposite party) come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his speech to his army, and a particular mention of the several parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his assistance. From Cæsar the poet turns to describe the general consternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the senate and people at the news of his march. From hence he takes occasion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly an occasion of those panic terrors, and likewise the ceremonies that were used by the priests for purifying the city and averting the anger of the gods; and then ends this book with the inspiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which she enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the course of the civil war.

EMATHION plains [1] with slaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,

[1] This first period contains a proposition of the whole work, the civil war; and I would only observe once for all, that as the readers, who compare it with the original, may see that I have

Establish'd violence, and lawless might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;
A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themselves with their own hostile swords;
Piles against piles [2] oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles against eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, spilt,
One common horror and promiscuous guilt,
A shatter'd world in wild disorder toss'd,
Leagues, laws, and empire in confusion lost.
Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I sing.
What blind, detested madness could afford
Such horrid licence to the murdering sword?
Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose,
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?
Could you in wars like these provoke your fate?
Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait!
While Babylon's proud spires [3] yet rise so high,
And rich in Roman spoils invade the sky;

transposed the order of it in the translation, and that on purpose, I have taken the same liberty in many other places of this work; especially where I thought such transposition would give an emphasis and a strength to the latter end of the period. Emathia was a province properly of Macedonia, and adjoining to Thessalia, but is most commonly used by this author for Thessalia.

[2] I have chosen to translate the Latin word *pilum* thus nearly, or indeed rather to keep it, and make it English; because it was a weapon, as eagles were the ensigns peculiar to the Romans, and made use of here by Lucan purposely to denote the war made amongst themselves. This *pilum* was a sort of javelin which they darted at their enemies; the description of it may be found in Polybius, Vegetius, or in our own Dr. Kennet's Roman Antiquities.

[3] Lucan here means both the Persian and Parthian empire, which he very often joins and confounds together, taking very

While yet no vengeance is to Crassus paid,
But unaton'd repines the wandering shade!
What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
What seas wide-stretching to the distant shore,
What crowns, what empires might that blood have gain'd,
With which Emathia's fatal fields were stain'd!
Where Seres[4] in their silken woods reside,
Where swift Araxes[5] rolls his rapid tide:
Where'er (if such a nation can be found)
Nile's secret fountain springing cleaves the ground;
Where southern suns with double ardour rise,
Flame o'er the land, and scorch the mid-day skies;
Where Winter's hand the Scythian seas constrains,
And binds the frozen floods in crystal chains;
Where'er the shady night and dayspring come,
All had submitted to the yoke of Rome.
Oh Rome! if slaughter be thy only care,
If such thy fond desire of impious war;
Turn from thyself, at least, the destin'd wound,
Till thou art mistress of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyself be found.
Thy foes as yet a juster war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy sword.

often one name for both. The death of Crassus, and his defeat by the Parthians, is a story too well known to need a note. See it at large in Plutarch.

4 In ancient geographers we find two nations of this name, one in Ethiopia, and the other between India and Scythia; the latter, which are here meant, according to the learned Cellarius, answer to the northern parts of China or Cathay.

5 Of this name were several rivers in Asia; the chief, and that which is here mentioned, seems to be that in Armenia; it runs into the Caspian Sea.

But see! her hands on her own vitals seize,
And no destruction but her own can please.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plow!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the massy column lies,
While weeds obscene above the cornice rise.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
There mouldering pillars nodding roots sustain.
The landscape once in various beauty spread,
With yellow harvests and the flowery mead,
Displays a wild uncultivated face,
Which bushy brakes and brambles vile disgrace:
No human footstep prints the' untrodden green,
No cheerful maid nor villager is seen.
Ev'n in her cities, famous once and great,
Where thousands crowded in the noisy street,
No sound is heard of human voices now,
But whistling winds through empty dwellings blow.
While passing strangers wonder, if they spy
One single melancholy face go by:
Nor Pyrrhus'[6] sword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such universal desolation yield:
Her impious sons have her worst foes surpass'd,
And Roman hands have laid Hesperia[7] waste.
But if our fates severely have decreed
No way but this, for Nero to succeed;
If only thus our heroes can be gods,
And earth must pay for their divine abodes;

[6] Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, a terrible and famous enemy of the Romans. See his life in Plutarch. Hannibal's victory at Cannæ is well known.

[7] The ancient name of Italy, and likewise of Spain.

If heaven could not the thunderer obtain,
Till giants' wars made room for Jove to reign,
'Tis just, ye gods, nor ought we to complain:
Oppress'd with death though dire Pharsalia groan[8],
Though Latian blood the Punic ghosts atone;
Though Pompey's hapless sons renew the war,
And Munda[9] view the slaughter'd heaps from far;
Though meagre famine in Perusia[10] reign,
Though Mutina[11] with battles fill the plain;
Though Leuca's isle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
Record the rage of Actium's fatal day;
Though servile hands are arm'd to man the fleet,
And on Sicilian seas the navies meet;
All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,
Since thou, O Cæsar! art the great reward.
Vast are the thanks thy grateful Rome should pay
To wars, which usher in thy sacred sway.

[8] Upon this occasion Lucan enumerates the principal actions not only in this civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, but the others between the sons of Pompey, Octavius Cæsar and Antony. Pharsalia were fields so called from Pharsalus, a town in Thessaly, where the famous battle between Cæsar and Pompey was fought.

9 A town in Spain, where Pompey's sons fought a battle with Cæsar after their father's death, and where Cneius the eldest was killed. It is supposed not to have been above six leagues from the present Malaga.

[10] A town in Umbria, in Italy, where L. Antonius was besieged by Octavius Cæsar, and reduced by famine.

[11] The present Modena. D. Brutus was there besieged by Marc Antony; but the siege was raised by Augustus, and both the consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, killed.

The two last actions mentioned, are the famous battle of Actium, between Antony and Augustus; and another sea fight, between Augustus and Sextus Pompeius, near Sicily, where the latter had manned his fleet with slaves.

When, the great business of the world achiev'd,
Late by the willing stars thou art receiv'd,
Through all the blissful seats the news shall roll,
And heaven resound with joy from pole to pole.
Whether great Jove resign supreme command,
And trust his sceptre to thy abler hand;
Or if thou choose the empire of the day,
And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam;
Where'er thou reign with one consenting voice,
The gods and nature shall approve thy choice.
But oh! whatever be thy godhead great,
Fix not in regions too remote thy seat;
Nor deign thou near the frozen Bear to shine,
Nor where the sultry southern stars decline;
Less kindly thence thy influence shall come,
And thy bless'd rays obliquely visit Rome.
Press not too much on any part the sphere:
Hard were the task thy weight divine to bear;
Soon would the axis feel the' unusual load,
And groaning bend beneath the' incumbent god:
O'er the mid orb more equal shalt thou rise,
And with a juster balance fix the skies.
Serene for ever be that azure space,
No blackening clouds the purer heaven disgrace,
Nor hide from Rome her Cæsar's radiant face.
Then shall mankind consent in sweet accord,
And warring nations sheathe the wrathful sword;
Peace shall the world in friendly leagues compose,
And Janus' dreadful gates for ever close.
To me thy present godhead stands confess'd,
Oh! let thy sacred fury fire my breast;

So thou vouchsafe to hear, let Phœbus dwell
Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's [12] mystic cell;
By me uncall'd, let sprightly Bacchus reign,
And lead the dance on Indian Nysa's [13] plain.
To thee, O Cæsar! all my vows belong,
Do thou alone inspire the Roman song.
And now the mighty task demands our care,
The fatal source of discord to declare;
What cause accurs'd produc'd the dire event,
Why rage so dire the madding nations rent,
And peace was driven away by one consent.
But thus the malice of our fate commands,
And nothing great to long duration stands;
Aspiring Rome had risen too much in height,
And sunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
So shall one hour at last this globe control,
Break up the vast machine, dissolve the whole,
And time no more through measur'd ages roll.
Then chaos hoar shall seize his former right,
And reign with anarchy and eldest night;
The starry lamps shall combat in the sky,
And lost and blended in each other die;
Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires shall fall,
And ocean cast abroad o'erspread the ball:
The moon no more her well-known course shall run,
But rise from western waves and meet the sun;
Ungovern'd shall she quit her ancient way,
Herself ambitious to supply the day:
Confusion wild shall all around be hurl'd,
And discord and disorder tear the world.

[12] Cyrrha was a town near Delphos, and here taken itself for the residence of the oracle.

[13] There were many towns of this name sacred to Bacchus, especially one in India near the river Cophes.

Thus power and greatness to destruction haste,
Thus bounds to human happiness are plac'd,
And Jove forbids prosperity to last.
Yet Fortune, when she meant to wreak her hate,
From foreign foes preserv'd the Roman state,
Nor suffer'd barbarous hands to give the blow,
That laid the queen of earth and ocean low;
To Rome herself for enemies she sought,
And Rome herself her own destruction wrought;
Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before [14],
First fell by fatal partnership of pow'r.
What blind ambition bids your force combine?
What means this frantic league in which you join?
Mistaken men! who hope to share the spoil,
And hold the world within one common toil!
While earth the seas shall in her bosom bear,
While earth herself shall hang in ambient air,
While Phœbus shall his constant task renew;
While through the zodiac night shall day pursue;
No faith, no trust, no friendship, shall be known
Among the jealous partners of a throne;
But he who reigns shall strive to reign alone.
Nor seek for foreign tales to make this good;
Were not our walls first built in brother's blood [15]?
Nor did the feud for wide dominion rise,
Nor was the world their impious fury's prize?
Divided power contention still affords,
And for a village strove the petty lords.

[14] The first triumvirate or combination between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, to share the power of Rome between them.

[15] Remus killed by his brother Romulus, at the founding of Rome by the latter.

The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace,
Preserv'd the bond but for a little space,
Still with an awkward disagreeing grace.
'Twas not a league by inclination made,
But bare agreement, such as friends persuade.
Desire of war in either chief was seen,
Though interposing Crassus stood between.
Such in the midst the parting isthmus lies [16],
While swelling seas on either side arise;
The solid boundaries of earth restrain
The fierce Ionian and Ægean main;
But if the mound gives way, straight roaring loud
In at the breach the rushing torrents crowd;
Raging they meet, the dashing waves run high,
And work their foamy waters to the sky.
So when unhappy Crassus, sadly slain,
Dyed with his blood Assyrian Carre's plain;
Sudden the seeming friends in arms engage,
The Parthian sword let loose the Latian rage.
Ye fierce Arsacidæ [17]! ye foes of Rome,
Now triumph; you have more than overcome:
The vanquish'd felt your victory from far,
And from that field receiv'd their civil war.
The sword is now the umpire to decide,
And part what friendship knew not to divide.
'Twas hard, an empire of so vast a size,
Could not for two ambitious minds suffice;
The peopled earth, and wide extended main,
Could furnish room for only one to reign.

16 By Corinth.

17 The kings of Parthia, called so from Arsaces; a great prince, or perhaps the founder of that royal family.

When dying Julia [18] first forsook the light,
And Hymen's tapers sunk in endless night,
The tender ties of kindred-love were torn,
Forgotten all, and buried in her urn.
Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd,
How might the daughter and the wife persuade!
Like the fam'd Sabine dames [19] she had been seen
To stay the meeting war, and stand between:
On either hand had woo'd 'em to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord,
To join in peace, and sheathe the ruthless sword.
But this the fatal sisters doom denied;
The friends were sever'd, when the matron died.
The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
Rage fires their souls with jealousy of fame,
And emulation fans the rising flame.
Thee, Pompey [20], thy past deeds by turns infest,
And jealous glory burns within thy breast;
Thy fam'd piratic laurel seems to fade,
Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade;

[18] Julia was the daughter of Julius Cæsar, and married to Pompey. The manner of her death is said to have been thus: A servant of Domitius happening to be killed in a tumult at Rome, Pompey, who was near him, by accident was daubed with the blood; and thereupon sending his gown home, his wife (who was then with child) saw it, and imagining her husband to be killed, fell into labour with the fright, miscarried, and died of the illness she had contracted on that occasion.

[19] The Sabine virgins, who were taken away by force, and married to Romulus and the first Romans, made peace between their husbands and their fathers.

[20] Pompey had triumphed over several nations, especially over the Cilician pirates, whom though they had great fleets, and were masters of the seas, he obliged to surrender themselves and their ships within forty days.

His Gallic wreaths[21], thou view'st, with anxious eyes,
Above thy naval crowns triumphant rise.
Thee, Cæsar, thy long labours past incite,
Thy use of war, and custom of the fight;
While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
And bids thy courage scorn a second place.
Superior power, fierce faction's dearest care,
One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.
Justly to name the better cause were hard,
While greatest names for either side declar'd:
Victorious Cæsar by the gods was crown'd,
The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd.
Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
One to increasing years began to yield;
Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down;
Disus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
And pleas'd himself with popular applause;
With gifts, and liberal bounty sought for fame,
And lov'd to hear the vulgar shout his name;
In his own theatre rejoic'd to sit,
Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.
Careless of future ills that might betide,
No aid he sought to prop his failing side,
But on his former fortune much relied.
Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place;
But stood the shadow of what once he was.
So in the field with Ceres' bounty spread,
Uprears some ancient oak his reverend head;
Chaplets and sacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
But the first vigour of his root now gone,
He stands dependent on his weight alone;

[21] Cæsar had subdued Gaul.

All bare his naked branches are display'd,
And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade:
Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
As every blast would heave him from his seat;
Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him rise;
Fix'd in his ancient state he yields to none,
And wears the honours of the grove alone.
But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength, was more
Than past renown and antiquated pow'r:
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old records and annals seen;
But 'twas a valour, restless, unconfin'd,
Which no success could sate, nor limits bind;
'Twas shame, a soldier's shame, untaught to yield,
That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;
Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay,
Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
Nor spar'd to stain the guilty sword with blood;
Urging advantage he improv'd all odds,
And made the most of fortune and the gods;
Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
Such while earth trembles, and Heaven thunders loud,
Darts the swift lightning from the rending cloud;
Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful blast confounds the gazer's sight;
Resistless in its course delights to rove,
And cleaves the temples of its master Jove:
Alike where'er it passes or returns,
With equal rage the fell destroyer burns;
Then, with a whirl, full in its strength retires,
And recollects the force of all its scatter'd fires.

Motives like these the leading chiefs inspir'd;
But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.
Those fatal seeds luxurious vices sow,
Which ever lay a mighty people low.
To Rome the vanquish'd earth her tribute paid,
And deadly treasures to her view display'd:
Then truth and simple manners left the place,
While riot rear'd her lewd dishonest face;
Virtue to full prosperity gave way,
And fled from rapine, and the lust of prey.
On every side proud palaces arise,
And lavish gold each common use supplies.
Their fathers' frugal tables stand abhor'd,
And Asia now and Afric are explor'd,
For high-pric'd dainties, and the citron board [22].
In silken robes the minion men appear,
Which maids and youthful brides should blush to wear.
That age by honest poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly Romans forth, is scorn'd;
Wherever aught pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ransack'd round,
And dear-bought deaths the sinking state confound.
The Curii's and Camilli's [23] little field,
To vast extended territories yield;
And foreign tenants reap the harvest now,
Where once the great dictator held the plough.

[22] This is not here taken for the lemon-tree, but for a tree something resembling the wild cypress, and growing chiefly in Afric. It is very famous among the Roman authors, and was used by their great people for beds and tables at entertainments. The spots and crispness of the wood were its great excellence. Hence they were called *Mensæ Tigrinæ et Pantherinæ.*

[23] Old frugal Romans, who thought seven acres an estate large enough for any honest man.

Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with ease;
Ev'n liberty had lost the power to please:
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could every wickedness persuade:
Hence impious power was first esteem'd a good,
Worth being sought with arms, and bought with blood:
With glory, tyrants did their country awe,
And violence prescrib'd the rule to law.
Hence pliant servile voices were constrain'd,
And force in popular assemblies reign'd;
Consuls and tribunes, with opposing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right:
Hence, shameful magistrates were made for gold,
And a base people by themselves were sold:
Hence slaughter in the venal field [24] returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence debt unthrifty, careless to repay,
And usury still watching for its day:
Hence, perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's last resort.

Now Cæsar, marching swift with winged haste,
The summits of the frozen Alps had past;
With vast events and enterprises fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon [25] he stood;
When lo! as he survey'd the narrow flood,

[24] The *Campus Martius*, or field of Mars, where the yearly magistrates were chosen.

[25] This river divided the Cisalpine Gaul from Italy, and was the utmost bounds of Cæsar's province that way. It is said, that on the banks towards Italy a pillar was placed by decree of the Senate, with an inscription importing, that whatever general officer or soldier should presume to pass over this river armed, (it must be understood from Gaul) should be deemed a rebel, and an enemy to his country.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confess'd to sight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd;
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted, ere she spoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke.
"Presumptuous men! oh whither do you run?
Oh whither bear you these my ensigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are you come."
She said; and sunk within the closing shade:—
Astonishment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff rose his starting hair, he stood dismay'd,
And on the bank his slackening steps were stay'd.
"O thou! (at length he cried) whose hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;
Who from thy capitol's exalted height
Dost o'er the wide-spread city cast thy sight!
Ye Phrygian gods [26], who guard the Julian line!
Ye mysteries of Romulus divine!
Thou Jove! to whom from young Ascanius came
Thy Alban temple, and thy Latial name:
And thou, immortal sacred vestal flame!

[26] Cæsar pretended to be descended from Iulus or Ascanius, the son of Æneas; and the gods he invokes here are the household gods of Æneas, which he brought from Troy. Jupiter had a temple built on the mountain of Alba to him by Ascanius, by the name of Jupiter Latialis; and the holy fire, sacred to Vesta, was first preserved there by virgins, till it was translated from Alba to Rome by Numa. That Romulus was worshipped as a god, under the name of Quirinus, is very well known.

But chief, oh! chiefly, thou majestic Rome!
My first, my great divinity, to whom
Thy still successful Cæsar am I come:
Nor do thou fear the sword's destructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war shall wage:
On him thy hate, on him thy curse bestow,
Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe;
And since to thee I consecrate my toil, [smile."
Oh! favour thou my cause, and on thy soldier
He said; and straight, impatient of delay,
Across the swelling flood pursued his way.
So when on sultry Libya's desert sand
The lion spies the hunter hard at hand;
Couch'd on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury rise;
His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides,
And high upon his neck his mane with horror rides.
Then, if at length the flying dart infest,
Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
Scorning the wound he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hostile Moor.
While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea:
His bank on either side a limit stands,
Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.
But stronger now the wintry torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine snows,
And Cynthia rising with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team,
A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.
For this, to stem the rapid water's course,
First plung'd amidst the flood the bolder horse;

With strength oppos'd against the stream they lead,
While to the smoother ford, the foot with ease
succeed.
The leader now had pass'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden shore;
Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
" Here, farewell peace, and injur'd laws, (he said)
Since faith is broke, and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou, goddess Fortune, art my guide!
Let fate and war the great event decide."
He spoke; and, on the dreadful task intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum [27] he bent;
To him the Balearic [28] sling is slow,
And the shaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches swift he reach'd the town,
As the shades fled, the sinking stars were gone,
And Lucifer the last was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn arose,
Whose beams the first tumultuous rage disclose:
Whether the stormy south prolong'd the night,
Or the good gods abhor'd the impious sight,
The clouds awhile withheld the mournful light.
To the mid Forum on the soldier pass'd,
There halted, and his victor ensigns plac'd:
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The fife, hoarse horn, and rattling trumpets sound.
The starting citizens uprear their heads;
The lustier youth at once forsake their beds;
Hasty they snatch the weapons, which among
Their household-gods in peace had rested long;

[27] A city near the Rubicon. It is now called Rimini, and lies not far from Ancona in the Pope's territories.

[28] The inhabitants of the Baleares, (at present Majorca and Minorca) were famous for their slings.

Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoin'd and barely left;
Swords, with foul rust indented deep, they take,
And useless spears with points inverted shake:
Soon as their crests the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæsar high above the rest appear'd;
Each trembling heart with secret horror shook,
And silent thus within themselves they spoke:
" Oh hapless city! oh ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curse, so near the neighbouring Gauls!
By us destruction ever takes its way,
We first become each bold invader's prey;
Oh, that by fate we rather had been plac'd
Upon the confines of the utmost east!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlasting snow.
Better with wandering Scythians choose to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard these dreadful passages to Rome.
Through these the Cimbrians [29] laid Hesperia waste;
Through these the swarthy Carthaginian pass'd;
Whenever fortune threats the Latian states,
War, death, and ruin, enter at these gates."
In secret murmurs thus they sought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.
O'er all one deep, one horrid silence reigns;
As when the rigour of the winter's chains,
All nature, heaven and earth at once constrains;
The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays,
And shivering tremble on the naked sprays;

29 A barbarous people about the northern parts of Germany (now Denmark); who, about 652 years after the building of Rome, overran and ravaged Italy, and were at length vanquished by C. Marius.

Ev'n the rude seas, compos'd, forget to roar,
And freezing billows stiffen on the shore.
The colder shades of night forsook the sky,
When, lo! Bellona lifts her torch on high:
And if the chief, by doubt or shame detain'd,
Awhile from battle and from blood abstain'd;
Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,
Force every soft relenting thought away.
A lucky chance a fair pretence supplies,
And justice in his favour seems to rise.
New accidents new stings to rage suggest,
And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breast.
The Senate [30] threatening high, and haughty grown,
Had driven the wrangling tribunes from the town;
In scorn of law, had chas'd 'em through the gate,
And urg'd 'em with the factious Gracchi's fate.
With these, as for redress their course they sped
To Cæsar's camp, the busy Curio [31] fled;

[30] Cæsar had on this occasion very favourable appearances of reason and equity on his side. He proffered to lay down his command, if Pompey would do the same: but the violence of the consuls and Pompey's party was so great against him, that they would hear of no proposals for an accommodation, though never so reasonable; and forced the tribunes, who appeared for him, to fly out of the city disguised like slaves, for the immediate safety of their lives; so that when these came for protection to Cæsar's camp, it seemed as if he had marched towards Rome for no other reason than the preservation of the privileges of so sacred a magistracy as the tribunes were, and the support of the laws of his country.

[31] Curio formerly had been a bitter enemy of Cæsar, but was afterwards bought off by him, and died in his quarrel in Afric. The Gracchi, whose fate the Senate now threatened him with, were two factions leaders, who were killed in popular tumults. See their lives in Plutarch.

Curio, a speaker, turbulent and bold,
Of venal eloquence, that serv'd for gold,
And principles that might be bought and sold:
A tribune once himself, in loud debate,
He strove for public freedom and the state;
Essay'd to make the warring nobles bow,
And bring the potent party-leaders low.
To Cæsar thus, while thousand cares infest,
Revolving round the warrior's anxious breast,
His speech the ready orator address'd:
" While yet my voice was useful to my friend;
While 'twas allow'd me, Cæsar to defend,
While yet the pleading bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee;
In vain their force the moody fathers join'd,
In vain to rob thee of thy power combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
And fix'd thy conquering sword within thy hand.
But since the vanquish'd laws in war are dumb,
To thee, behold, an exil'd band we come;
For thee, with joy our banishment we take,
For thee our household hearths and gods forsake;
Nor hope to see our native city more,
Till victory and thou the loss restore.
The' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear,
Defenceless, weak, and unresolv'd appear:
Haste then thy towering eagles on their way:
When fair occasion calls 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five years the stubborn Gaul withheld,
And set thee hard in many a well-fought field;
A nobler labour now before thee lies,
The hazard less, yet greater far the prize:
A province that, and portion of the whole;
This the vast head that does mankind control.

Success shall sure attend thee; boldly go,
And win the world at one successful blow.
No triumph now attends thee at the gate;
No temples for thy sacred laurel wait:
But blasting envy hangs upon thy name,
Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame;
Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,
And makes it treason to have fought for Rome:
Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy just command.
Since Pompey then, and those upon his side,
Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide;
Assume that sway which best mankind may bear,
And rule alone what they disdain to share."
He said; his words the listening chief engage,
And fire his breast, already prone to rage.
Not peals of loud applause with greater force,
At Grecian Elis, rouse the fiery horse;
When eager for the course each nerve he strains,
Hangs on the bit, and tugs the stubborn reins,
At every shout erects his quivering ears,
And his broad breast upon the barrier bears.
Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and straight
The thronging legions round their ensigns wait:
Then thus (the crowd composing with a look,
And with his hand commanding silence) spoke.
"Fellows in arms, who chose with me to bear
The toils and dangers of a tedious war,
And conquer to this tenth revolving year;
See what reward the grateful Senate yield,
For the lost blood which stains yon northern field;
For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine snow,
And all the deaths the brave can undergo.

See! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,
As if another Hannibal were arm'd:
The lusty youth are cull'd to fill the bands,
And each tall grove falls by the shipwright's hands;
Fleets are equip'd, the field with armies spread,
And all demand devoted Cæsar's head.
If thus, while fortune yields us her applause,
While the gods call us on, and own our cause,
If thus returning conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from defeat;
If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce Gauls pursued us from behind?
But let their boasted hero leave his home,
Let him, dissolv'd with lazy leisure, come;
With every noisy talking tongue in Rome.
Let loud Marcellus troops of gownmen head,
And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead.
Shall his base followers [32], a venal train,
For ages, bid their idol Pompey reign?
Shall his ambition still be thought no crime,
His breach of laws, and triumph ere the time?
Still shall he gather honours and command,
And grasp all rule in his rapacious hand?
What need I name the violated laws,
And famine made [33] the servant of his cause?

[32] Pompey had for a long while almost monopolized and ingrossed all power in Rome. By the laws, no man could pretend to a triumph till he was thirty years old, and Pompey had triumphed over Hiarbas and the Numidians at twenty-four.

[33] Cicero in his Epistles to Atticus, and Plutarch in the Life of Pompey, inform us, that by a law the whole power of importing corn was intrusted with Pompey for five years; and Plutarch particularly mentions it as a malicious charge of Clo-

Who knows not how the trembling judge [34] beheld
The peaceful court with armed legions fill'd?
When the bold soldier, justice to defy,
In the mid Forum rear'd his ensigns high:
When glittering swords the pale assembly scar'd,
When all for death and slaughter stood prepar'd,
And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard?
And now, disdaining peace and needful ease,
Nothing but rule and government can please.
Aspiring still, as ever, to be great,
He robs his age of rest to vex the state:
On war intent, to that he bends his cares,
And for the field of battle now prepares.
He copies from his master Sylla [35] well,
And would the dire example far excel.
Hircanian tigers fierceness thus retain,
Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train,
To chase the herds, and surfeit on the slain.
Such, Pompey, still has been thy greedy thirst,
In early love of impious slaughter nurst;
Since first thy infant cruelty essay'd
To lick the curst dictator's reeking blade.

dius, 'That the law was not made because of the dearth or 'scarcity of corn; but the dearth or scarcity of corn was made, 'that they might make a law to invest Pompey with so great 'a power as that necessarily would be.'

34 Milo was accused of the death of Clodius, and defended by that famous oration of Cicero's *pro Milone*. Pompey was then sole consul, and, to prevent the tumults that were threatened by the friends of Clodius, drew a strong guard into the Forum; but Cæsar insinuates here, that it was to overawe the judges and witnesses in favour of Milo.

35 Pompey was a kind of disciple of Sylla, and like him espoused the Patrician party; and, about a dozen verses lower, Cæsar advises him to imitate his example, in the resignation of his power.

None ever give the savage nature o'er, [gore.
Whose jaws have once been drench'd in floods of
" But whither would a power so wide extend?
Where will thy long ambition find an end?
Remember him who taught thee to be great;
Let him who chose to quit the sovereign seat,
Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.
Perhaps, for that too boldly I withstand,
Nor yield my conquering eagles on command;
Since the Cicilian pirate strikes his sail,
Since o'er the Pontic king thy arms prevail;
Since the poor prince [36], a weary life o'erpast,
By thee and poison is subdued at last;
Perhaps, one latest province yet remains,
And vanquish'd Cæsar [37] must receive thy chains.
But though my labours lose their just reward,
Yet let the Senate these my friends regard;
Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands
Deserve to triumph, whosoe'er commands.
Where shall my weary veteran rest? Oh, where
Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair?
What town is for his late repose assign'd?
Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his plough, a country village seat,
Some little comfortable safe retreat;
Where failing age at length from toil may cease,
And waste the poor remains of life in peace?

[36] Mithridates after about forty years war with the Romans, being shut up in a castle by his son Pharnaces, would have poisoned himself; but had taken so many antidotes formerly, that it was said the poison could not take place, so that he was forced to have recourse to his sword to make an end of himself.

[37] This is a strong irony, a figure which the satirical genius of this author makes frequent use of.

But march! Your long victorious ensigns rear,
Let valour in its own just cause appear.
When for redress intreating armies call,
They who deny just things, permit 'em all.
The righteous gods shall surely own the cause,
Which seeks not spoil, nor empire, but the laws.
Proud lords and tyrants to depose we come,
And save from slavery submissive Rome."
He said; a doubtful sullen murmuring sound
Ran through the unresolving vulgar round;
The seeds of piety their rage restrain'd,
And somewhat of their country's love remain'd;
These the rude passions of their soul withstood,
Elate to conquest, and inur'd to blood:
But soon the momentary virtue fail'd,
And war and dread of Cæsar's frown prevail'd.
Straight, Lelius [38] from amidst the rest stood forth,
An old centurion of distinguish'd worth;
The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore,
Mark of a citizen preserv'd he bore.
" If against thee (he cried) I may exclaim,
Thou greatest leader of the Roman name!
If truth for injur'd honour may be bold,
What lingering patience does thy arms withhold?
Canst thou distrust our faith so often tried,
In thy long wars not shrinking from thy side?

38 This officer seems to have been of that degree which the Romans called *Primipilus*, *Primipilarius*, or *Primus Centurio*, which answers to our lieutenant-colonel, or it may be to a colonel; since he was the supreme officer in the legion, except the tribune. The *Vitis*, or rod made of a vine-tree, which he bore, was a badge not only of his, but of every other centurion's office. The oaken crown was an honorary reward given to him who had saved the life of a citizen.

While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
This heaving breath within my bosom blows,
While yet these arms sufficient vigour yield
To dart the javelin, and to lift the shield,
While these remain, my general, wilt thou own
The vile dominion of the lazy gown?
Wilt thou the lordly Senate choose to bear,
Rather than conquer in a civil war?
With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,
With thee the burning Lybian sands explore,
And tread the Syrt's inhospitable shore.
Behold! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,
For thee the servile oar has not disdain'd,
For thee the swelling seas was taught to plough,
Through the Rhine's whirling stream to force thy prow,
That all the vanquish'd world to thee might bow.
Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,
And inclination ever leads the way.
No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,
Whom Cæsar's trumpet once proclaims a foe.
By the long labours of thy sword, I swear,
By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,
By thy past triumphs, and by those to come,
(No matter where the vanquish'd be, nor whom)
Bid me to strike my dearest brother dead,
To bring my aged father's hoary head,
Or stab the pregnant partner of my bed;
Though nature plead, and stop my trembling hand,
I swear to execute thy dread command.
Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy gods,
And scatter flames through all their proud abodes?

See through thy camp our ready torches burn,
Moneta [39] soon her sinking fane shall mourn.
Wilt thou yon haughty factious Senate brave,
And awe the Tuscan river's yellow wave?
On Tiber's bank thy ensigns shall be plac'd,
And thy bold soldier lay Hesperia waste.
Dost thou devote some hostile city's walls?
Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls:
She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful sentence doom
The world's imperial mistress, mighty Rome."
He said; the ready legions vow to join
Their chief belov'd, in every bold design;
All lift their well-approving hands on high,
And rend with peals of loud applause the sky.
Such is the sound when Thracian Boreas spreads
His weighty wing o'er Ossa's piny heads:
At once the noisy groves are all inclin'd,
And, bending, roar beneath the sweeping wind:
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamour through the air.
Cæsar with joy the ready bands beheld,
Urg'd on by fate, and eager for the field;
Swift orders straight the scatter'd warriors call,
From every part of wide-extended Gaul;
And, lest his fortune languish by delay,
To Rome the moving ensigns speed their way.
Some, at the bidding of the chief, forsake
Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake [40];

39 There was a temple in Rome dedicated to Juno under the name of Moneta, or the monitor; a voice having been heard out of one of her temples, directing the Romans how they should pacify the anger of the gods after an earthquake.

40 The lake of Geneva.

Some from Vogesus[41] lofty rocks withdraw,
Plac'd on those heights the Lingones[42] to awe!
The Lingones still frequent in alarms,
And rich in many colour'd painted arms.
Others from Isara's[43] low torrent came,
Who winding keeps through many a mead his name;
But seeks the sea with waters not his own,
Lost and confounded in the nobler Rhone.
Their garrison the Ruthen city[44] send,
Whose youth's long locks in yellow rings depend.
No more the Varus and the Atax[45] feel
The lordly burden of the Latian keel.
Alcides' fane[46] the troops commanded leave,
Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive;
Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus resort,
Nor roll rude surges in the sacred port;
Circius'[47] loud blast alone is heard to roar,
And vex the safety of Monœchus' shore.
The legions move from Gallia's furthest side,
Wash'd by the restless ocean's various tide;

41 A mountain in Lorain, from whence the Mosa or Maëse takes its original.

42 A people of the Belgic Gaul, the Pais de Langres in Champagne.

43 L' Isere in France: it falls into the Rhone.

44 A town in the Pais de Rouvergne.

45 The rivers Var in Provence, and Aude in Languedoc.

46 Monaco.

47 This wind is generally reckoned a national one, and ascribed by the ancients to Gallia Narbonensis. Some call it a southern, though in a scheme of winds in the learned Cellarius it is placed rather as a nore-west, or nore-nore-west. According to the same author, Corus is west-nore-west. At the same time his maps lay down the port of Monœchus as opening to the south-west, and according to that situation cannot be exposed to any northerly wind.

Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main,
Now rears the land its rising head again,
And seas and earth alternate rule maintain,
If driven by winds from the far distant pole,
This way and that the floods revolving roll;
Or if compell'd by Cynthia's silver beam,
Obedient Tethys heaves the swelling stream;
Or if by heat attracted to the sky,
Old ocean lifts his heavy waves on high,
And briny deeps the wasting sun supply;
What cause soe'er the wondrous motion guide,
And press the ebb, or raise the flowing tide;
Be that your task, ye sages, to explore,
Who search the secret springs of nature's pow'r:
To me, for so the wiser gods ordain,
Untrac'd the mystery shall still remain.
From fair Nemossus [48] moves a warlike band,
From Atur's banks [49], and the Tarbellian strand,
Where winding round the coast pursues its way,
And folds the sea within a gentle bay.
The Santones [50] are now with joy releas'd
From hostile inmates, and their Roman guest.
Now the Bituriges [51] forget their fears,
And Suessons [52] nimble with unwieldy spears;
Exult the Leuci, and the Remi [53] now,
Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.

[48] Nemossus, the metropolis of the Averni, in the eastern part of Gallia Aquitanica.

[49] Atur, at present Dour or Ador, ran through the country of the Tarbelli, at the foot of the Pyrenean mountains, into the gulf of Bayonne.

[50] People of Xantoign.

[51] People near Bourdeaux.

[52] People of Soissons.

[53] The former near Toul, the latter near Rheims.

The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,
The Sequani [54] the wheeling horse to guide;
The bold Averni [55] who from Ilium come,
And boast an ancient brotherhood with Rome;
The Nervii [56] oft rebelling, oft subdued,
Whose hands in Gotta's slaughter were embrew'd;
Vangiones [57], like loose Sarmatians dress'd,
Who with rough hides their brawny thighs invest;
Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight,
And with hoarse rattlings animate to fight;
The nations where the Cinga's [58] waters flow,
And Pyrenæan mountains stand in snow;
Those where slow Arar [59] meets the rapid Rhone,
And with his stronger stream is hurried down;
Those o'er the mountains lofty summit spread,
Where high Gebenna [60] lifts her hoary head;

54 Inhabitants of Burgundy.

55 It should be Arverni, people of Auvergne.

56 A very barbarous and fierce people, who inhabited whereabouts Tournay now stands. They surprised Tetutius Sabinus and Cotta in their winter-quarters, and cut them off, with five cohorts under their command, at the time that Cæsar was in Britain.

57 A people of Germany about Wormes.

58 A river rising out of the Pyrennees.

59 The river Saone.

60 This is by some taken for the city of Geneva, but falsely. Cellarius places it more truly between the Averni and the Helvii: perhaps the Sevennes.

In this place, in all the modern editions of Lucan, are five more verses; but, as the learned Grotius observes, they are wanting in most of the ancient manuscripts, and from thence he conjectures they are spurious. I have omitted them in the translation, especially since I think this dry recapitulation of so many places is not the most useful nor entertaining part of Lucan, if it be at all of him.

With these the Trevir [61], and Ligurian shorn,
Whose brow no more long falling locks adorn;
Though chief amongst the Gauls he wont to deck,
With ringlets comely spread, his graceful neck:
And you where Hesus [62] horrid altar stands,
Where dire Teutates human blood demands;
Where Taramis by wretches is obey'd,
And vies in slaughter with the Scythian maid:
All see with joy the war's departing rage
Seek distant lands, and other foes engage.
You too, ye bards [63]! whom sacred raptures fire,
To chant your heroes to your country's lyre;
Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain;
Securely now the tuneful task renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.
The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore:
A tribe who singular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To these, and these of all mankind alone,
The gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown.

61 People near Triers. Ligurians. Those near Genoa.

62 These three ancient gods of the Gauls were thought, Hesus to be the same with Mars, Teutates with Mercury, and Taranis with Jupiter. The poet very justly puts a mark of honour upon them, since they were all three worshipped with human sacrifices, as the Diana Taurica was.

63 These were the ancient poets among the Gauls: and the commentators upon this place observe, that the word in the old Gaulish language signifies a singer. Of the Druids, their religion, their worshipping under trees, &c. so much has been said by so many others, that an explanatory note would not be very necessary here.

If dying mortals' dooms they sing aright,
No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night;
No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
Nor seek the dreary silent shades below:
But forth they fly, immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
And like a line, death but divides the space,
A stop which can but for a moment last,
A point between the future and the past.
Thrice happy they, beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise;
Hence, they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel;
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life which must so soon return.
You too, tow'rds Rome advance, ye warlike band,
That wont the shaggy Cauci[64] to withstand;
Whom once a better order did assign,
To guard the passes of the German Rhine;
Now from the fenceless banks you march away,
And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.
While thus the numerous troops, from every part
Assembling, raise their daring leader's heart;
O'er Italy he takes his warlike way, [obey,
The neighbouring towns his summons straight
And on their walls his ensigns high display.
Meanwhile, the busy messenger of ill,
Officious fame, supplies new terror still:
A thousand slaughters, and ten thousand fears,
She whispers in the trembling vulgar's ears.

64 Cauci, Chauci, or Caijci, for they are written these three ways, were a people of Germany near the Rhine.

Now comes a frighted messenger to tell
Of ruins which the country round befel;
The foe to fair Mevania's [65] walls is pass'd,
And lays Clitumnus' fruitful pastures waste;
Where Nar's white waves [66] with Tiber mingling fall,
Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.
But when himself, when Cæsar they would paint,
The stronger image makes description faint;
No tongue can speak with what amazing dread
Wild thought presents him at his army's head;
Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,
Horrid he seems, and of gigantic size:
Unnumber'd eagles rise amidst his train,
And millions seem to hide the crowded plain.
Around him all the various nations join,
Between the snowy Alps and distant Rhine.
He draws the fierce barbarians from their home,
With rage surpassing theirs he seems to come,
And urge them on to spoil devoted Rome.
Thus Fear does half the work of lying Fame,
And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame;
By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath those ills themselves have made.
Nor these alarms the crowd alone infest,
But ran alike through every beating breast;
With equal dread the grave Patricians shook,
Their seats abandon'd, and the course forsook.

65 This was a city in that part of Umbria nearest to Rome: the river Clitumnus ran by it, and its pastures were famous for their fruitfulness.

66 Virgil gives the reason for this epithet, when he calls it

Sulphureis nar albus aquis.

Nar with sulphureous waters white.

The scattering fathers quit the public care,
And bid the consuls for the war prepare.
Resolv'd on flight, yet still unknowing where
To fly from danger, or for aid repair.
Hasty and headlong differing paths they tread,
As blind impulse and wild distraction lead;
The crowd, a hurrying heartless train, succeed.
Who that the lamentable sight beheld,
The wretched fugitives that hid the field,
Would not have thought the flames, with rapid haste
Destroying wide, had laid their city waste;
Or groaning earth had shook beneath their feet,
While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the street.
By such unthinking rashness were they led;
Such was the madness which their fears had bred,
As if, of every other hope bereft,
To fly from Rome were all the safety left.
So when the stormy south is heard to roar,
And rolls huge billows from the Lybian shore;
When rending sails flit with the driving blast,
And with a crash down comes the lofty mast;
Some coward master leaps from off the deck,
And hasty to despair prevents the wreck,
And though the bark unbroken hold her way,
His trembling crew all plunge into the sea.
From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
And flying from the city rush to arms.
Then sons forsook their sires unnerv'd and old,
Nor weeping wives their husbands could withhold;
Each left his guardian Lares [67] unador'd,
Nor with one parting prayer their aid implor'd:

67 The Lares were the domestic or family-gods, placed on or near the hearth. They were said to be the children of Mercury and the nymph Lara. The reverence the Romans had for

None stop'd, or sighing turn'd for one last view,
Or bid the city of his birth adieu!
The headlong crowd regardless urge their way,
Though ev'n their gods and country ask their stay,
And pleading nature beg 'em to delay.
What means, ye gods! this changing in your doom?
Freely you grant, but quickly you resume.
Vain is the short-liv'd sovereignty you lend;
The pile you raise you deign not to defend.
See where, forsaken by her native hands,
All desolate the once great city stands!
She whom her swarming citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquish'd nations wont to crowd,
Within the circuit of whose ample space
Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;
A wide defenceless desert now she lies,
And yields herself the victor's easy prize.
The camp intrench'd, securest slumbers yields,
Though hostile arms beset the neighbouring fields;
Rude banks of earth the hasty soldier rears,
And in the turfy wall [68] forgets his fears:
While, Rome, thy sons all tremble from afar,
And scatter at the very name of war;
Nor on thy towers depend, nor rampart's height,
Nor trust their safety with thee for a night.
Yet one excuse absolv'd the panic dread;
The vulgar justly fear'd when Pompey fled:

them was very great, and the hearth for their sakes was held sacred. There were two sorts of these gods, the Domestici and Compitales: the former had the care of families, and the latter of highways.

[68] The fortifications of the Roman camps consisted only of a ditch, a bank raised behind that, of the earth dug out of it, and palisadoed!

And lest sweet hope might mitigate their woes,
And expectation better times disclose,
On every breast presaging terror sate,
And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal fate.
The gods declare their menaces around,
Earth, air, and seas, in prodigies abound;
Then stars unknown before appear'd to burn,
And foreign flames about the pole to turn;
Unusual fires by night were seen to fly,
And dart obliquely through the gloomy sky.
Then horrid comets shook their fatal hair,
And bad proud royalty for change prepare:
Now dark swift lightnings through the azure clear,
And meteors now in various forms appear:
Some like the javelin shoot extended long,
While some like spreading lamps in heaven are hung.
And though no gathering clouds the day control,
Through skies serene portentous thunders roll;
Fierce blasting bolts from northern regions come,
And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome.
The stars that twinkled in the lonely night,
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light:
The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,
Was blotted by the earth's approaching shade:
The sun himself, in his meridian race,
In sable darkness veil'd his brighter face;
The trembling world beheld his fading ray,
And mourn'd despairing for the loss of day.
Such was he seen, when backward to the east
He fled, abhorring dire Thyestes' feast.
Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While Mulciber let loose his fiery store:
Nor rose the flames, but with a downward tide
Tow'rds Italy their burning torrent guide.

Charybdis' dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
And all her whirling waves run red with blood;
The vestal fire upon the altar died,
And o'er the sacrifice the flames divide;
The parting points[69] with double streams ascend,
To show the Latian festivals must end:
Such from the Theban brethren's pile arose,
Signal of impious and immortal foes.
With openings vast the gaping earth gave way,
And in her inmost womb receiv'd the day:
The swelling seas o'er lofty mountains flow,
And nodding Alps shook off their ancient snow.
Then wept the demi-gods of mortal birth,
And sweating lares trembled on the hearth.
In temples then, recording stories tell,
Untouch'd the sacred gifts and garlands fell.
Then birds obscene with inauspicious flight,
And screamings dire, profan'd the hallow'd light.
The savage kind forsook the desert wood,
And in the streets disclos'd their horrid brood.
Then speaking beasts with human sounds were heard,
And monstrous births the teeming mothers scar'd.
Among the crowd, religious fears disperse
The saws of Sibyls, and foreboding verse.
Bellona's priest, a barbarous frantic train,
Whose mangled arms a thousand wounds distain,

69 These Feriæ Latinæ, or Latin Festivals, were performed by night to Jupiter at Alba. As I shall be always very ready to acknowledge any mistake, so I believe in this place I ought rather to have translated these verses thus:

> The parting points with double streams ascend,
> And Alba's Latian rites portentous end.

But I was led into the error by not considering enough the true meaning of the Latin expression, *Confectas Latinas.*

Toss their wild locks, and with a dismal yell
The wrathful gods and coming woes foretel.
Lamenting ghosts amidst their ashes mourn,
And groanings echo from the marble urn.
The rattling clank of arms is heard around,
And voices loud in lonely woods resound.
Grim spectres every where affright the eye,
Approaching glare, and pass with horror by.
A Fury fierce about the city walks,
Hell-born, and horrible of size, she stalks;
A flaming pine she brandishes in air,
And hissing loud up rise her snaky hair:
Where'er her round accurs'd the monster takes,
The pale inhabitant his house forsakes.
Such to Lycurgus [70] was the phantom seen;
Such the dire visions of the Theban queen;
Such, at his cruel stepmother's command [71],
Before Alcides, did Megæra stand:
With dread, till then unknown, the hero shook,
Though he had dar'd on hell's grim king to look.
Amid the deepest silence of the night,
Shrill-sounding clarions animate the fight;
The shouts of meeting armies seem to rise,
And the loud battle shakes the gloomy skies.
Dead Sylla in the Martian field ascends,
And mischiefs mighty as his own portends:
Near Anio's stream old Marius rears his head;
The hinds beheld his grisly form, and fled.
The state thus threaten'd, by old custom taught,
For counsel to the Tuscan prophets [72] sought:

[70] Lycurgus king of Thrace, and Agave queen of Thebes, were both pursued by Furies, for their contempt of Bacchus.

[71] Hercules at his descent into hell saw Pluto first, and the Furies afterwards.

[72] The Romans received their augurs and aruspices, with the

Of these the chief, for learning fam'd and age,
Aruns by name, a venerable sage,
At Luna liv'd; none better could descry
What bodes the lightning's journey through the sky;
Presaging veins and fibres well he knew,
And omens read aright from every wing that flew.
First he commands to burn the monstrous breed,
Sprung from mix'd species, and discordant seed;
Forbidden and accursed births, which come
Where nature's laws design'd a barren womb.
Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,
To pass with solemn rites about their walls,
In holy march to visit all around,
And with lustrations purge the utmost bound.
The sovereign priests the long procession lead,
Inferior orders in the train succeed,
Array'd all duly in the Gabine weed[73].
There the chaste head of Vesta's choir[74] appears,
A sacred fillet binds her reverend hairs;

arts of divining by the flight of birds and by sacrifices, from Hetruria, or Tuscany; and upon any remarkable occasion, such as this might well be supposed, they sent for soothsayers from that country, as not depending, in the last and greatest emergencies, upon their own.

73 This was not so much the habit itself as the manner of wearing it, tucked up and short. I do not remember it as used by the priests in any other ancient author. It was proper only to the consuls, or generals, upon some extraordinary occasions; as the denouncing war, burning the spoils of the enemy, devoting themselves to death for the safety of their army, or the like.

74 The business of these maids was chiefly to attend upon and preserve a holy fire. By Vesta some meant the element or principle of fire, others that of earth; and Polydore Virgil, that natural heat inclosed in the earth, by which all things are produced. They had the custody likewise of the Palladium, or image of Pallas, brought from Troy by Æneas.

To her, in sole pre-eminence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful shrine to view.
Next, the fifteen [75] in order pass along,
Who guard the fatal Sibyl's secret song;
To Almon's stream [76] Cybele's form they bear,
And wash the goddess each returning year.
The Titian brotherhood [77], the Augurs band,
Observing flights on the left lucky hand;
The Seven [78] ordain'd Jove's holy feast to deck;
The Salii [79] blithe, with bucklers on the neck;
All marching in their order just appear:
And last the generous Flamens [80] close the rear.
While these, through ways uncouth, and tiresome ground,
Patient perform their long laborious round,

75 These religious men were first two, then ten, and by Sylla increased to fifteen.

76 A little river that falls into the Tiber.

77 There were several of these sodalities in Rome. These particularly were instituted to supervise the solemnities in memory of Tatius the Sabine king.

78 These were called likewise Epulones, as well as Septemviri. At their first creation they were but three, but soon increased to seven. It is thought they were at last increased to ten, though they still kept their name of Septemviri. They had their name Epulones from a custom among the Romans in times of public danger, of making a sumptuous feast in their temples, to which they did, as it were, invite the gods themselves; for their statues were brought on rich beds and pillows, and placed at the honourable part of the table as the principal guests. These solemnities were called Lectisternia.

79 These were priests of Mars, who made a sort of dancing processions along the streets with the sacred Ancylia, or bucklers, about their necks.

80 Of these there were three principal, appropriated to Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus, who were always chosen out of the nobility.

Aruns collects the marks of heaven's dread flame,
In earth he hides 'em with religious hand,
Murmurs a prayer, then gives the place a name,
And bids the fix'd Bidental [81] hallow'd stand.
Next from the herd a chosen male is sought,
And soon before the ready altar brought.
And now the seer the sacrifice began,
The pouring wine upon the victim ran;
The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd;
The crooked knife the destin'd line had trac'd;
When with reluctant rage the' impatient beast
The rites unpleasing to the god confess'd.
At length compell'd his stubborn head to bow,
Vanquish'd he yields him to the fatal blow;
The gushing veins no cheerful crimson pour,
But stain with poisonous black the sacred floor.
The paler prophet stood with horror struck;
Then with a hasty hand the entrails took,
And sought the angry gods again; but there
Prognostics worse, and sadder signs, appear;
The pallid guts with spots were marbled o'er,
With thin cold serum stain'd, and livid gore;
The liver wet with putrid streams he spied,
And veins that threaten'd on the hostile side [82];

[81] What person, thing, or place soever had been struck by lightning, the Romans looked upon as peculiarly sacred to the gods. Whatever it was, it was immediately encompassed in by a wall, palisadoes, or at least by a rope; sometimes it was covered up in the earth, and accounted holy. It was called bidental from bidens, a sheep about two years old, with two teeth longer than the rest, that was always sacrificed on these occasions.

[82] In divining by the entrails, especially the liver, the priests were wont to divide them into two parts; one to prognosticate for themselves, and the other for their enemies. And of

Part of the heaving lungs is no where found,
And thinner films the sever'd entrails bound;
No usual motion stirs the panting heart;
The chinky vessels ouze on every part;
The cawl, where wrap'd the close intestines lie,
Betrays its dark recesses to the eye.
One prodigy superior threaten'd still,
The never-failing harbinger of ill:
Lo! by the fibrous liver's rising head,
A second rival prominence is spread:
All sunk and poor the friendly part appears,
And a pale, sickly, withering visage wears;
While high and full the adverse vessels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.
Amaz'd, the sage foresaw the' impending fate:
"Ye gods! (he cried) forbid me to relate
What woes on this devoted people wait.
Nor dost thou, Jove, in these our rites partake,
Nor smile propitious on the prayer we make;
The dreadful Stygian gods this victim claim,
And to our sacrifice the Furies came.
The ills we fear, command us to be dumb;
Yet somewhat worse than what we fear shall come.
But may the gods be gracious from on high,
Some better prosperous event supply,
Fibres may err, and augury may lie;
Arts may be false, by which our sires divin'd,
And Tages[83] taught 'em to abuse mankind."

all bad omens, nothing had a worse signification than a duplicate, or any superfluous part. All the conditions and appearances indeed of this sacrifice were of the worst kind that could be.

83 This was a miraculous prophet, who rose out of the ground in Etruria or Tuscany, and first taught the rites of divination.

Thus darkly he the prophecy express'd,
And riddling sung the double-dealing priest,
But Figulus[84] exclaims (to science bred,
And in the gods' mysterious secrets read;
Whom nor Ægyptian Memphis' sons excell'd,
Nor with more skill the rolling orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the labours of the sphere,
And calculate the just revolving year.)
" The stars (he cries) are in confusion hurl'd,
And wandering error quite misguides the world;
Or if the laws of nature yet remain,
Some swift destruction now the fates ordain.
Shall earth's wide opening jaws for ruin call,
And sinking cities to the centre fall?
Shall raging drought infest the sultry sky?
Shall faithless earth the promis'd crop deny?
Shall poisonous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid spring and silver flood?
Ye gods! what ruin does your wrath prepare?
Comes it from heaven, from earth, from seas, or air?
The lives of many to a period haste,
And thousands shall together breathe their last.
If Saturn's sullen beams were lifted high,
And baneful reign'd ascendent o'er the sky,
Then moist Aquarius deluges might rain,
And earth once more lie sunk beneath the main:
Or did thy glowing beams, O Phœbus! shine
Malignant in the lion's scorching sign;
Wide o'er the world consuming fires might roll,
And heaven be seen to flame from pole to pole:

[84] Cicero and Aulus Gellius make mention of Nigidius Figulus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who was likewise eminent for his skill in astrology.

Through peaceful orbits these unangry glide.
But, god of battles! what dost thou provide,
Who in the threatening Scorpion dost preside?
With potent wrath around thy influence streams,
And the whole monster kindles at thy beams;
While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,
And Mercury with Venus faintly shine;
The wandering lights are darken'd all and gone,
And Mars now lords it o'er the heavens alone.
Orion's starry falchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful side.
War comes, and savage slaughter must abound,
The sword of violence shall right confound:
The blackest crimes fair virtue's name shall wear,
And impious fury rage for many a year.
Yet ask not thou an end of arms, O Rome!
Thy peace must with a lordly master come.
Protract destruction, and defer thy chain,
The sword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
And civil wars thy liberty maintain."

The heartless vulgar to the sage give heed,
New rising fears his words foreboding breed.
When lo! more dreadful wonders strike their eyes;
Forth through the streets a Roman matron flies,
Mad as the Thracian dames that bound along,
And chant Lyæus in their frantic song:
Enthusiastic heavings swell'd her breast,
And thus her voice the Delphic god confess'd:
"Where dost thou snatch me, Pæan! wherefore bear
Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathless air?
I see Pangæan[85] mountains white with snow,
Æmus, and wide Philippi's fields below.

85 Pangæus was a mountain in Thrace, and (as is plain from a passage in Dion Cassius) at the foot of it stood Philippi, the

Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury rise?
What mean these spears and shields before my eyes?
I see the Roman battles crowd the plain!
I see the war, but seek the foe in vain [86].
Again I fly, I seek the rising day,
Where Nile's Ægyptian waters take their way:
I see, I know, upon the guilty shore,
The hero's headless trunk besmear'd with gore.
The Syrts and Libyan sands beneath me lie,
Thither Emathia's scatter'd relics fly.
Now o'er the cloudy Alps I stretch my flight,
And soar above Pyrene's airy height:
To Rome, my native Rome, I turn again,
And see the Senate reeking with the slain.

city near which the battle between Antony and Octavius on one side, and Brutus and Cassius on the other, was fought. Æmus, or Hæmus, was likewise a mountain in Thrace to the north of Pangæus.

It is pretty strange that so many great names of antiquity, as Virgil, Ovid, Petronius, and Lucan, should be guilty of such a blunder in geography, as to confound the field of battle between J. Cæsar and Pompey with that between Oct. Cæsar and Brutus, when (it was very plain) one was in the middle of Thessaly, and the other in Thrace, a great part of Macedonia lying between. Sulpitius indeed, one of the commentators upon Lucan, says, there was a town called Philippi, in whose neighbourhood the battle between Cæsar and Pompey was fought; but upon what authority I know not. But supposing that, it is undeniable that these two battles were fought in two different countries. I must own, it seems to me to be the fault originally of Virgil (upon what occasion so correct a writer could commit so great an error is not easy to imagine), and that the rest took it very easily from him, without making any further inquiry.

86 Because they were all Romans; or their subjects and confederates; and should have been all on the same side.

Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare;
Again, I follow through the world the war.
Oh, give me, Phœbus! give me to explore
Some region new, some undiscover'd shore;
I saw Philippi's fatal fields before."
She said: the weary rage began to cease,
And left the fainting prophetess in peace.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Amidst the general consternation that foreran the civil war, the poet introduces an old man giving an account of the miseries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their present circumstances to those in which the commonwealth was, when that former war broke out. Brutus consults with Cato, whether it were the duty of a private man to concern himself in the public troubles; to which Cato replies in the affirmative. Then follows his receiving Marcia again, from the tomb of Hortensius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Cæsar makes himself master of the greatest part of Italy, and among the rest of Corfinium: where Domitius, the governor for Pompey, is seized by his garrison, and delivered to Cæsar, who pardons and dismisses him.

Pompey, in an oration to his army, makes a trial of their disposition to a general battle; but not finding it to answer his expectation, he sends his son to solicit the assistance of his friends and allies; then marches himself to Brundusium, where he is like to be shut up by Cæsar, and escapes at length with much difficulty.

Now manifest the wrath divine appear'd,
And nature through the world the war declar'd;
Teeming with monsters, sacred law she broke,
And dire events in all her works bespoke,

Thou Jove, who dost in heaven supremely reign,
Why does thy providence these signs ordain,
And give us prescience, to increase our pain?
Doubly we bear thy dread inflicting doom,
And feel our miseries before they come.
Whether the great creating Parent-soul [1],
When first from chaos rude he form'd the whole,
Dispos'd futurity with certain hand,
And bade the necessary causes stand;
Made one decree for ever to remain,
And bound himself in fate's eternal chain;
Or whether fickle fortune leads the dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance;
Whate'er thou shalt ordain, thou ruling Pow'r,
Unknown [2] and sudden be the dreadful hour:
Let mortals to their future fate be blind,
And hope relieve the miserable mind.

While thus the wretched citizens behold
What certain ills the faithful gods foretold;
Justice suspends [3] her course in mournful Rome,
And all the noisy courts at once are dumb;
No honours shine in the distinguish'd weed,
Nor rods the purple magistrate precede:

[1] That is, whether, according to the Stoics, all things were by necessity; or, according to the Epicureans, by chance.

[2] This prayer of the poet's, that we may not foreknow our misfortunes before they happen, is a very natural consequence from the distractions under which the Romans laboured, by reason of the prodigies related in the last book; which they looked upon as so many certain denunciations of some terrible affliction that was suddenly to fall upon them from the gods.

[3] This terrible kind of vacation in the courts of justice was never observed at Rome but in the greatest public calamities.

A dismal silent sorrow spreads around,
No groan is heard, nor one complaining sound.
So when some generous youth resigns his breath,
And parting sinks in the last pangs of death;
With ghastly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,
Around his bed the still attendants stand;
No tongue as yet presumes his fate to tell,
Nor speaks aloud the solemn last farewel[4]:
As yet the mother by her darling lies,
Nor breaks lamenting into frantic cries;
And though he stiffens in her fond embrace,
His eyes are set, and livid pale his face;
Horror awhile prevents the swelling tear,
Nor is her passion grief, as yet, but fear;
In one fix'd posture motionless she keeps,
And wonders at her woe, before she weeps.
The matrons sad their rich attire lay by,
And to the temples madly crowding fly:
Some on the shrines their gushing sorrows pour,
Some dash their breasts against the marble floor,
Some on the sacred thresholds rend their hair,
And howling seek the gods with horrid pray'r.

[4] A valediction to the dead was a ceremony performed to all persons at their funerals. So Æneas takes his leave of Pallas in Virgil:

Salve mihi maxime Palla.

But this expression of Lucan, in this place, refers more immediately to what the Romans called *conclamatio;* which was a repeated and loud outcry of those that waited for that purpose round the bed of the dying person, probably to try if they could retain the departing soul a little longer; and when that was in vain, and the bodies found to be quite dead, they were said to be *corpora conclamata*, or, 'past call.'

Nor Jove receiv'd the wailing suppliants all,
In various fanes on various powers they call:
No altar then, no god was left alone,
Unvex'd by some impatient parent's moan.
Of these, one wretch, her grief, above the rest,
With visage torn and mangled arms confess'd.
" Ye mothers! beat (she cried) your bosoms now,
Now tear the curling honours from your brow;
The present hour ev'n all your tears demands,
While doubtful fortune yet suspended stands.
When one shall conquer, then for joy prepare,
The victor chief, at least, shall end the war."
Thus from renew'd complaints they seek relief,
And only find fresh causes out for grief.

The men too, as to different camps they go,
Join their sad voices to the public woe;
Impatient to the gods they raise their cry,
And thus expostulate with those on high.

" Oh hapless times! oh that we had been born
When Carthage made our vanquish'd country mourn!
Well had we then been number'd with the slain
On Trebia's [5] banks, or Cannæ's fatal plain.
Nor ask we peace, ye powers! nor soft repose;
Give us new wars, and multitudes of foes;
Let every potent city arm for fight,
And all the neighbour-nations round unite:
From Median Susa let the Parthians come,
And Massagetes beyond their Ister [6] roam;

[5] A river in Italy that falls into the Po near Placentia, where Luc. Sempronius was routed by Hannibal with a very great slaughter.

[6] The Massagetæ were properly those Asiatic Scythians (or Tartars) who were situate beyond the Caspian sea, near the head of the river Oxus, and of consequence very far from the

Let Elbe and Rhine's unconquer'd springs send forth
The yellow Suevi[7] from the furthest north;
Let the conspiring world in arms engage,
And save us only from domestic rage.
Here let the hostile Dacian inroads make,
And there his way the Gete[8] invader take.
Let Cæsar in Iberia[9] tame the foe;
Let Pompey break the deadly eastern bow,
And Rome no hand unarm'd for battle know.
But if Hesperia stand condemn'd by fate,
And ruin on our name and nation wait;
Now dart thy thunder, dread almighty sire,
Let all thy flaming heavens descend in fire;
On chiefs and parties hurl thy bolts alike,
And, ere their crimes have made 'em guilty, strike.
Is it a cause so worthy of our care,
That power may fall to this or that man's share?
Do we for this, the gods and conscience brave,
That one may rule, and make the rest a slave?
When thus, ev'n liberty we scarce should buy,
But think a civil war a price too high."
Thus groan they at approaching dire events,
And thus expiring piety laments.
Meanwhile, the hoary sire[10] his years deplores,
And age that former miseries restores:

Ister or Danube; but these geographical liberties are often taken by our author; and here he seems to take them for the European and Asiatic Scythians in general.

7 A people of Germany about the duchy of Mecklenberg and Pomerania.

8 European Tartars.

9 Spain.

10 The poet here, to express the calamities attending on a civil war, introduces some one particular old man, recapitulating the miseries of that between Marius and Sylla.

He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,
Worse days to see, more impious rage to know.
Then fetching old examples from afar,
" 'Twas thus (he cries) fate usher'd in the war:
When Cimbrians fierce, and Libya's swarthy lord [11],
Had fall'n before triumphant Marius' sword:
Yet to Minturnæ's marsh [12] the victor fled,
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head.
The faithless soil the hunted chief reliev'd,
And sedgy waters fortune's pledge receiv'd.
Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way,
And noisome vapours on his vitals prey.
Ordain'd at ease to die in wretched Rome,
He suffer'd then for wickedness to come.
In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,
Death will not always wait upon command:
About to strike, the slave with horror shook,
The useless steel his loosening gripe forsook;
Thick flashing flames a light unusual gave,
And sudden shone around the gloomy cave;

[11] Jugurtha.

[12] Minturnæ was a city of Latium, now in ruins, near the river Garillan, in or near the territory of Trajetta. Hither, when Marius was driven out of Rome by Sylla, and declared a public enemy by the Senate, he fled and hid himself among some reeds and sedges; but being found out, and committed to the public gaol, he was condemned to die. But the slave who was ordered to execute him, (a Cimbrian, according to Lucan) being affrighted at somewhat terrible that he saw in him, and fancying he heard a voice saying, "Darest thou kill Caius Marius?" dropped his sword, ran out of the prison, and told the people the whole story: who being moved partly by this, and partly by compassion, for a man who had once saved Italy, dismissed him. See all the particulars here mentioned by Lucan, more at large in Plutarch's Life of Marius.

Dreadful, the gods of guilt before him stood,
And Marius terrible in future blood;
When thus a voice began:—"Rash man forbear,
Nor touch that head which fate resolves to spare;
Thousands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,
And countless deaths before his own decreed;
Thy wrath and purpose to destroy is vain:—
Would'st thou avenge thee for thy nation slain?
Preserve this man; and in some coming day
The Cimbrian slaughter well he shall repay.
No pitying god, no power to mortals good,
Could save a savage wretch who joy'd in blood:
But fate reserv'd him to perform its doom,
And be the minister of wrath to Rome.
By swelling seas too favourably tost,
Safely he reach'd Numidia's hostile coast;
There, driven from man [13], to wilds he took his way,
And on the earth, where once he conquer'd, lay;
There in the lone unpeopled desert field,
Proud Carthage in her ruins he beheld;
Amidst her ashes pleas'd he sat him down,
And joy'd in the destruction of the town.
The genius of the place, with mutual hate,
Rear'd its sad head, and smil'd at Marius' fate;
Each with delight survey'd their fallen foe,
And each forgave the gods that laid the other low.
There with new fury was his soul possess'd,
And Libyan rage collected in his breast.
Soon as returning fortune own'd his cause,
Troops of revolting bondmen forth he draws;
Cut-throats and slaves resort to his command,
And arms were given to every baser hand.

[13] By Sextilius, then prætor of Afric.

None worthily the leader's standard bore,
Unstain'd with blood or blackest crimes before:
Villains of fame, to fill his bands, were sought,
And to his camp increase of crimes they brought.
Who can relate the horrors of that day,
When first these walls became the victor's prey?
With what a stride devouring slaughter pass'd,
And swept promiscuous orders in her haste!
O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the sword;
Nor pity nor remorse one pause afford.
The sliding streets with blood were clotted o'er,
And sacred temples stood in pools of gore.
The ruthless steel, impatient of delay,
Forbad the sire to linger out his day:
It struck the bending father to the earth,
And crop'd the wailing infant at his birth.
(Can innocents the rage of parties know,
And they who ne'er offended find a foe!)
Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,
To kill is all the murderer's pretence.
Rage stays not to inquire who ought to die,
Numbers must fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his hand a grisly visage bears,
And, as the trophy of his virtue, wears. [streets,
Who wants a prize, straight rushes through the
And undistinguish'd mows the first he meets:
The trembling crowd with fear officious strive,
And those who kiss the tyrant's hand [14] survive.
Oh, could you fall so low, degenerate race!
And purchase safety at a price so base!

[14] Marius had given it as a signal to his soldiers, that they should kill all whom he did not re-salute, and offer his hand to kiss.

What though the sword was master of your doom,
Though Marius could have given you years to come;
Can Romans live by infamy so mean?—
But soon your changing fortune shifts the scene;
Short is your date; you only live to mourn
Your hopes deceiv'd, and Sylla's swift return.
The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
Sorrow has hardly leisure for the great.
What tears could Bæbius' hasty death deplore!
A thousand hands his mangled carcase tore;
His scatter'd entrails round the streets were toss'd,
And in a moment all the man was lost.
Who wept, Antonius' murder to behold [15],
Whose moving tongue the mischief oft foretold?
Spite of his age and eloquence he bled;
The barbarous soldier snatch'd his hoary head;
Dropping, he bore it to his joyful lord,
And, while he feasted, plac'd it on the board.
The Crassi [16] both by Fimbria's hand were slain,
And bleeding magistrates the pulpit stain.
Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,
Thy fate, O holy Scævola [17]! command:
In vain for succour to the gods he flies,
The priest before the vestal altar dies:
A feeble stream pour'd forth the' exhausted sire,
And spar'd to quench the ever-living fire.

[15] M. Antonius was a man of consular dignity, and an excellent orator. The soldiers who were sent to kill him were so moved by his eloquence that they were inclined to spare him: at last, he was murdered by Annius the tribune, who brought his head to Marius while he was at table. After he had handled it for some time with much scorn and insolence, he commanded it to be set on the *rostrum*, or public pulpit.

[16] Father and son killed together.

[17] He was the *pontifex maximus*, or chief priest.

The seventh returning Fasces now appear [18],
And bring stern Marius' latest destin'd year:
Thus the long toils of changing life o'erpass'd,
Hoary and full of days he breath'd his last.
While Fortune frown'd her fiercest wrath he bore,
And while she smil'd enjoy'd her amplest pow'r:
All various turns of good and bad he knew,
And prov'd the most that chance or fate could do.
" What heaps of slain the Colline gate [19] did yield!
What bodies strew'd the Sacriportan field,
When empire was ordain'd to change her seat,
To leave her Rome, and make Præneste great!
When the proud Samnites' troops the state defied,
In terms beyond their Caudine-treaty's pride [20].
Nor Sylla with less cruelty returns,
With equal rage the fierce avenger burns:
What blood the feeble city yet retain'd,
With too severe a healing hand he drain'd:

18 Rods carried before the magistrates, as ensigns of their authority.

19 *Porta Collina*, called likewise *Porta Salina*, was one of the gates of Rome. At Sacriportus, not far from Præneste, Sylla overthrew the younger Marius, who fled to Præneste, and was there besieged by Lucius Ofella, Sylla's lieutenant: and when Lamponius and Telesinus, two leaders of the Samnites, came to raise the siege, they were likewise beaten by Sylla, about ten furlongs from the *Porta Collina*. In these two battles he is said to have killed seventy thousand men!

20 The *Furcæ Caudinæ* were a pass with woods on each side near the town of Caudium, in the territories of the ancient Samnites: where, when those people had the Roman consuls and their army at a very great disadvantage, they obliged them to submit to very hard conditions; one article being, that every soldier should pass unarmed under a kind of gallows. Hence the expression *Pax Caudina*, for an ignominious peace.

Marius had promised the Samnites, who were of his side, to translate the seat of the empire from Rome to them.

Too deeply was the searching steel employ'd,
What maladies had hurt the leech destroy'd.
The guilty only were of life bereft:
Alas! the guilty only then were left.
Dissembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,
All, as they pleas'd, took liberty to kill;
And while revenge no longer fear'd the laws,
Each private murder was the public cause.
The leader bade destroy; and at the word,
The master fell beneath the servant's sword.
Brothers on brothers were for gifts bestow'd,
And sons contended for their father's blood.
For refuge some to caves and forests fled;
Some to the lonely mansions of the dead;
Some, to prevent the cruel victor, die;
These strangled hang from fatal beams on high;
While those, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the dashing pavement down.
Some for their funerals the wood prepare,
And build the sacred pile with hasty care:
Then, bleeding, to the kindling flames they press,
And Roman rites, while yet they may, possess.
Pale heads of Marian chiefs are borne on high,
And heap'd together in the forum lie;
There join the meeting slaughters of the town,
There each performing villain's deeds are known.
No sight like this the Thracian stables knew [21],
Antæus' Libyan spoils to these were few:

[21] Diomedes, king of Thrace, fed his horses with human flesh! Of Antæus see hereafter in the Fourth Book. Œnomaus, king of Elis, reigned at Pisa; his daughter Hippodamia was very beautiful; he proposed to her suitors, that whoever could vanquish him in a chariot-race should marry her; but those that were beaten should be put to death. This last misfortune happened to several; at last, her father breaking his neck by the treachery of his charioteer, she was won by Pelops.

Nor Greece beheld so many suitors fall,
To grace the Pisan tyrant's horrid hall.
At length, when putrid gore, with foul disgrace,
Hid the distinguish'd features of the face,
By night the miserable parents came,
And bore their sons to some forbidden flame.
Well I remember, in that woful reign,
How I my brother sought amongst the slain;
Hopeful by stealth his poor remains to burn,
And close his ashes in a peaceful urn:
His visage in my trembling hand I bore,
And turn'd pacific Sylla's [22] trophies o'er;
Full many a mangled trunk I tried, to see
Which carcase with the head would best agree.
Why should my grief to Catulus [23] return,
And tell the victim offer'd at his urn;
When struck with horror, the relenting shade
Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repay'd?
I saw where Marius' hapless brother stood,
With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;
A thousand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,
While weary life a passage sought in vain:
That mercy still his ruthless foes deny,
And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.
This from the wrists the suppliant hands divides,
That hews his arms from off his naked sides;
One crops his breathing nostrils, one his ears,
While from the roots his tongue another tears;

[22] A strong irony.

[23] Quintus Luctatius Catulus, hearing C. Marius had resolved to put him to death, killed himself. In revenge of this, his brother Catulus obtained of Sylla, that Marius, the brother of C. Marius, might be delivered into his hands; who sacrificed him, in the barbarous manner here described, at his brother's tomb.

Panting awhile upon the earth it lies,
And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:
Last, from the sacred caverns where they lay,
The bleeding orbs of sight are rent away.
Can late posterity believe, whene'er
This tale of Marius and his foes they hear,
They could inflict so much, or he could bear?
Such is the broken carcase seen to lie,
Crush'd by some tumbling turret from on high;
Such to the shore the shipwreck'd corse is borne,
By rending rocks and greedy monsters torn.
Mistaken rage! thus mangling to disgrace,
And blot the lines of Marius' hated face!
What joy can Sylla take, unless he know,
And mark the features of his dying foe?
Fortune beheld, from her Prænestine fane [24],
Her helpless worshippers around her slain;
One hour of fate was common to 'em all,
And, like one man, she saw a people fall.
Then died the lusty youth in manly bloom,
Hesperia's flower, and hope for times to come;
Their blood, Rome's only strength, distains the fold [25],
Ordain'd the' assembling centuries to hold.
Numbers have oft been known, on sea and land,
To sink of old by death's destructive hand;

[24] The goddess Fortune had a famous temple at Prænestе. After the town was taken by Lucr. Offella, and many of all ranks slain, Sylla commanded five thousand, who had laid down their arms, to be killed in cold blood!

[25] The *septa* or *ovilla* of Rome were certain enclosures in or near the *Campus Martius*, where the people used to be polled, and give their votes in elections of magistrates, according to the *centuriæ*, or companies, of which their tribes were composed. In this place Sylla commanded four whole legions to be cut to pieces at once!

Battles with multitudes have strewn the plain,
And many perish on the stormy main;
Earthquakes destroy, malignant vapours blast,
And plagues and famines lay whole nations waste:
But justice, sure, was never seen, till now,
To massacre her thousands at a blow.
Satiety of death the victors prove,
And slowly through the' encumbering ruin move:
So many fall, there scarce is room for more,
The dying nod on those who fell before;
Crowding in heaps their murderers they aid,
And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.
Meanwhile, the stern dictator, from on high,
Beholds the slaughter with a fearless eye;
Nor sighs to think his dread commands ordain
So many thousand wretches to be slain.
Amidst the Tiber's waves the load is thrown,
The torrent rolls the guilty burden down;
Till rising mounds obstruct his watery way,
And carcases the gliding vessels stay.
But soon another stream to aid him rose;
Swift o'er the fields a crimson deluge flows;
The Tuscan river swells above his shores,
And floating bodies to the land restores:
Struggling at length, he drives his rushing flood,
And dyes the Tyrrhene ocean round with blood.
Could deeds like these the glorious style demand
Of 'Prosperous,' and 'Saviour of the land[26]?'
Could this renown, could these achievements build
A tomb for Sylla in the Martian field?
Again, behold the circling woes return,
Again the curse of civil wars we mourn;

[26] These were titles Sylla gave himself: he called his son likewise Faustus, and his daughter Fausta.

Battles, and blood, and vengeance shall succeed,
And Rome once more by Roman hands shall bleed.
Or if (for hourly thus our fears presage)
With wrath more fierce the present chiefs shall rage,
Mankind shall some unheard-of plagues deplore,
And groan for miseries unknown before.
Marius, an end of exile only sought;
Sylla, to crush a hated faction fought;
A larger recompense these leaders claim,
And higher is their vast ambition's aim:
Could these be satisfied with Sylla's pow'r;
Nor, all he had possessing, ask for more;
Neither had force and impious arms employ'd,
Or fought for that which, guiltless, each enjoy'd."
Thus wept lamenting age o'er hapless Rome,
Remembering evils past, and dreading those to come.
But Brutus' temper fail'd not with the rest,
Nor with the common weakness was oppress'd;
Safe and in peace he kept his manly breast.
'Twas when the solemn dead of night came on,
When bright Calisto [27], with her shining son,
Now half their circle round the pole had run;
When Brutus, on the busy times intent,
To virtuous Cato's humble dwelling went.
Waking he found him, careful for the state,
Grieving and fearing for his country's fate;
For Rome, and wretched Rome, alone he fear'd;
Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd.
To him thus Brutus spoke: "O thou! to whom
Forsaken virtue flies, as to her home;
Driven out, and by an impious age oppress'd,
She finds no room on earth—but Cato's breast:

[27] The Greater Bear.

There, in her one good man, she reigns secure,
Fearless of vice, or fortune's hostile pow'r.
Then teach my soul, to doubt and error prone,
Teach me a resolution like thy own.
Let partial favour, hopes or interest guide,
By various motives, all the world beside
To Pompey's, or ambitious Cæsar's side;
Thou, Cato, art my leader. Whether peace
And calm repose amidst these storms shall please;
Or whether war thy ardour shall engage,
To gratify the madness of this age; [ple's rage.
Herd with the factious chiefs, and urge the peo-
The ruffian, bankrupt, loose adulterer,
All who the power of laws and justice fear,
From guilt learn specious reasons for the war.
By starving want and wickedness prepar'd,
Wisely they arm for safety and reward. [find!
"But, oh! what cause, what reason canst thou
Art thou to arms for love of arms inclin'd?
Hast thou the manners of this age withstood,
And for so many years been singly good,
To be repaid with civil wars and blood?
Let those to vice inur'd for arms prepare,
In thee 'twill be impiety to dare; [war!
Preserve at least, ye gods, these hands from
Nor do thou meanly with the rabble join,
Nor grace their cause with such an arm as thine.
To thee, the fortune of the fatal field
Inclining, unauspicious fame shall yield;
Each to thy sword shall press, and wish to be
Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee.
Happy thou wert, if with retirement bless'd,
Which noise and faction never should molest,
Nor break the sacred quiet of thy breast;

Where harmony and order ne'er should cease,
But every day should take its turn in peace.
So in eternal steady motion, roll
The radiant spheres around the starry pole:
Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's storm,
Earth and the face of lower heaven deform,
Whilst all, by nature's laws, is calm above;
No tempest rages in the court of Jove.
Light particles, and idle atoms fly,
Toss'd by the winds, and scatter'd round the sky;
While the more solid parts the force resist,
And fix'd and stable on the centre rest.
Cæsar shall hear with joy that thou art join'd
With fighting factions, to disturb mankind:
Though sworn his foe, he shall applaud thy choice,
And think his wicked war approv'd by Cato's voice.
See! how to swell their mighty leader's state,
The consuls and the servile senate wait:
Ev'n Cato's self to Pompey's yoke must bow,
And all mankind are slaves, but Cæsar, now.
If war, however, be at last our doom,
If we must arm for liberty and Rome:
While undecided yet their fate depends,
Cæsar and Pompey are alike my friends;
Which party I shall choose is yet to know,
That let the war decide;—who conquers is my foe."

Thus spoke the youth: when Cato thus express'd
The sacred counsels of his inmost breast:
"Brutus! with thee, I own the crime is great:
With thee, this impious civil war I hate:
But virtue blindly follows, led by fate.
Answer yourselves, ye gods! and set me free;
If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.

If yon fair lamps above should lose their light,
And leave the wretched world in endless night;
If chaos should in heaven and earth prevail,
And universal nature's frame should fail:
What Stoic would not the misfortune share,
And think that desolation worth his care?
Princes and nations whom wide seas divide,
Where other stars far distant heavens do guide,
Have brought their ensigns to the Roman side.
Forbid it, gods! when barbarous Scythians come
From their cold north, to prop declining Rome,
That I should see her fall, and sit secure at home.
As some unhappy sire, by death undone,
Robb'd of his age's joy, his only son,
Attends the funeral with pious care,
To pay his last paternal office there;
Takes a sad pleasure in the crowd to go,
And be himself part of the pompous woe;
Then waits till, every ceremony past,
His own fond hand may light the pile at last.
So fix'd, so faithful to thy cause, O Rome!
With such a constancy and love I come;
Resolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,
And never, never, from your sides be torn;
Resolv'd to follow still your common fate,
And on your very names, and last remains to wait.
Thus let it be, since thus the gods ordain;
Since hecatombs of Romans must be slain,
Assist the sacrifice with every hand,
And give 'em all the slaughter they demand.
O! were the gods contented with my fall,
If Cato's life could answer for you all,
Like the devoted Decius would I go,
To force from either side the mortal blow,
And for my country's sake, wish to be thought her foe.

To me, ye Romans, all your rage confine,
To me, ye nations from the barbarous Rhine,
Let all the wounds this war shall make be mine.
Open my vital streams, and let 'em run,
Oh let the purple sacrifice atone
For all the ills offending Rome has done.
If slavery be all the faction's end,
If chains the prize for which the fools contend,
To me convert the war, let me be slain;
Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain,
Their useless laws and freedom to maintain:
So may the tyrant safely mount his throne,
And rule his slaves in peace, when I am gone.
Howe'er, since free as yet from his command,
For Pompey and the commonwealth we stand.
Nor he, if fortune should attend his arms,
Is proof against ambition's fatal charms;
But urg'd with greatness, and desire of sway,
May dare to make the vanquish'd world his prey.
Then, lest the hopes of empire swell his pride,
Let him remember I was on his side;
Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,
To make the harvest of the war his own,
Where half the toil was ours." So spoke the sage.
His words the listening eager youth engage
Too much to love of arms, and heat of civil rage.
Now 'gan the sun to lift his dawning light,
Before him fled the colder shades of night;
When lo! the sounding doors are heard to turn,
Chaste Martia comes from dead Hortensius' urn.
Once to a better husband's happier bed,
With bridal rites, a virgin was she led:
When every debt of love and duty paid,
And thrice a parent by Lucina made;

The teeming matron, at her lord's command,
To glad Hortensius gave her plighted hand;
With a fair stock his barren house to grace,
And mingle by the mother's side the race.
At length this husband in his ashes laid,
And every rite of due religion paid,
Forth from his monument the mournful dame,
With beaten breasts, and locks dishevel'd, came;
Then with a pale, dejected, rueful look,
Thus, pleasing[28], to her former lord she spoke:
"While nature yet with vigour fed my veins,
And made me equal to a mother's pains;
To thee obedient, I thy house forsook,
And to my arms another husband took:
My powers at length with genial labours worn,
Weary to thee, and wasted I return.
At length, a barren wedlock let me prove,
Give me the name, without the joys of love;
No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
That 'Cato's wife' may live upon my tomb:
So shall my truth to latest times be read,
And none shall ask if guiltily I fled,
Or thy command estrang'd me from thy bed.
Nor ask I now thy happiness to share,
I seek thy days of toil, thy nights of care:
Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,
Thy weary marches and thy camps to know;
Nor let posterity with shame record,—
Cornelia[29] follow'd, Martia left her lord."

[28] As her melancholy condition and habit was most agreeable to that time of public calamity. See this story in Plutarch.

[29] This lady was the daughter of Lucius Scipio, descended from and allied to the Cornelii and Metelli, and widow of Pub.

She said. The hero's manly heart was mov'd,
And the chaste matron's virtuous suit approv'd.
And though the times far differing thoughts demand,
Though war dissents from Hymen's holy band;
In plain unsolemn wise his faith he plights,
And calls the gods to view the lonely rites.
No garlands [30] gay the cheerful portal crown'd,
Nor woolly fillets wove the posts around;
No genial bed, with rich embroidery grac'd,
On ivory steps in lofty state was plac'd;
No hymeneal torch preceding shone,
No matron put the towery frontlet on [31],
Nor bade her feet the sacred threshold shun.
No yellow veil was loosely thrown, to hide
The rising blushes of the trembling bride;
No glittering zone her flowing garments bound,
Nor sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round;
No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn [32],
Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn:

Crassus, who with his father M. Crassus was killed by the Parthians. Pompey married her soon after the death of Cæsar's daughter Julia.

30 The poet here enumerates most of the ceremonies usually observed at the Roman marriages, by saying what was wanting at this of Cato and Martia; so in the Eighth Book he gives an account of the magnificence of the Roman funerals, by deploring the misery and wretchedness of Pompey's.

31 This passage is diversly interpreted. I have taken that which I thought most probable: the bride was always crowned with flowers, and admonished not to touch the threshold by the *pronuba*, or matron, that attended her; in honour of Vesta, the goddess of chastity, to whom the threshold was sacred. The crown mentioned here seems to be like that given to the goddess Cybele; and so it is interpreted by Sulpitius upon this place. Perhaps, it was worn in honour of that goddess.

32 The word *suppara* here likewise has various significa-

But as she was in funeral attire,
With all the sadness sorrow could inspire,
With eyes dejected, with a joyless face,
She met her husband's, like a son's embrace.
No Sabine mirth [33] provokes the bridegroom's ears,
Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.
No friends, nor ev'n their children grace the feast,
Brutus attends, their only nuptial guest:
He stands a witness of the silent rite,
And sees the melancholy pair unite.
Nor he, the chief, his sacred visage cheer'd,
Nor smooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard;
Nor deigns his heart one thought of joy to know,
But met his Martia with the same stern brow.
(For when he saw the fatal factions arm,
The coming war, and Rome's impending harm;
Regardless quite of every other care,
Unshorn he left his loose neglected hair:
Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erspread.
No stings of private hate his peace infest,
Nor partial favour grew upon his breast;
But safe from prejudice, he kept his mind
Free, and at leisure to lament mankind.)
Nor could his former love's returning fire
The warmth of one connubial wish inspire,
But strongly he withstood the just desire.

tions given to it. *Supparum* is commonly a shift, and sometimes a sort of veil or scarf; in which latter sense, as it plainly meant here an upper garment, I have taken it.

33 It was an old custom, taken from the Sabines, to repeat smutty verses (the *fversus fescennini*) and jests of th same sorts at weddings. This was the province of the younger people.

These were the stricter manners of the man,
And this the stubborn course in which they ran;
The golden mean unchanging to pursue,
Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view;
Religiously to follow Nature's laws,
And die with pleasure in his country's cause;
To think he was not for himself design'd,
But born to be of use to all mankind.
To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress;
And home-spun garments were his costly dress:
No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky:
He sought no end of marriage, but increase;
Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace:
That took up all the tenderest parts of life,
His country was his children and his wife.
From justice' righteous lore he never swerv'd,
But rigidly his honesty preserv'd.
On universal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant;
And, while his benefits the public share,
Cato was always last in Cato's care.
Meantime the trembling troops, by Pompey led,
Hasty to Phrygian Capua were fled.
Resolving here to fix the moving war,
He calls his scatter'd legions from afar;
Here he decrees the daring foe to wait,
And prove at once the great event of fate;
Where Apennine's delightful shades arise,
And lift Hesperia lofty to the skies.
Between the higher and inferior sea,
The long extended mountain takes his way;
Pisa and Ancon bound his sloping sides,
Wash'd by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides;

Rich in the treasure of his watery stores,
A thousand living springs and streams he pours,
And seeks the different seas by different shores.
From his left falls Crustumium's rapid flood,
And swift Metaurus, red with Punic blood;
There gentle Sapis with Isaurus joins,
And Sena there the Senones confines;
Rough Aufidus the meeting ocean braves,
And lashes on the lazy Adria's waves;
Hence vast Eridanus with matchless force,
Prince of the streams, directs his regal course;
Proud with the spoils of fields and woods he flows,
And drains Hesperia's rivers as he goes.
His sacred banks, in ancient tales renown'd,
First by the spreading poplar's shade were crown'd;
When the sun's fiery steeds forsook their way,
And downward drew to earth the burning day:
When every flood and ample lake was dry
The Po alone his channel could supply.
Hither rash Phaëton was headlong driv'n,
And in these waters quench'd the flames of Heav'n.
Nor wealthy Nile a fuller stream contains,
Though wide he spreads o'er Ægypt's flatter plains;
Nor Ister rolls a larger torrent down,
Sought he the sea with waters all his own;
But meeting floods to him their homage pay,
And heave the blended river on his way.
These, from the left; while from the right, there come
The Rutuba and Tiber dear to Rome;
Thence slides Vulturnus' swift descending flood,
And Sarnus, hid beneath his misty cloud;
Thence Lyris, whom the Vestin fountains aid,
Winds to the sea through close Marica's shade;

Thence Siler through Salernian pastures falls,
And shallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.
Bordering on Gaul the loftiest ridges rise,
And the low Alps from cloudy heights despise;
Thence his long back the fruitful mountain bows,
Beneath the Umbrian and the Sabine ploughs;
The race primeval, natives all of old,
His woody rocks within their circuit hold;
Far as Hesperia's utmost limits pass,
The hilly father runs his mighty mass;
Where Juno rears her high Lacinian fane,
And Scylla's raging dogs molest the main.
Once, further yet ('tis said) his way he took,
Till through his side the seas conspiring broke;
And still we see on fair Sicilia's sands
Where, part of Apennine, Pelorus stands.
  But Cæsar for destruction eager burns,
Free passages and bloodless ways he scorns;
In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might;
Resistless, through the widening breach to go,
To burst the gate, to lay the bulwark low,
To burn the villages, to waste the plains,
And massacre the poor laborious swains.
Abhorring law, he chooses to offend,
And blushes to be thought his country's friend.
The Latian cities now, with busy care,
As various they inclin'd, for arms prepare.
Though doom'd before the war's first rage to yield,
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild;
Huge stone, and darts, their lofty towers supply,
And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.
To Pompey's part the proner people lean,
Though Cæsar's stronger terrors stand between.

So, when the blasts of sounding Auster blow,
The waves obedient to his empire flow;
And though the stormy god fierce Eurus frees,
And sends him rushing 'cross the swelling seas;
Spite of his force, the billows yet retain
Their former course, and that way roll the main;
The lighter clouds with Eurus' driving sweep,
While Auster still commands the watry deep.
Still fear too sure o'er vulgar minds prevails,
And faith before successful fortune fails.
Etruria vainly trusts in Libo's aid [34],
And Umbria by Thermus is betray'd;
Sylla, unmindful of his father's fame,
Fled at the dreadful sound of Cæsar's name.
Soon as the horse near Auximon [35] appear,
Retreating Varus owns his abject fear,
And with a coward's haste neglects his rear;
On flight alone intent, without delay,
Through rocks and devious woods he wings his way.
The' Esculean fortress [36] Lentulus forsakes,
A swift pursuit the speedy victor makes;

34 At the fame of Cæsar's approach, the governors through Italy all fled; not daring to withstand him, or maintain any forts against him: many of those are here named. Scribonius Libo leaves his charge in Hetruria, and Thermus forsakes Umbria; Faustus Sylla, the son of the dictator Sylla, wanting his father's spirit and fortune in civil war, fled at the very name of Cæsar.

35 Now Osimo, in the *Marca d'Ancona*. Atius Varus, when he perceived the citizens of Auximon favoured Cæsar, withdrew his garrison and fled.

36 Lentulus Spinther, with ten cohorts, kept the town of Asculum, now Ascoli, in the *Marca d'Ancona*. Hearing of Cæsar's advancing, he fled away, thinking to have drawn his troops along with him, but was deserted by most of his soldiers.

All arts of threats and promises applied,
He wins the faithless cohorts to his side.
The leader with his ensigns fled alone;
To Cæsar fell the soldier, and the town.
Thou, Scipio[37], too dost for retreat prepare;
Thou leav'st Luceria, trusted to thy care;
Though troops well tried attend on thy command,
(The Roman power can boast no braver band)
By wily arts of old from Cæsar rent,
Against the hardy Parthians were they sent:
But their first chief the legion now obeys,
And Pompey thus the Gallic loss repays;
Aid to his foe too freely he affords,
And lends his hostile father Roman swords.
But in Corfinium[38] bold Domitius lies,
And from his walls the' advancing power defies;
Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,
He heads the troops, once bloody Milo's guard.
Soon as he sees the cloudy dust arise,
And glittering arms reflect the sunny skies:

37 L. Scipio, father-in-law to Pompey, fled from Luceria, though he had two strong legions. Marcellus, to weaken Cæsar, counselled the Senate to make a decree that Cæsar should deliver one legion, and Pompey another, to Bibulus, whom they pretended to send to the Parthian war. Cæsar, according to the Senate's decree, delivered to him one legion for himself and another which he had borrowed of Pompey for a present supply, after the great loss he had received under his prætors Teturius and Cotto. These legions were now both in Scipio's camp.

38 A city now called Popolo, in the Abruzzo. In this place lay L. Domitius with twenty cohorts He had with him those soldiers of Pompey who had inclosed the Forum, when Milo was arraigned for the death of Clodius. He sent a detachment to break down a bridge three miles from the town; but they were beaten back by Cæsar's advanced guard.

"Away, companions of my arms! (he cried)
And haste to guard the river's sedgy side:
Break down the bridge. And thou that dwell'st below,
Thou wat'ry god, let all thy fountains go,
And rushing bid thy foamy torrent flow;
Swell to the utmost brink thy rapid stream,
Bear down the planks, and every floating beam;
Upon thy banks the lingering war delay,
Here let the headlong chief be taught to stay;
'Tis victory to stop the victor's way."
He ceas'd; and shooting swiftly cross the plain,
Drew down the soldier to the flood in vain.
For Cæsar early from the neighbouring field,
The purpose to obstruct his march beheld;
Kindling to wrath, "Oh basest fear! (he cries)
To whom nor towers, nor sheltering walls suffice:
Are these your coward stratagems of war?
Hope you with brooks my conquering arms to bar?
Though Nile and Ister should my way control,
Though swelling Ganges should to guard you roll;
What streams, what floods soe'er athwart me fall,
Who past the Rubicon shall pass 'em all.
Haste to the passage then, my friends!" He said:
Swift as a storm the nimble horse obey'd;
Across the stream their deadly darts they throw,
And from their station drive the yielding foe:
The victors at their ease the ford explore,
And pass the undefended river o'er.
The vanquish'd to Corfinium's strength retreat,
Where warlike engines round the ramparts threat:
Close to the wall the creeping vinea [39] lies,
And mighty towers in dread approaches rise.

39 The vinea was an engine made use of by the Romans in sieges. It was composed of wicker-hurdles laid for a roof on

But see the stain of war! the soldier's shame!
And vile dishonour of the Latian name!
The faithless garrison betray the town,
And captive drag their valiant leader down.
The noble Roman, fearless, though in bands,
Before his haughty fellow-subject stands,
With looks erect, and with a daring brow,
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal blow:
But Cæsar's arts his inmost thoughts descry,
His fear of pardon, and desire to die.
"From me thy forfeit life (he said) receive,
And, though repining, by my bounty live;
That all, by thy example taught, may know,
How Cæsar's mercy treats a vanquish'd foe:
Still arm against me, keep thy hatred still,
And if thou conquer'st, use thy conquest, kill.
Returns of love, or favour, seek I none;
Nor give thy life to bargain for my own."
So saying, on the instant he commands
To loose the galling fetters from his hands.
Oh, fortune! better were it, he had died,
And spar'd the Roman shame, and Cæsar's pride.
What greater grief can on a Roman seize,
Than to be forc'd to live, on terms like these?
To be forgiven, fighting for the laws,
And need a pardon in his country's cause?
Struggling with rage, undaunted he repress'd
The swelling passions in his labouring breast;

the top of posts, which the soldiers, who went under it for shelter, bore up with their hands. Some will have them to have been contrived with a double roof; the uppermost of hurdles, and the next of plank. In the third book, at the siege of Massilia, Lucan mentions the miners making their approaches to the walls, under covert of these engines.

Thus murmuring to himself: "Wilt thou to Rome,
Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy home?
To war, to battle, to destruction fly,
And haste, as it becomes thee well, to die;
Provoke the worst effects of deadly strife,
And rid thee of this Cæsar's gift, this life."
Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his relief.
He means the scattering forces to unite,
And with increase of strength expect the fight.
Resolving with the following sun to move,
First he decrees the soldier's heart to prove:
Then into words like these, rever'd he broke,
The silent legions listening while he spoke.
"Ye brave avengers of your country's wrong,
You who to Rome and liberty belong;
Whose breasts our father's virtue truly warms,
Whose hands the Senate's sacred order arms;
With cheerful ardour meet the coming fight,
And pray the gods to smile upon the right.
Behold the mournful view Hesperia yields,
Her flaming villages and wasted fields!
See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow,
And scorn the boundaries of Alpine snow.
Already Cæsar's sword is stain'd in blood,
Be that, ye gods! to us an omen good:
That glory still be his peculiar care,
Let him begin, while we sustain the war.
Yet call it not a war to which we go;
We seek a malefactor, not a foe:
Rome's awful injur'd majesty demands
The punishment of traitors at our hands.
If this be war, then war was wag'd of old,
By curs'd Cethegus, Catiline the bold,

By every villain's hand who durst conspire
In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.
Oh, wretched rage! Thee, Cæsar, fate design'd
To rank amongst the patrons of mankind;
With brave Camillus to enrol thy fame,
And mix thee with the great Metelli's name:
While to the Cinna's [40] thy fierce soul inclines,
And with the slaughter-loving Marii joins.
Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for justice call,
Beneath our axe's vengeance shalt thou fall:
Thee, rebel Carbo's [41] sentence, thee the fate
Of Lepidus and bold Sertorius wait.
Believe me yet, (if yet I am believ'd)
My heart is at the task unpleasing griev'd:
I mourn to think that Pompey's hand was chose,
His Julia's hostile father to oppose,
And mark thee down amongst the Roman foes.
Oh, that return'd in safety from the East,
This province victor Crassus had possess'd;
New honours to his name thou might'st afford,
And die, like Spartacus [42], beneath his sword;

[40] Cinna joined with and brought Marius back to Rome.

[41] Cn. Papirius Carbo was a colleague and confederate of C. Marius. He was put to death in Sicily by Pompey. Lepidus, attempting to set aside what had been done by Sylla's authority, was overthrown by his colleague Catulus in the Campus Martius, fled into Sardinia, and died there.—See the life of Sertorius in Plutarch. He can hardly be said to have been conquered by Pompey.

[42] He was a Thracian slave, a gladiator, who fled with seventy of his companions from the games given by Lentulus, at Capua. He gathered other slaves to his party; and arming them, made up an army of 70,000 men. With these he overcame several prætors and consuls, and was at last vanquished by M. Crassus.

Like him have fall'n a victim to the laws,
The same the' avenger, and the same the cause.
But since the gods do otherwise decree,
And give thee, as my latest palm, to me;
Again my veins confess the fervent juice,
Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's use.
And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know
To peace and just authority to bow,
Can, when their country's cause demands their care,
Resume their ardour, and return to war.
But let him think my former vigour fled;
Distrust not, you, your general's hoary head;
The marks of age and long declining years,
Which I, your leader, his whole army wears:
Age still is fit to counsel, or command,
But falters in an unperforming hand.
Whate'er superior power a people free
Could to their fellow-citizen decree,
All lawful glories have my fortunes known,
And reach'd all heights of greatness, but a crown:
Who to be more, than Pompey was, desires,
To kingly rule, and tyranny aspires.
Amidst my ranks, a venerable band,
The conscript fathers and the consuls stand:
And shall the Senate and the vanquish'd State
Upon victorious Cæsar's triumph wait?
Forbid it gods, in honour of mankind!
Fortune is not so shameless, nor so blind.
What Fame achiev'd, what unexampled praise,
To these high hopes the daring hero raise?
Is it his age of war, for trophies calls
His two whole years spent on the rebel Gauls?
Is it the hostile Rhine forsook with haste?
Is it the shoaly channel which he past,

That ocean huge he talks of? Does he boast
His flight on Britain's new discover'd coast?
Perhaps abandon'd Rome new pride supplies,
He views the naked town with joyful eyes,
While from his rage an armed people flies.
But know, vain man, no Roman fled from thee;
They left their walls,'tis true; but'twas to follow me.
Me, who ere twice the moon her orb renew'd,
The pirates' formidable fleet subdued:
Soon as the sea my shining ensigns bore,
Vanquish'd they fled, and sought the safer shore:
Humbly content their forfeit lives to save,
And take the narrow lot my bounty gave.
By me the mighty Mithridates chas'd,
Through all the windings of his Pontus pass'd.
He who the fate of Rome delay'd so long,
While in suspense uncertain empire hung;
He who to Sylla's fortune scorn'd to yield,
To my prevailing arms resign'd the field:
Driven out at length, and press'd where'er he fled,
He sought a grave to hide his vanquish'd head.
O'er the wide world may various trophies rise,
Beneath the vast extent of distant skies;
Me the cold Bear, the northern climates know,
And Phasis' waters through my conquests flow;
My deeds in Ægypt and Syene live,
Where high meridian suns no shadow [43] give.
Hesperian Bætis [44] my commands obeys,
Who rolls remote to seek the western seas.

[43] That is, when the sun is in Cancer, under which sign Syene lies.

[44] Spain was more properly called Hesperia than Italy, as being the westernmost province of Europe: but the name was at times given to both. Bætis was a river in Spain; it runs by Corduba and Sevil.

By me the captive Arabs' hands were bound,
And Colchians for their ravish'd fleece renown'd;
O'er Asia wide my conquering ensigns spread,
Armenia me, and lofty Taurus dread;
To me submit Cilicia's warlike pow'rs,
And proud Sophene [45] veils her wealthy tow'rs:
The Jews I tam'd, who with religion bow
To some mysterious name, which none beside 'em know.
Is there a land (to sum up all at last) [pass'd?
Through which my arms with conquest have not
The world, by me, the world is overcome;
And Cæsar finds no enemy but Rome."
He said. The crowd in dull suspension hung,
Nor with applauding acclamations rung;
No cheerful ardour waves the lifted hand,
Nor military cries the fight demand.
The chief perceiv'd the soldier's fire to fail,
And Cæsar's fame forerunning to prevail;
His eagles he withdraws with timely care,
Nor trusts Rome's fates to such uncertain war.
As when with fury stung and jealous rage,
Two mighty bulls for sovereignty engage;
The vanquish'd far to banishment removes,
To lonely fields and unfrequented groves;
There, for awhile, with conscious shame he burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns:
But when his former vigour stands confess'd,
And larger muscles shake his ample breast,
With better chance he seeks the fight again,
And drives his rival bellowing o'er the plain;
Then uncontrol'd the subject-herd he leads,
And reigns the master of the fruitful meads.

[45] A city in Armenia.

Unequal thus to Cæsar, Pompey yields
The fair dominion of Hesperia's fields:
Swift through Apulia march his flying pow'rs,
And seek the safety of Brundusium's tow'rs.
This city a Dictæan [46] people hold,
Here plac'd by tall Athenian barks of old;
When with false omens from the Cretan shore,
Their sable sails victorious Theseus bore [47].
Here Italy a narrow length extends,
And in a scanty slip projected ends.
A crooked mole around the waves she winds,
And in her folds the Adriatic binds.
Nor yet the bending shores could form a bay,
Did not a barrier-isle the winds delay,
And break the seas tempestuous in their way.
Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd, by nature's hand,
To guard around the hospitable strand;
To turn the storm, repulse the rushing tide,
And bid the anchoring bark securely ride.
Hence, Nereus wide the liquid main displays,
And spreads to various ports his watery ways;
Whether the pilot from Corcyra [48] stand,
Or for Illyrian Epidamnus' [49] strand.
Hither when all the Adriatic roars,
And thundering billows vex the double shores;

46 Cretan, from Dicte, a city in that island. Lucan tells us here upon what occasion the colony was planted here. Brundusium is now called Brindisi.

47 The sails of Theseus ought to have been white, according to his success: being black, his father, fearing his son was dead, threw himself into the sea. But this is a very known story.

48 Now Corfu.

49 Afterwards called Dyrrachium, and now Durazzo; on the coast of Albania, in the gulf of Venice.

When sable clouds around the welkin spread,
And frowning storms involve Ceraunia's head;
When white with froth Calabrian Sason[50] lies,
Hither the tempest-beaten vessel flies.
Now Pompey, on Hesperia's utmost coast,
Sadly survey'd how all behind was lost;
Nor to Iberia could he force his way;
Long interposing Alps his passage stay.
At length, amongst the pledges of his bed,
He chose his eldest-born; and thus he said:
"Haste thee, my son! to every distant land,
And bid the nations rouse at my command;
Where fam'd Euphrates flows, or where the Nile
With muddy waves improves the fattening soil;
Where'er, diffus'd by victory and fame,
Thy father's arms have borne the Roman name.
Bid the Cilician quit the shore again,
And stretch the swelling canvass on the main:
Bid Ptolemy[51] with my Tigranes come,
And bold Pharnaces lend his aid to Rome.
Through each Armenia spread the loud alarm,
And bid the cold Riphean mountains arm.
Pontus and Scythia's wandering tribes explore,
The Euxine and Mœotis'[52] icy shore;

50 The ancient geographers differ about the situation of this isle. Some (among whom is Lucan) place it among the Italian; others, among the Grecian isles. Of the latter opinion is Cellarius. Ceraunia were mountains in Epirus.

51 These princes, Ptolemy, Tigranes, and Pharnaces the son of Mithridates, were beholden to Pompey for their kingdoms of Egypt, Armenia, and Bosphorus.

52 The Euxine is now called the Black Sea; it discharges itself by the Hellespont into the Propontis, or sea of Marmora; as the Palus Mœotis does into the Euxine.

Where heavy-loaden wains slow journeys take,
And print with groaning wheels the frozen lake.
But wherefore should my words delay thy haste?
Scatter my wars around through all the east:
Summon the vanquish'd world to share my fate,
And let my triumphs on my ensigns wait.
But you, whose names the Roman annals bear,
You, who distinguish the revolving year[53];
Ye consuls! to Epirus straight repair,
With the first northern winds that wing the air;
From thence the powers of Greece united raise,
While yet the wintry year the war delays."
So spoke the chief; his bidding all obey;
Their ships forsake the port without delay,
And speed their passage o'er the yielding way.
But Cæsar, never patient long in peace,
Nor trusting in his fortune's present face;
Closely pursues his flying son behind,
While yet his fate continued to be kind.
Such towns, such fortresses, such hostile force,
Swept in the torrent of one rapid course;
Such trains of long success attending still,
And Rome herself abandon'd to his will;
Rome, the contending parties noblest prize,
To every wish but Cæsar's might suffice.
But he, with empire fir'd and vast desires,
To all, and nothing less than all aspires;
He reckons not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.

53 Among the Romans there were annual records kept of what happened most remarkable to the public every year. These books were called *Fasti*; and as the Consuls were chosen on the calends (or first day) of January, their names were prefixed to the account of the ensuing year.

Though Italy obey his wide command,
Though Pompey linger on the furthest strand,
He grieves to think they tread one common land;
His heart disdains to brook a rival pow'r,
Ev'n on the utmost margin of the shore;
Nor would he leave or earth or ocean free;
The foe he drives from land, he bars from sea.
With moles the opening flood he would restrain,
Would block the port, and intercept the main:
But deep devouring seas his toil deride,
The plunging quarries sink beneath the tide,
And yielding sands the rocky fragments hide.
Thus, if huge Gaurus [54] headlong should be thrown,
In fathomless Avernus deep to drown;
Or if from fair Sicilia's distant strand,
Eryx uprooted by some giant hand,
If pondrous with his rocks, the mountain vast,
Amidst the wide Ægean should be cast;
The rolling waves o'er either mass would flow,
And each be lost within the depths below.
When no firm basis for his work he found,
But still it fail'd in ocean's faithless ground;
Huge trees and barks in massy chains he bound.
For planks and beams he ravages the wood,
And the tough boom extends across the flood.
Such was the road by haughty Xerxes made,
When o'er the Hellespont his bridge he laid.
Vast was the task, and daring the design,
Europe and Asia's distant shores to join,
And make the world's divided parts combine.

54 Now called Monte Barbaro, in the kingdom of Naples. Avernus is a lake now called Averno in the same country.

Proudly he pass'd the flood tumultuous o'er,
Fearless of waves that beat, and winds that roar:
Then spread his sails, and bid the land obey,
And through mid Athos [55] find his fleet a way.
Like him bold Cæsar yok'd the swelling tide,
Like him the boistrous elements defied;
This floating bank the straitening entrance bound,
And rising turrets trembled on the mound.
But anxious cares revolve in Pompey's breast,
The new surrounding shores his thoughts molest;
Secret he meditates the means, to free
And spread the war wide-ranging o'er the sea.
Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd sails,
The cordage stretching with the freshening gales,
Ships with a thundering shock the mole divide,
And through the watery breach securely glide.
Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,
And dreadful shoot from far a fiery show'r;
Through the black shade the darting flame descends,
And kindling o'er the wooden wall extends.
At length arriv'd with the revolving night,
The chosen hour appointed for his flight:
He bids his friends prevent the seaman's roar,
And still the deafening clamours on the shore;
No trumpets may the watch by hours renew,
Nor sounding signals call aboard the crew.
The heavenly maid [56] her course had almost run,
And Libra waited on the rising sun;

55 Xerxes cut a channel between the mountain Athos and the continent of Macedonia, for his fleet to pass through.

56 The time both of the day and the year is here described to be in the morning before sunrise, about the beginning of September; though the historians here mention Pompey's sailing to have been in the dark before day.

When hush'd in silence deep, they leave the land:
No loud-mouth'd voices call with hoarse command,
To heave the flooky anchors from the sand.
Lowly the careful master's orders past,
To brace the yards, and rear the lofty mast;
Silent they spread the sails, and cables haul,
Nor to their mates for aid tumultuous call.
The chief himself to fortune breath'd a pray'r,
At length to take him to her kinder care;
That swiftly he might pass the liquid deep,
And lose the land which she forbade to keep.
Hardly the boon his niggard fate allow'd,
Unwillingly the murmuring seas were plough'd;
The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,
And, sounding to the shore, alarm'd the foe. [sped,
Straight through the town their swift pursuit they
(For wide her gates the faithless city spread)
Along the winding port they took their way,
But griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the sea.
Cæsar with rage the lessening sails descries,
And thinks the conquest mean, though Pompey flies.
A narrow pass the horned mole divides,
Narrow as that where Euripus'[57] strong tides
Beat on Eubœan Chalcis' rocky sides:
Here two tall ships become the victor's prey;
Just in the strait they stuck; the foes belay;
The crooked grappling's steely hold they cast,
Then drag 'em to the hostile shore with haste.
Here civil slaughter first the sea profanes,
And purple Nereus blush'd in guilty stains.

[57] The channel between the island of Eubœa; now Negropont, and Greece. It was very narrow near the city of Chalcis, Negropont.

The rest pursue their course before the wind,
These of the rear-most only left behind.
So when the Pagasæan Argo[58] bore
The Grecian heroes to the Colchian shore;
Earth, her Cyanean islands floating sent,
The bold adventurers' passage to prevent;
But the fam'd bark a fragment only lost,
While swiftly o'er the dangerous gulf she cross'd:
Thundering, the mountains met and shook the main,
But move no more, since that attempt was vain.
Now through night's shade the early dawning broke,
And changing skies the coming sun bespoke;
As yet the morn was dress'd in dusky white,
Nor purpled o'er the east with ruddy light;
At length the Pleiads' fading beams gave way,
And dull Boötes languish'd into day;
Each larger star withdrew his fainting head,
And Lucifer from stronger Phœbus fled;
When Pompey, from Hesperia's hostile shore,
Escaping, for the azure Offin bore.
O hero, happy once, once styl'd the Great!
What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate!
How art thou chang'd since, sovereign of the main,
Thy natives cover'd o'er the liquid plain!
When the fierce pirates fled before thy prow,
Wherever waves could waft, or winds could blow!
But fortune is grown weary of thee now.

[58] The enterprise of Jason and the Argonauts for the golden fleece is well known. They set out from Pagasus, a port of Thessaly; when they came near the Cyaneæ Insulæ, or Symplegades (now called Pavonares), two islands at the entrance into the Euxine sea, which were then believed to move, they were like to be crushed between them; but as the ship escaped, and the malicious islands were disappointed, it is said they grew sullen, and never moved since.

With thee, thy sons and tender wife, prepare
The toils of war and banishment to bear;
And holy household-gods thy sorrows share.
And yet a mighty exile shalt thou go,
While nations follow, to partake thy woe.
Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,
Unjustly, by a villain's hand to bleed.
Nor think the gods a death so distant doom,
To rob thy ashes of an urn in Rome;
But fortune favourably remov'd the crime,
And forc'd the guilt on Egypt's cursed clime;
The pitying powers to Italy were good,
And sav'd her from the stain of Pompey's blood.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The third book begins with the relation of Pompey's dream in his voyage from Italy. Cæsar, who had driven him from thence, (after sending Curio to provide corn in Sicily) returns to Rome. There disdaining the single opposition of L. Metellus, then tribune of the people, he breaks open the temple of Saturn, and seizes on the public treasure. Then follows an account of the several different nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome, Cæsar passes into Gaul, where the Massilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, send an embassy to propose a neutrality: this Cæsar refuses, and besieges the town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected, he leaves C.Trebonius, his lieutenant, before Massilia, and marches himself into Spain; appointing, at the same time, D. Brutus admiral of a navy which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The Massilians likewise send out their fleet, but are engaged and beaten at sea by Brutus.

THROUGH the mid ocean now the navy sails,
Their yielding canvass stretch'd by southern gales.
Each to the vast Iönian turns his eye,
Where seas and skies the prospect wide supply:
But Pompey backward ever bent his look,
Nor to the last his native coast forsook.

His watery eyes the lessening objects mourn,
And parting shores that never shall return;
Still the lov'd land attentive they pursue,
Till the tall hills are veil'd in cloudy blue,
Till all is lost in air, and vanish'd from his view.
At length, the weary chieftain sunk to rest,
And creeping slumbers sooth'd his anxious breast:
When, lo! in that short moment of repose,
His Julia's shade a dreadful vision rose;
Through gaping earth her ghastly head she rear'd,
And by the light of livid flames appear'd.
"Thy impious arms (she cried) my peace infest,
And drive me from the mansions of the bless'd:
No more Elysium's happy fields I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian shades below:
I saw the fury's horrid hands prepare
New rage, new flames to kindle up thy war.
The sire [1] no longer trusts his single boat,
But navies on the joyless river float.
Capacious hell complains, for want of room,
And seeks new plagues for multitudes to come.
Her nimble hands each fatal sister plies,
The Sisters [2] scarcely to the task suffice.
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head!
Now thou hast chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.
In an ill hour thy second choice was made,
To slaughter thou, like Crassus, art betray'd.
Death is the dower Cornelia's love affords,
Ruin still waits upon her potent lord's:
While yet my ashes glow'd, she took my place,
And came a harlot to thy loose embrace.
But let her partner of thy warfare go,
Let her by land and sea thy labours know:

[1] Charon. [2] The Destinies.

In all thy broken sleeps I will be near,
In all thy dreams sad Julia shall appear.
Your loves shall find no moment for delight,
The day shall all be Cæsar's, mine the night.
Not the dull stream, where long oblivions roll,
Shall blot thee out, my husband! from my soul.
The powers beneath my constancy approve,
And bid me follow wheresoe'er you rove,
Amidst the joining battles will I stand,
And still remind thee of thy plighted hand.
Nor think those sacred ties no more remain;
The sword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very war shall make thee mine again."

The phantom spoke, and, gliding from the place,
Deluded her astonish'd lord's embrace.
But he, though gods forewarn him of his fate,
And furies with destruction threatening wait,
With new resolves his constant bosom warms,
And, sure of ruin, rushes on to arms.
" What mean these terrors of the night? (he cries):
Why dance these visions vain before our eyes?
Or endless apathy succeeds to death,
And sense is lost with our expiring breath;
Or if the soul some future life shall know,
To better worlds immortal shall she go:
Whate'er event the doubtful question clears,
Death must be still unworthy of our fears.'

Now headlong to the west the sun was fled,
And half in seas obscur'd his beamy head;
Such seems the moon, while, growing yet, she shines,
Or waning from her fuller orb declines;
When hospitable shores appear at hand,
Where fair Dyrrachium spreads her friendly strand;

The seamen furl the canvass, strike the mast,
Then dip their nimble oars, and landward haste.
Thus, while they fled, and lessening by degrees
The navy seem'd to hide beneath the seas;
Cæsar, though left the master of the field,
With eyes unpleas'd the foes' escape beheld:
With fierce impatience victory he scorns,
And viewing Pompey's flight, his safety mourns.
To vanquish seems unworthy of his care,
Unless the blow decides the lingering war.
No bounds his headlong vast ambition knows,
Nor joys in aught, though fortune all bestows.
At length his thoughts from arms and vengeance cease,
And for awhile revolve the arts of peace;
Careful to purchase popular applause,
And gain the lazy vulgar to his cause,
He knew the constant practice of the great,
That those who court the vulgar, bid 'em eat.
When pinch'd with want all reverence they with-draw;
For hungry multitudes obey no law:
Thus therefore factions make their parties good,
And buy authority and power with food.
The murmurs of the many to prevent,
Curio to fruitful Sicily is sent.
Of old the swelling sea's impetuous tide
Tore the fair island from Hesperia's side:
Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,
For fear the neighbouring lands should join again.
Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast:

Not Libya more abounds in wealthy grain,
Nor with a fuller harvest spreads the plain;
Though northern winds their cloudy treasures bear,
To temper well the soil and sultry air,
And fattening rains increase the prosperous year.
This done, to Rome his way the leader took:
His train the rougher shows of war forsook;
No force, no fears, their hands unarmed bear,
But looks of peace and gentleness they wear.
Oh! had he now his country's friend return'd,
Had none but barbarous foes his conquest mourn'd;
What swarming crowds had issued at the gate,
On the glad triumph's lengthening train to wait!
How might his wars in various glories shine,
The ocean vanquish'd, and in bonds the Rhine!
How would his lofty chariot roll along,
Through loud applauses of the joyful throng!
How might he view from high his captive thralls,
The beauteous Britons, and the noble Gauls!
But oh! what fatal honours has he won!
How is his fame by victory undone!
No cheerful citizens the victor meet,
But, hush'd, with awful dread his passage greet.
He too the horrors of the crowd approv'd,
Joy'd in their fears, and wish'd not to be lov'd.
Now steepy Anxur[3] past, and the moist way,
Which o'er the faithless Pomtine marshes[4] lay;

[3] Now called Terracina, a city sixty miles west of Rome, in the way between that city and Naples.

[4] These are in the Pope's territories, along the coast of the Tuscan sea from Nettuno to the west of Terracina.

Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian grove [5],
Cæsar approach'd the fane of Alban Jove.
Thither with yearly rites the consuls come,
And thence the chief survey'd his native Rome:
Wondering awhile he view'd her from afar,
Long from his eyes withheld by distant war,
"Fled they from thee, thou seat of gods! (he cried)
Ere yet the fortune of the fight was tried?
If thou art left, what prize can earth afford,
Worth the contention of the warrior's sword?
Well for thy safety now the gods provide,
Since Parthian inroads spare thy naked side;
Since yet no Scythians and Pannonians join,
Nor warlike Daci with the Getes combine;
No foreign armies are against thee led,
While thou art curs'd with such a coward head.
A gentler fate the heavenly powers bestow,
A civil war, and Cæsar for thy foe."
He said; and straight the frighted city sought:—
The city with confusion wild was fraught,
And labouring shook with every dreadful thought.
They think he comes to ravage, sack, and burn;
Religion, gods, and temples to o'erturn.
Their fears suggest him, willing to pursue
Whatever ills unbounded power can do:
Their hearts by one low passion only move,
Nor dare show hate, nor can dissemble love.
The lurking fathers, a dishearten'd band,
Drawn from their houses forth, by proud command,

[5] Aricia was a city of Latium, now a town and castle in the *Campagna di Roma*, on the Appian way. In a grove near this place was worshipped an image of Diana, said to be brought thither by Orestes from Taurica.

In Palatine Apollo's temple meet[6],
And sadly view the consuls' empty seat;
No rods, no chairs curule, adorn the place,
Nor purple magistrates the' assembly grace.
Cæsar is all things in himself alone,
The silent court is but a looker-on;
With humble votes obedient they agree
To what their mighty subject shall decree:
Whether as king, or god, he will be fear'd,
If royal thrones, or altars, shall be rear'd.
Ready for death, or banishment, they stand,
And wait their doom from his disposing hand;
But he, by secret shame's reproaches staid,
Blush'd to command, what Rome would have obey'd.
Yet liberty, thus slighted and betray'd,
One last effort with indignation made;
One man she chose to try the' unequal fight,
And prove the power of justice against might.
While with rude uproar armed hands essay
To make old Saturn's treasuring fane their prey[7];
The bold Metellus[8], careless of his fate,
Rush'd through, and stood to guard the holy gate.

6 Several historians tell us, that Cæsar coming to Rome, after Pompey had left Italy, called the Senate together in the temple of Apollo on the Palatine hill. In a speech to them there, he excused the war he had undertaken, as a thing he was compelled to for his own defence against the injuries and envy of a few; and at the same time desired they would send messengers to Pompey and the Consuls to propose a treaty, for accommodating the present differences. Lucan in this, as in many other places, puts Cæsar's actions in an invidious light; and the Senate, according to him, make but a very mean figure upon this occasion.

7 The temple of Saturn was the place where the public treasure was kept.

8 He was then the tribune of the people; an office accounted

So daring is the sordid love of gold!
So fearless death and dangers can behold!
Without a blow, defenceless, fell the laws;
While wealth, the basest, most inglorious cause,
Against oppressing tyranny makes head,
Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.
The bustling tribune, struggling in the crowd,
Thus warns the victor of the wrong aloud.

"Through me, thou robber! force thy horrid way,
My sacred blood shall stain thy impious prey.
But there are gods, to urge thy guilty fate;
Sure vengeance on thy sacrilege shall wait.
Remember, by the tribune's curse pursued,
Crassus, too late, the violation rued.
Pierce then my breast, nor shall the crime displease,
This crowd is us'd to spectacles like these.
In a forsaken city are we left,
Of virtue with her noblest sons bereft.

"Why seek'st thou ours? is there not foreign gold?
Towns to be sack'd, and people to be sold?
With those reward the ruffian soldier's toil;
Nor pay him with thy ruin'd country's spoil.
Hast thou not war? let war thy wants provide."

He spoke: the victor, high in wrath, replied:
"Soothe not thy soul with hopes of death so vain,
No blood of thine my conquering sword shall stain.
Thy titles, and thy popular command,
Can never make thee worthy Cæsar's hand.
Art thou thy country's sole defender? thou!
Can liberty and Rome be fall'n so low?

so sacred, that the cause of M. Crassus's great overthrow and death in Parthia, was looked upon as the effect of his being cursed by Atreius the Tribune, as he left Rome.

Nor time nor chance breed such confusions yet,
Nor are the mean so rais'd, nor sunk the great;
But laws themselves would rather choose to be
Suppress'd by Cæsar, than preserv'd by thee."
He said. The stubborn tribune kept his place,
While anger redden'd on the warrior's face;
His wrathful hand descending grasp'd his blade,
And half forgot the peaceful part he play'd:
When Cotta, to prevent the kindling fire,
Thus sooth'd the rash Metellus to retire.
" Where kings prevail all liberty is lost,
And none but he who reigns can freedom boast:
Some shadow of the bliss thou shalt retain,
Choosing to do what sovereign powers ordain:
Vanquish'd and long accustom'd to submit,
With patience underneath our loads we sit;
Our chains alone our slavish fears excuse,
While we bear ill, we know not to refuse.
Far hence the fatal treasures let him bear,
The seeds of mischief, and the cause of war.
Free states might well a loss like this deplore;
In servitude none miss the public store,
And 'tis the curse of kings, for subjects to be poor."
The tribune with unwilling steps withdrew,
While impious hands the rude assault renew:
The brazen gates with thundering strokes resound,
And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.
At length the sacred storehouse open laid,
The hoarded wealth of ages past display'd:
There might be seen the sums proud Carthage sent[9],
Her long impending ruin to prevent.

[9] At the end of the first Punic war, the Carthaginians were obliged to pay 1200 talents; at the second, 10,000: every talent was worth 187*l.* 10*s.* of our money.

There heap'd the Macedonian treasures shone,
That great Flaminius [10] and Æmilius won
From vanquish'd Philip, and his hapless son.
There lay, what flying Pyrrhus lost, the gold
Scorn'd by the patriot's honesty [11] of old:
Whate'er our parsimonious sires could save,
What tributary gifts rich Syria [12] gave;
The hundred Cretan cities' [13] ample spoil;
What Cato gather'd from the Cyprian isle.
Riches of captive kings by Pompey borne,
In happier days, his triumph to adorn,
From utmost India and the rising morn:
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,
Became the needy soldiers' lawless prey;
And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæsar [14] now.
Meanwhile, the world by Pompey's fate alarm'd,
Nations ordain'd to share his fall had arm'd.
Greece first with troops the neighbouring war supplied,
And sent the youth of Phocis [15] to his side;

[10] Philip, king of Macedonia, was vanquished by T. Q. Flaminius; and his son Perses by Paulus Æmilius. Perses was led in triumph. See Plutarch in the life of Paulus Æmilius; where the magnificence of that triumph, and the miserable condition of Perses, are described at large.

[11] The money offered by Pyrrhus to Fabricius, and refused by him.

[12] Paid by Antiochus, beside what was given by Attalus king of Pergamus.

[13] Crete, now Candia, was vanquished and plundered by Q. Metellus. The elder Cato brought 7000 talents from Cyprus.

[14] Cæsar, by the great sums of money which he had lavishly expended in promoting his interest, had run himself prodigiously in debt.

[15] A country of Achaia in Greece between Ætolia and Bœotia,

From Cyrrha and Amphisa's towers they mov'd,
And high Parnassus, by the Muse belov'd;
Cephissus' [16] sacred flood assistance lends,
And Dirce's [17] spring his Theban leaders sends.
Alphæus [18] too affords his Pisa's aid;
By Pisa's walls the stream is first convey'd,
Then seeks through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid.
From Mænalus [19] Arcadian shepherds swarm,
And warriors in Herculean Trachyn [20] arm;
The Dryopes [21] Chaönia's hills forsook,
And Sellæ [22] left Dodona's silent oak.
Though Athens now had train'd her naval store,
And the Phœbean arsenal [23] was poor,

in which were the mountains Parnassus and Helicon, the fountain Hippocrene, the city of Delphos, Cyrrha, and Amphisia, now Salona: it is at this time part of a province called Livadia.

16 Now Cefisso, a river of Greece that falls into the gulf of Negropont. It rises in the mountains of Phocis, and is called *sacred*, from the neighbourhood of its springs to the Delphic oracle.

17 A fountain near Thebes.

18 A river of Arcadia, famous for his love to Arethusa the water-nymph in Sicily; and passing through the sea from Greece to Sicily, without mixing his waters, for her sake. See Ovid. Metam.

19 A hill in Arcadia.

20 A little territory of Phthiotis in Greece, on the coast of the Maliacan gulf; where the city Heraclea, thence called also Trachin, stands.

21 Inhabitants of Chaonia (now *la Canina*), part of Epirus.

22 People of the same country; Jupiter's oraculous oak, or grove at Dodona, was then silent, and had been so for some time.

23 The Athenians had (not improperly) dedicated their arsenal to Phœbus; since his oracle had first advised them to defend their city with wooden walls; that is, with ships.

The latter part of this passage is very obscure, and the com

Three ships of Salamis to Pompey came,
To vindicate their isle's contested name,
And justify the ancient Attic claim.
Jove's Cretan people [24] hastening to the war,
The Gnossian quiver and the shaft prepare;
The bending bow they draw with deadly art,
And rival ev'n the flying Parthian's dart.
Wild Athamans [25] who in the woods delight,
With Dardan Oriconians [26] unite;
With these the' Encheliæ [27] who the name partake,
Since Theban Cadmus first became a snake:
The Colchians planted on Illyrian shores,
Where rushing down Absyrtos [28] foamy roars;

mentators are a good deal puzzled about it. Beroaldus fancies it relates to an old dispute between the Megarenses and Athenians, concerning the propriety of Salamis; in which the former were cast, and the island adjudged to the latter, upon the evidence of a verse in Homer. The other interpretation is, that this passage alludes to another Salamis in Cyprus, according to that of Horace:

Ambiguam tellure Novâ Salamina futuram.

As if it were to confirm the opinion of this Athenian Salamis being the first and true one. In the translation, I have endeavoured to take in both these senses.

24 Crete was famous for the birth, and even for the burial of Jupiter. Gnossus was one of the hundred cities in that island.

25 People of the mountains in Epirus.

26 Oricum, or Oricon, a town of Epirus called Dardan, from being formerly subject to Helenus and Andromache.

27 People of Illyria, where Cadmus and Hermione were said to be turned into snakes; the word Ἔγχελυς signifies a kind of serpent in Greek.

28 Absyrtos is said to be a river and island of the same name on the coast of Illyria, where Absyrtos, the brother of Medea, was cut to pieces. Cellarius mentions only the islands Absyrtides.

With those where Peneus[29] runs, and hardy swains,
Whose ploughs divide Iolcos' fruitful plains.
From thence, ere yet the seaman's art was taught,
Rude Argo through the deep a passage sought:
She first explor'd the distant foreign land,
And show'd her strangers to the wondering strand:
Then nations nations knew, in leagues were join'd,
And universal commerce mix'd mankind.
By her made bold, the daring race defied
The winds tempestuous, and the swelling tide:
Much she enlarg'd destruction's ample pow'r,
And open'd ways to death, unknown before.
Then Pholoe's heights[30], that fabled Centaurs boast,
And Thracian Hæmus[31] then his warriors lost.
Then Strymon[32] was forsook, whose wintry flood
Commits to warmer Nile his feather'd brood;
Then bands from Cone and from Peuce[33] came,
Where Ister loses his divided stream;
From Idalis[34] where cold Caïcus flows,
And where Arisbe[35] thin, her sandy surface strows;

29 Peneus was a river, and Iolcus a sea-port town in Thessaly, whence the Argonauts set forth with Jason.

30 A mountain in Arcadia, inhabited by Centaurs.

31 Or Æmus, a mountain in Thrace.

32 A river of Thrace, whose banks abounded with cranes; now called Ischar, in the European Turkey.

33 The latter of these was an island amongst the mouths of the Ister or Danube; the former was likewise thereabouts.

34 The commentators explain the *Tellus Idalis*, in this place, to be the territory about mount Ida; which must be a great mistake in geography; for Caïcus is a river in *Mysia major*, a great way distant from Ida. It seems rather to have been a town; and Pliny actually mentions one of that name in this part of Asia.

35 A town in Troas.

From Pytane, and sad Celenæ's[36] walls,
Where now in streams the vanquish'd Marsyas falls:
Still his lamenting progeny deplore
Minerva's tuneful gift, and Phœbus' pow'r;
While through steep banks his torrent swift he leads,
And with Mæander winds among the meads.
Proud Lydia's plains send forth her wealthy sons,
Pactolus there, and golden Hermus runs:
From earth's dark womb hid treasures they convey,
And, rich in yellow waters, rise to day.
From Ilium, too, ill-omen'd ensigns move,
Again ordain'd their former fate to prove;
Their arms they rang'd on Pompey's hapless side,
Nor sought a chief to Dardan kings allied:
Though tales of Troy proud Cæsar's lineage grace,
With great Æneas and the Julian race.
The Syrians swift Orontes' banks forsake,
And from Idume's[37] palms their journey take;
Damascus obvious to the driving wind,
With Ninos'[38] and with Gaza's force is join'd.
Unstable Tyre now knit to firmer ground,
With Sidon[39], for her purple shells renown'd;

36 Pytane was a town not far from the mouth of the river Caïcus. Celenæ was a city near the head of the river Marsyas, the fabulous story of which is; that he found the pipes Pallas had in disdain thrown away, and pragmatically set up for as good a musician as Apollo; by whom he was first vanquished, and then flayed. But some compassionate nymphs, who had so good a taste as to like the performance of Marsyas better than that of Apollo, turned him into a river which falls into the Mæander.

37 The same that is called in the Holy Scriptures Edom.

38 A city of Assyria built by Ninus, the husband of Semiramis. Some take it to be the same with Ninive.

39 Two celebrated maritime towns on the coast of Phœnicia, famous for the making of purple, and their other commerce

Safe in the Cynosure, their glittering guide,
With well-directed navies stem the tide.
Phœnicians first[40], if ancient fame be true,
The sacred mystery of letters knew;
They first by sound, in various lines design'd,
Express'd the meaning of the thinking mind;
The power of works by figures rude convey'd,
And useful science everlasting made.
Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known,
Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in stone;
While animals, in various order plac'd,
The learned hieroglyphic column grac'd.
Then left they lofty Taurus'[41] spreading grove,
And Tarsos[42], built by Perseus, born of Jove;
Then Mallian and Corycian[43] towers they leave,
Where mouldering rocks disclose a gaping cave.

and navigation. Tyre was formerly an island, but was joined to the continent by Alexander the Great. According to Lucan in this place, they used to make their observations, and direct their course at sea by the Cynosura or lesser Bear.

40 Cadmus is said to be the first who brought the use and knowledge of letters from amongst the Phœnicians into Greece. Himself perhaps was the inventor of them: till then, the Egyptians (among whom the earliest dawnings of learning began) delivered their knowledge down to posterity by hieroglyphics, or figures carved upon stone pillars. Afterwards, when letters were found out, they were the first who made paper of a certain flag, or reed, growing in the marshes of the Nile, called *biblos* and *papyrus*.

41 A famous mountain in Asia; most properly, the part which divides Cilicia and Pamphylia from Armenia.

42 A city of Cilicia, famous among christians for the birth of St. Paul.

43 Mallos, Ægæ, and Coricium, were sea-ports of Cilicia; at the latter of these was a remarkable cave. Lucan observes very well here, that the Cilicians were engaged in a just cause now, and not upon the same foot as when they were famous for their piracies, and vanquished by Pompey.

The bold Cilicians, pirates now no more,
Unfurl a juster sail, and ply the oar;
To Egæ's port they gather all around,
The shores with shouting mariners resound.
Far in the east war spreads the loud alarm,
Where worshippers of distant Ganges arm:
Right to the breaking day his waters run,
The only stream that braves the rising sun.
By this strong flood, and by the ocean bound,
Proud Alexander's arms a limit found;
Vain in his hopes the youth had grasp'd at all,
And his vast thought took in the vanquish'd ball;
But own'd, when forc'd from Ganges to retreat,
The world too mighty, and the task too great.
Then on the banks of Indus nations rose
Where, unperceiv'd, the mix'd Hydaspes[44] flows:
In numbers vast they coast the rapid flood,
Strange in their habit, manners, and their food.
With saffron dyes their dangling locks they stain,
With glittering gems their flowing robes constrain,
And quaff rich juices[45] from the luscious cane.
On their own funerals[46] and death they smile,
And living leap amidst the burning pile;
Heroic minds that can ev'n fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal hand;
Who full of life forsake it as a feast,
Take what they like, and give the gods the rest.

44 A river that rises in the northernmost part of India, toward the mountain Imaus, and falls into the Indus.

45 These were sugar-canes undoubtedly, though the *saccharum*, or sugar, of the ancients was not like ours; but only the juice squeezed out, and mingled with their drink.

46 These are still the manners of the Brachmans in India,

Descending then, fierce Cappadocian swains,
From rude Amanus[47] mountains, sought the plains.
Armenians from Niphates' rolling stream,
And from their lofty woods Coastrians[48] came.
Then, wondering Arabs from the sultry line
For ever northward saw the shade incline[49].
Then did the madness of the Roman rage
Carmanian and Olostrian[50] chiefs engage:
Beneath far distant southern heavens they lie,
Where half the setting Bear[51] forsakes the sky,
And swift our slow Boötes seems to fly.
These furies to the sun-burn'd Ethiops spread,
And reach the great Euphrates' rising head.
One spring the Tigris and Euphrates know,
And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow;
Scarce could we judge between the doubtful claim,
If Tigris, or Euphrates, give the name:
But soon Euphrates' parting waves divide,
Covering, like fruitful Nile, the country wide;

47 A mountain in Cilicia.

48 These people, Grotius, from Pliny, makes neighbours to the Palus Mœotis; perhaps, the Choraxi mentioned thereabouts by Cellarius. Others call them Coatræ, and assign them to the mountains between Assyria and Media.

49 The people of Arabia Felix, who lie between the tropics, while they were at home, were used to see the shadow fall sometimes to the north, and sometimes to the south, as the sun was on this or that side of them; but when they came without the Tropic of Cancer, they might very easily be surprised to see the sun always south, and the shadow of consequence always falling to the north.

50 The first were people between Persia and India, the latter about the mouths of the river Indus.

51 The elevation of the north pole is so very small in those countries, that those constellations, which never set with us, appear very little above the horizon there.

While Tigris sinking from the sight of day,
Through subterranean channels cuts his way;
Then from a second fountain springs again,
Shoots swiftly on, and rushing seeks the main.
The Parthian power, to neither chief a friend,
The doubtful issue in suspense attend;
With neutral ease they view the strife from far,
And only lend occasion to the war [52].
Not so the Scythians, where cold Bactras flows,
Or where Hircania's wilder forest grows;
Their baneful shafts they dip, and string their deadly bows.
The' Heniochi [53] of Sparta's valiant breed,
Skilful to press, and rein the fiery steed:
Sarmatians with the fiercer Moschi [54] join'd,
And Colchians rich [55], where Phasis' waters wind,
To Pompey's side their aid assembling bring,
With Halys [56], fatal to the Lydian king;
With Tanais [57] falling from Riphæan snows,
Who forms the world's division as he goes:
With noblest names his rising banks are crown'd,
This stands for Europe's, that for Asia's bound;

52 The death of Crassus. See the first book, p. 47.

53 People near the Euxine sea, planted there by Amphytus and Telechius, the charioteers (so the word *Heniochi* signifies in Greek) of Castor and Pollux.

54 Tartars and Russians.

55 Famous for the golden fleece. The river Phasis runs through that country into the Euxine.

56 Halys was a river that served as a boundary between Lydia and Media. It was famous for the quibbling oracle given to Crœsus, that 'passing over Halys he should subvert a mighty 'empire;' which he took to be that of the Medes, and the oracle meant his own.

57 The Don among the Tartars.

While, as they wind, his waves with full command,
Diminish, or enlarge the' adjacent land.
Then arm'd the nations on Cimmerian shores,
Where through the Bosphorus Mœotis roars,
And her full lake amidst the Euxine pours.
This straight, like that of Hercules, supplies
The midland seas, and bids the' Ægean rise.
Sithonians fierce [58], and Arimaspians bold,
Who bind their plaited hair in shining gold.
The Gelon nimble, and Areian strong,
March with the hardy Massagete along:
The Massagete, who at his savage feast
Feeds on the generous steed, which once he press'd.
Not Cyrus when he spreads his Eastern reign,
And hid with multitudes the Lydian plain;
Not haughty Xerxes, when, his power to boast,
By shafts he counted [59] all his mighty host;
Not he [60] who drew the Grecian chiefs along,
Bent to revenge his injur'd brother's wrong;
Or with such navies plough'd the foamy main,
Or led so many kings amongst their warlike train.
Sure in one cause such numbers never yet,
Various in countries, speech, and manners, met;
But Fortune gather'd, o'er the spacious ball,
These spoils, to grace her once-lov'd favourite's fall.
Nor then the Libyan Moor withheld his aid,
Where sacred Ammon lifts his horned head:

58 With the other names here mentioned were Scythians or Tartars.

59 Herodotus tells us, that Xerxes, in a review of that prodigious army with which he invaded Greece, commanded every soldier, as he passed by, to shoot an arrow; by counting which, he might have an exact account of the whole number of his forces.

60 Agamemnon.

All Afric, from the western ocean's bound,
To eastern Nile, the cause of Pompey own'd.
Mankind assembled for Pharsalia's day,
To make the world at once the victor's prey.
Now, trembling Rome forsook, with swiftest haste;
Cæsar the cloudy Alpine hills had pass'd.
But while the nations, with subjection tame,
Yield to the terrors of his mighty name;
With faith uncommon to the changing Greeks,
What duty bids Massilia[61] bravely seeks:
And true to oaths, their liberty, and laws,
To stronger fate prefer the juster cause.
But first to move his haughty soul they try,
Entreaties and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear:
"When foreign wars molest the Roman state,
With ready arms our glad Massilians wait,
To share your dangers, and partake your fate.

[61] A city of France, now famous by the name of Marseilles. It is said to have been first built by the Macedonians, and afterwards decaying, to have been rebuilt by the inhabitants of Phocæa, in Asia Minor, who were driven out of their country by the power of Cyrus. They are very often mistaken for, and supposed to be descended from, the inhabitants of Phocis in Greece, especially by Lucan, who in this story of the siege frequently calls them Greeks.

When Cæsar understood that Domitius, whom he had lately taken prisoner, and released at Corfinium, had put himself into this city, that favoured Pompey, he sent for fifteen of the principal men out of the town, and advised them not to draw a war upon themselves, by their partiality and blind obedience to one man. They had shut their gates against him, and besought him, with the softest terms of civility, to go on, and leave them in what they called a neutrality; but Cæsar saw through their artifice, and laid a close siege to the town.

This, our unshaken friendship vouches well,
And your recording annals best can tell.
E'en now we yield our still devoted hands,
On foreign foes to wreak your dread commands:
Would you to worlds unknown your triumphs spread?
Behold! we follow wheresoe'er you lead.
But if you rouse at discord's baleful call,
If Romans fatally on Romans fall;
All we can offer is a pitying fear,
And constant refuge for the wretched here.
Sacred to us you are: oh, may no stain
Of Lucian blood our innocence profane!
Should heaven itself be rent with civil rage,
Should giants once more with the gods engage;
Officious piety would hardly dare
To proffer Jove assistance in the war.
Man unconcern'd and humble should remain,
Nor seek to know whose arms the conquest gain,
Jove's thunder will convince them of his reign.
Nor can your horrid discords want our swords,
The wicked world its multitudes affords;
Too many nations at the call will come,
And gladly join to urge the fate of Rome.
Oh, had the rest like us their aid denied,
Yourselves must then the guilty strife decide;
Then, who but should withhold his lifted hand,
When for his foe he saw his father stand?
Brothers their rage had mutually repress'd,
Nor driven their javelins on a brother's breast.
Your war had ended soon; had you not chose
Hands for the work which nature meant for foes:
Who, strangers to your blood, in arms delight,
And rush remorseless to the cruel fight.

Briefly, the sum of all that we request
Is, to receive thee, as our honour'd guest;
Let those thy dreadful ensigns shine afar,
Let Cæsar come, but come without the war.
Let this one place from impious rage be free;
That, if the gods the peace of Rome decree,
If your relenting angers yield to treat,
Pompey and thou, in safety, here may meet.
Then wherefore dost thou quit thy purpos'd way?
Why, thus, Iberia's nobler wars delay?
Mean and of little consequence we are,
A conquest much unworthy of thy care.
When Phocis' towers were laid in ashes low,
Hither we fled for refuge from the foe;
Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,
A little town in narrow walls we bound;
No name in arms nor victories we boast,
But live poor exiles on a foreign coast.
If thou art bent on violence at last,
To burst our gates, and lay our bulwarks waste;
Know, we are equally resolv'd, whate'er
The victor's fury can inflict, to bear.
Shall death destroy, shall flames the town o'erturn?
Why—let our people bleed, our buildings burn.
Wilt thou forbid the living stream to flow?
We'll dig, and search the watery stores below.
Hunger and thirst with patience will we meet,
And what offended nature nauseates, eat.
Like brave Saguntum[62], daring to be free,
Whate'er they suffer'd, we'll expect from thee.

62 Now called Morviedro, in the kingdom of Valencia in Spain. It was famous for the siege it sustained against Hannibal. The inhabitants, after eight or nine months resistance, and suf-

Babes, ravish'd from the fainting mother's breast,
Shall headlong in the burning pile be cast.
Matrons shall bare their bosoms to their lords,
And beg destruction from their pitying swords;
The brother's hand the brother's heart shall wound,
And universal slaughter rage around.
If civil wars must waste this hapless town,
No hands shall bring that ruin but our own."
Thus said the Grecian messengers. When lo!
A gathering cloud involv'd the Roman's brow:
Much grief, much wrath his troubled visage spoke,
Then into these disdainful words he broke:
" This trusting in our speedy march to Spain,
These hopes, this Grecian confidence, is vain;
Whate'er we purpose, leisure will be found
To lay Massilia level with the ground.
This bears, my valiant friends, a sound of joy;
Our useless arms, at length, shall find employ.
Winds lose their force that unresisted fly,
And flames unfed by fuel sink and die.
Our courage thus would soften in repose,
But fortune and rebellion yield us foes. [press'd—
Yet, mark! what love their friendly speech ex-
'Unarm'd and single, Cæsar is their guest.'
Thus, first they dare to stop me on my way;
Then, seek with fawning treason to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil rage may cease:
But war shall scourge 'em for those hopes of peace;
And make 'em know the present times afford,
At least while Cæsar lives, no safety like the sword',

fering the last extremities, chose rather to burn themselves and every thing that was dear or precious to them, than surrender to him.

He said; and to the city bent his way:
The city, fearless all, before him lay:
With armed hands her battlements were crown'd,
And lusty youth the bulwarks man'd around.
Near to the walls a rising mountain's head
Flat with a little level plain is spread:
Upon this height the wary chief designs
His camp to strengthen with surrounding lines.
Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,
Massilia's neighbouring citadel is seen;
An humble valley fills the space between.
Straight he decrees—the middle vale to fill,
And run a mole athwart from hill to hill.
But first a lengthening work extends its way,
Where open to the land this city lay,
And from the camp projecting joins the sea.
Low sinks the ditch, the turfy breastworks rise,
And cut the captive town from all supplies:
While, gazing from their towers, the Greeks bemoan
The meads, the fields, and fountains, once their own.
Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest name,
And consecrated these their walls to fame.
Fearless of Cæsar and his arms they stood,
Nor drove before the headlong rushing flood:
And while he swept whole nations in a day,
Massilia bade the' impatient victor stay,
And clog'd his rapid conquest with delay.
Fortune a master for the world prepar'd,
And these the' approaching slavery retard.
Ye times to come, record the warrior's praise,
Who lengthen'd out expiring freedom's days!
Now while with toil unwearied rose the mound,
The sounding axe invades the groves around;

Light earth and shrubs the middle banks supplied,
But firmer beams must fortify the side; [height,
Lest, when the towers advance their ponderous
The mouldering mass should yield beneath the [weight.
Not far away, for ages past, had stood
An old inviolated sacred wood [63];
Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade:
There, nor the rustic gods nor satyrs sport,
Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs resort:
But barbarous priests some dreadful power adore,
And lustrate every tree with human gore.
If mysteries in times of old receiv'd,
And pious ancientry be yet believ'd,
There, nor the feather'd songster builds her nest,
Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast:
There no tempestuous winds presume to fly,
Ev'n lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.
No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves,
But shivering horror in the branches heaves.
Black springs with pitchy streams divide the ground,
And bubbling tumble with a sullen sound:
Old images of forms mishapen stand,
Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand;
With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghastly head
Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.
No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,
Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd:
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
And still the less they know, they fear the more.

63 I cannot but think Tasso took the hint of his enchanted wood, in the thirteenth book of his *Gierusalemme Liberata*, from this of Lucan.

Oft (as fame tells) the earth, in sounds of woe,
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below;
The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen
To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green;
With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,
And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.
The pious worshippers approach not near,
But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear:
The priest himself, when, or the day or night
Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
Dreading the dæmon of the grove to meet;
Who, terrible to sight, at that fix'd hour
Still treads the round about his dreary bow'r.
This wood, near neighbouring to the' encompass'd
Untouch'd by former wars, remain'd alone; [town,
And since the country round it naked stands,
From hence the Latian chief supplies demands.
But lo! the bolder hands, that should have struck,
With some unusual horror trembling shook;
With silent dread and reverence they survey'd
The gloom majestic of the sacred shade:
None dares with impious steel the bark to rend,
Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend.
Cæsar perceiv'd the spreading fear to grow,
Then, eager, caught an axe, and aim'd a blow.
Deep sunk within a violated oak
The wounding edge, and thus the warrior spoke:
" Now, let no doubting hand the task decline;
Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine."
The trembling bands unwillingly obey'd;
Two various ills were in the balance laid,
And Cæsar's wrath against the gods was weigh'd.

Then Jove's Dodonian tree [64] was forc'd to bow;
The lofty ash and knotty holm lay low;
The floating alder, by the current borne,
The cypress, by the noble mourner worn,
Veil their aërial summits, and display
Their dark recesses to the golden day;
Crowding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
And heap'd on high the leafy piles arise.
With grief and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
Their holy grove by impious soldiers fell'd;
While the Massilians, from the' encompass'd wall,
Rejoic'd to see the sylvan honours fall:
They hope such power can never prosper long,
Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.
But, ah! too oft success to guilt is giv'n,
And wretches only stand the mark of heav'n.
With timber largely from the wood supplied,
For wains the legions search the country wide;
Then from the crooked plough unyoke the steer,
And leave the swain to mourn the fruitless year.
Meanwhile, impatient of the lingering war,
The chieftain to Iberia bends afar,
And gives the leaguer to Trebonius' care [65].
With diligence the destin'd task he plies;
Huge works of earth with strengthening beams arise:
High tottering towers [66], by no fix'd basis bound,
Roll nodding on, along the stable mound.

64 At Dodona in Epirus, Jupiter was said to give oracles out of an oak.

65 Cæsar had sent Caius Fabius with three legions into Spain, to dislodge Afranius, a lieutenant of Pompey's in the Pyrenean straits; and now himself, leaving C. Trebonius to besiege Massilia by land, and Decius Brutus to shut it up by sea, goes with 900 horse into Spain to join Fabius.

66 The *turres mobiles*, or moveable turrets, made use of

The Greeks with wonder on the movement look,
And fancy earth's foundations deep are shook;
Fierce winds they think the beldame's entrails tear,
And anxious for their walls and city fear:
The Roman from the lofty top looks down,
And rains a winged war upon the town.

Nor with less active rage the Grecians burn,
But larger ruin on their foes return:
Nor hands alone the missile deaths supply,
From nervous cross-bows whistling arrows fly;
The steely corslet and the bone they break,
Through multitudes their fatal journeys take;
Nor wait the lingering Parcæ's slow delay,
But wound, and to new slaughter wing their way.
Now by some vast machine[67] a ponderous stone,
Pernicious, from the hostile wall is thrown;
At once, on many, swift the shock descends,
And the crush'd carcases confounding blends.

by the Romans in sieges, were of two sorts, the lesser and the greater: the lesser sort were about 60 cubits high, and the square sides 17 cubits broad. They had five or six, and sometimes ten stories or divisions, every division being made open on all sides. The great turret was 120 cubits high, and 23 cubits square; containing sometimes 15, sometimes 20 divisions. They were of very great use in making approaches to the walls; the divisions being capable of carrying soldiers with engines, ladders, casting-bridges, and other necessaries. The wheels on which they went were contrived to be within the planks, to defend them from the enemy; and the men who were to drive them forward, stood behind, where they were most secure. The soldiers in the inside were protected by raw hides; which were thrown over the turret in such places as were most exposed.

67 The machine here mentioned is what the Romans called *balista*. Throwing of stones was the proper use of it; as the *catapulta* was for large darts and spears, and the *scorpio* for lesser darts or arrows. Dr. Kennet's Roman Antiquities.

So rolls some falling rock by age long worn,
Loose from its root by raging whirlwinds torn,
And thundering down the precipice is borne;
O'er crashing woods the mass is seen to ride,
To grind its way, and plain the mountain's side.
Gall'd with the shot from far the legions join,
Their bucklers in the warlike shell[68] combine;
Compact and close the brazen roof they bear,
And in just order to the town draw near:
Safe they advance, while with unwearied pain
The wrathful engines waste their stores in vain;
High o'er their heads the destin'd deaths are toss'd,
And far behind in vacant earth are lost:
Nor sudden could they change their erring aim,
Slow and unwieldy moves the cumbrous frame.
This seen, the Greeks their brawny arms employ,
And hurl a stony tempest from on high:
The clattering shower the sounding fence assails;
But vain, as when the stormy winter hails,
Nor on the solid marble roof prevails:
Till tir'd at length, the warriors fall their shields;
And, spent with toil, the broken phalanx[69] yields.
Now other stratagems the war supplies,
Beneath the *vinea*[70] close the' assailant lies.
The strong machine, with planks and turf bespread,
Moves to the walls its well-defended head;
Within the covert safe the miners lurk,
And to the deep foundation urge their work.

68 The *testudo*, or shell, was a figure the Roman infantry threw themselves into, with their shields over their heads to protect them.

69 This properly signifies a square body of infantry used by the Macedonians, but is taken here at large for any body of foot.

70 For the *vinea*, see before, book ii.

Now justly pois'd the thundering ram[71] they sling,
And drive him forceful with a lanching spring;
Haply, to loose some yielding part at length,
And shake the firm cemented bulwark's strength.
But from the town the Grecian youth prepare
With hardy vigour to repel the war:
Crowding they gather on the rampart's height,
And with tough staves and spears maintain the fight;
Darts, fragments of the rock, and flames they throw,
And tear the planky shelter fix'd below:
Around by all the warring tempest beat,
The baffled Romans sullenly retreat.

Now, by success the brave Massilians fir'd,
To fame of higher enterprise aspir'd;
Nor longer with their walls' defence content,
In daring sallies they the foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with swords, nor pointed spears they go,
Nor aim the shaft, nor bend the deadly bow:
Fierce Mulciber supplies the bold design,
And for their weapons kindling torches shine.
Silent they issue through the gloomy night,
And with broad shields restrain the beamy light:
Sudden the blaze on every side began,
And o'er the Latian works resistless ran;
Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,
Fierce through the shade the burning deluge glows:
Nor earth, nor greener planks, its force delay,
Swift o'er the hissing beams it rolls away:
Embrown'd with smoke, the wavy flames ascend,
Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend;

[71] The ram is described in Josephus, and is not unknown to most readers. Of this likewise see Dr. Kennet, in book iv. cap. 19.

Till, with a roar at last, the mighty mound,
Towers, engines, all, come thundering to the ground:
Wide-spread the discontinuous ruins lie,
And vast confusion fills the gazer's eye.
Vanquish'd by land, the Romans seek the main,
And prove the fortune of the watery plain:
Their navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haste,
Down through the rapid Rhone descending pass'd.
No golden gods protect the shining prow,
Nor silken streamers lightly dancing flow;
But rough in stable floorings lies the wood,
As in the native forest once it stood.
Rearing above the rest her towery head,
Brutus' tall ship the floating squadron led.
To sea soon wafted by the hasty tide,
Right to the Stœchades[72] their course they guide.
Resolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,
Massilia for the naval war prepares;
All hands the city for the task requires,
And arms her striplings young, and hoary sires;
Vessels of every sort and size she fits,
And speedy to the briny deep commits.
The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds and tides,
Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides,
She planks anew, and calks her leaky sides.
Now rose the morning, and the golden sun
With beams refracted on the ocean shone;
Clear was the sky, the waves from murmur cease,
And every ruder wind was hush'd in peace;
Smooth lay the glassy surface of the main,
And offer'd to the war its ample plain:

[72] The isles of Hieres, not far from Toulon, on the coast of Provence.

When to the destin'd stations all repair;
Here Cæsar's powers, the youth of Phocis there.
Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip,
Swift o'er the water glides the nimble ship;
Feels the strong blow the well compacted oak,
And trembling springs at each repeated stroke.
Crooked in front the Latian navy stood,
And wound a bending crescent o'er the flood:
With four full banks of oars advancing high,
On either wing the larger vessels ply,
While in the centre safe the lesser galliots lie.
Brutus the first, with eminent command,
In the tall admiral is seen to stand;
Six rows of lengthening pines the billows sweep,
And heave the burden o'er the groaning deep.
Now prow to prow advance each hostile fleet,
And want but one concurring stroke to meet;
When peals of shouts and mingling clamours roar,
And drown the brazen trump and plunging oar.
The brushing pine the frothy surface plies,
While on their banks the lusty rowers rise:
Each brings the stroke back on his ample chest,
Then firm upon his seat he lights repress'd.
With clashing beaks the launching vessels meet,
And from the mutual shock alike retreat.
Thick clouds of flying shafts the welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating strow the ocean wide.
At length the stretching wings their order leave,
And in the line the mingling foe receive:
Then might be seen, how, dash'd from side to side,
Before the stemming vessels drove the tide;
Still as each keel her foamy furrow ploughs,
Now back, now forth, the surge obedient flows.

Thus warring winds alternate rule maintain,
And this, and that way, roll the yielding main.
Massilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With best advantage seek or shun the fight;
With ready ease all answer to command,
Obey the helm, and feel the pilot's hand.
Not so the Romans: cumbrous hulks they lay,
And slow and heavy, hung upon the sea;
Yet strong, and for the closer combat good,
They yield firm footing on the' unstable flood.
Thus Brutus saw, and to the master cries,
(The master in the lofty poop he spies,
Where, streaming, the Prætorian ensign flies,)
"Still wilt thou bear away, still shift thy place,
And turn the battle to a wanton chase?
Is this a time to play so mean a part,
To tack, to veer, and boast thy trifling art?
Bring to. The war shall hand to hand be tried;
Oppose thou to the foe our ample side;
And let us meet like men." The chieftain said;
The ready master the command obey'd,
And side-long to the foe the ship was laid.
Upon his waste fierce fall the thundering Greeks,
Fast in his timber stick their brazen beaks;
Some lie by chains and grapplings strong compell'd,
While others by the tangling oars are held:
The seas are hid beneath the closing war,
Nor need they cast the javelin now from far;
With hardy strokes the combatants engage,
And with keen falchions deal their deadly rage:
Man against man, and board by board they lie,
And on those decks their arms defended die.
The rolling surge is stain'd around with blood,
And foamy purple swells the rising flood;

The floating carcases the ships delay,
Hang on each keel, and intercept her way;
Helpless beneath the deep the dying sink,
And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.
Some, while amidst the tumbling waves they strive,
And struggling with destruction float alive,
Or by some pondrous beam are beaten down,
Or sink transfix'd by darts at random thrown.
That fatal day no javelin flies in vain,
Missing their mark, they wound upon the main.
It chanc'd, a warrior-ship, on Cæsar's side,
By two Massilian foes was warmly plied;
But with divided force she meets the' attack,
And bravely drives the bold assailants back:
When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought,
Tagus to seize the Grecian ancient sought;
But double death his daring hand repress'd,
One spear transfix'd his back, and one his breast,
And deadly met within his heaving chest.
Doubtful awhile the flood was seen to stay,
At length the steely shafts at once gave way;
Then fleeting life a twofold passage found,
And ran divided from each streaming wound.
Hither his fate unhappy Telon led,
To naval arts from early childhood bred;
No hand the helm more skilfully could guide,
Or stem the fury of the boistrous tide:
He knew what winds should on the morrow blow,
And how the sails for safety to bestow;
Celestial signals well he could descry,
Could judge the radiant lights that shine on high,
And read the coming tempest of the sky.
Full on a Latian bark his beak he drives,
The brazen beak the shivering alder rives;

When from some hostile hand a Roman dart,
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart:
Yet still his careful hand its task supplies,
And turns the guiding rudder—as he dies.
To fill his place bold Gyareus essay'd,
But passing from a neighbouring ship was stay'd:
Swift through his loins a flying javelin struck,
And nail'd him to the vessel he forsook.
Friendlike, and side by side, two brethren fought,
Whom, at a birth, their fruitful mother brought:
So like the lines of each resembling face,
The same the features, and the same the grace,
That fondly erring oft their parents' look,
And each for each alternately mistook:
But death, too soon, a dire distinction makes,
While one, untimely snatch'd, the light forsakes.
His brother's form the sad survivor wears,
And still renews his hapless parents' tears:
Too sure they see their single hope remain,
And while they bless the living mourn the slain.
He, the bold youth[73], as board and board they stand,
Fix'd on a Roman ship his daring hand;

73 The elder of the two, suppose. This place is in imitation of Virgil, Æn. x.

Daucia Laride, Thymbérque, simillima Proles,
Indiscreta suis, gratúsque, &c.

And after him the Daucian twins were slain,
Laris and Thumbrus, on the Latian plain;
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus'd an error in their parent's eyes.
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides.
Dryden.

Full on his arm a mighty blow descends,
And the torn limb from off the shoulder rends;
The rigid nerves are cramp'd with stiffening cold,
Convulsive grasp, and still retain their hold.
Nor sunk his valour by the pain depress'd,
But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breast:
His left remaining hand the combat tries,
And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies;
The same hard destiny the left demands,
And now a naked helpless trunk he stands.
Nor deigns he, though defenceless to the foe,
To seek the safety of the hold below;
For every coming javelin's point prepar'd,
He steps between, and stands his brother's guard;
Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of spears,
A thousand deaths, at others aim'd, he wears.
Resolv'd at length his utmost force to' exert,
His spirits gather'd to his fainting heart,
And the last vigour rous'd in every part;
Then nimble from the Grecian deck he rose,
And with a leap sprung fierce amidst his foes:
And when his hands no more could wreak his hate,
His sword no more could minister to fate,
Dying he press'd 'em with his hostile weight.
O'ercharg'd the ship, with carcases and blood,
Drunk fast at many a leak the briny flood:
Yielding at length the waters wide give way,
And fold her in the bosom of the sea;
Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide,
And covering waves the sinking hatches hide.

That fatal day was slaughter seen to reign,
In wonders various, on the liquid plain.

On Lycidas a steely grappling struck;
Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook,

And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,
But that his fellows strove their mate to save;
Clung to his legs, they clasp him all they can,
The grappling tugs, asunder flies the man.
No single wound the gaping rupture seems,
Where trickling crimson wells in slender streams;
But from an opening horrible and wide,
A thousand vessels pour the bursting tide:
At once the winding channel's course was broke,
Where wandering life her mazy journey took:
At once the currents all forgot their way,
And lost their purple in the azure sea.
Soon from the lower parts the spirits fled,
And motionless the' exhausted limbs lay dead:
Not so the nobler regions, where the heart,
And heaving lungs, their vital powers exert;
There lingering late, and long conflicting, life
Rose against fate, and still maintain'd the strife:
Driven out at length, unwillingly and slow, [below.
She left her mortal house, and sought the shades
While eager for the fight, a hardy crew
To one sole side their force united drew,
The bark, unapt the' unequal poise to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her lowest keel in air:
In vain his active arms the swimmer tries,
No aid the swimmer's useless arts supplies;
The covering vast, o'erwhelming shuts 'em down,
And helpless in the hollow hold they drown.
One slaughter terrible above the rest,
The fatal horror of the fight express'd.
As o'er the crowded surface of the flood
A youthful swimmer swift his way pursued;
Two meeting ships, by equal fury press'd,
With hostile prows transfix'd his ample breast;

Suspended by the dreadful shock he hung,
The brazen beaks within his bosom rung;
Blood, bones, and entrails, mashing with the blow,
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing oars the fight restrain,
The lifeless body drops amidst the main;
Soon enter at the breach the rushing waves,
And the salt stream the mangled carcase laves.
Around the watery champain wide dispread,
The living shipwrecks float amidst the dead;
With active arms the liquid deep they ply,
And panting to their mates for succour cry.
Now to some social vessel press they near,
Their fellows pale the crowding numbers fear;
With ruthless hearts their well-known friends withstand,
And with keen falchions lop each grasping hand;
The dying fingers cling and clench the wood,
The heavy trunk sinks helpless in the flood.
Now spent was all the warriors' steely store,
New darts they seek, and other arms explore;
This wields a flag-staff, that a pondrous oar.
Wrath's ready hands are never at a loss;
The fragments of the shatter'd ship they toss.
The useless rower from his seat is cast,
Then fly the benches, and the broken mast.
Some seizing, as it sinks, the breathless corse,
From the cold grasp the blood-stain'd weapon force.
Some from their own fresh bleeding bosoms take,
And at the foe the dropping javelin shake:
The left-hand stays the blood, and soothes the pain,
The right sends back the reeking spear again.
Now gods of various elements conspire;
To Nereus, Vulcan joins his hostile fire;

With oils [74], and living sulphur, darts they frame,
Prepar'd to spread afar the kindling flame:
Around the catching mischiefs swift succeed,
The floating hulks their own destruction feed;
The smeary wax the bright'ning blaze supplies,
And wavy fires from pitchy planks arise:
Amidst the flood the ruddy torrent strays,
And fierce upon the scattering shipwrecks preys;
Here one with haste a flaming vessel leaves;
Another, spent and beaten by the waves,
As eager to the burning ruin cleaves.
Amidst the various ways of death to kill,
Whether by seas, by fires, or wounding steel,
The dreadfullest is that, whose present force we feel.

Nor valour less her fatal rage maintains,
In daring breasts that swim the liquid plains:
Some, gather up the darts that floating lie,
And to the combatants new deaths supply.
Some struggling in the deep, the war provoke,
Rise o'er the surge, and aim a languid stroke.
Some with strong grasp the foe conflicting join,
Mix limbs with limbs, and hostile wreathings twine,
Till plunging, pressing to the bottom down,
Vanquish'd and vanquishers alike they drown.

One, chief above the rest, is mark'd by fame,
For watery fight, and Phoceus was his name:
The heaving breath of life he knew to keep,
While long he dwelt within the lowest deep;

74 This was a composition like our wildfire. The ancients had a sort of darts, which they called *phalaricæ*, which were daubed or wound about with combustible matter: their use was to be shot into a ship, wooden tower, or any thing that was to be set on fire.

Full many a fathom down he had explor'd,
For treasures lost, old ocean's oozy hoard;
Oft when the flooky anchor stuck below,
He sunk, and bade the captive vessel go.
A foe he seiz'd, close cleaving to his breast,
And underneath the tumbling billows press'd:
But when the skilful victor would repair
To upper seas, and sought the freer air;
Hapless beneath the crowding keels he rose,
The crowding keels his wonted way oppose;
Back beaten, and astonish'd with the blow,
He sinks, to bide for ever now below.
Some hang upon the oars with weighty force,
To intercept the hostile vessel's course;
Some to the last the cause they love defend,
And valiant lives by useful deaths would end;
With breasts oppos'd the thundering beaks they
And what they fought for living, dying save. [brave,
As Tyrrhen, from a Roman poop on high,
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye;
Sure aiming, from his Balearic thong,
Bold Ligdamus a pondrous bullet slung;
Through liquid air the ball shrill whistling flies,
And cuts its way through hapless Tyrrhen's eyes.
The' astonish'd youth stands struck with sudden night,
While, bursting, start the bleeding orbs of sight.
At first he took the darkness to be death,
And thought himself amidst the shades beneath;
But soon recovering from the stunning sound,
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd, he found.
Vigour at length, and wonted force returns,
And with new rage his valiant bosom burns:

"To me, my friends (he cried) your aid supply,
Nor useless let your fellow-soldier die;
Give me, oppos'd against the foe to stand,
While, like some engine, you direct my hand.
And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare
To meet each hazard of the various war;
At least, my mangled carcase shall pretend
To interpose, and shield some valiant friend:
Plac'd like a mark their darts I may sustain,
And, to preserve some better man, be slain."
Thus said, unaiming he a javelin threw,
The javelin wing'd with sure destruction flew;
In Argus the descending steel takes place,
Argus, a Grecian of illustrious race.
Deep sinks the piercing point, where to the loins
Above the navel high the belly joins;
The staggering youth falls forward on his fate,
And helps the goring weapon with his weight.
It chanc'd, to ruthless destiny design'd,
To the same ship his aged sire was join'd:
While young, for high achievements was he known,
The first in fair Massilia for renown;
Now an example merely, and a name,
Willing to rouse the younger sort he came,
And fire their souls to emulate his fame.
When from the prow, where distant far he stood,
He saw his son lie weltering in his blood;
Soon to the poop, oft stumbling in his haste,
With faltering steps the feeble father pass'd.
No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,
But stiffening cold and motionless he grew:
Deep night and deadly shades of darkness rise,
And hide his much-lov'd Argus from his eyes.

As to the dizzy youth the sire appears,
His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears;
With lifted eyes he cast a mournful look,
His pale lips mov'd, and fain he would have spoke;
But unexpress'd the' imperfect accent hung,
Lost in his falling jaws and murmuring tongue:
Yet in his speechless visage seems express'd,
What, had he words, would be his last request:
That aged hand to seal his closing eye,
And in his father's fond embrace to die:
But he, when grief with keenest sense revives,
With nature's strongest pangs conflicting strives:
" Let me not lose this hour of death, (he cries)
Which my indulgent destiny supplies;
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my son!
If thy dear lips and last embrace I shun.
Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,
And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes:
Yet my sad eyes behold thee yet alive,
And thou shalt, yet, thy wretched sire survive."
He said, and fierce, by frantic sorrow press'd,
Plung'd his sharp sword amidst his aged breast:
And though life's gushing streams the weapon stain,
Headlong he leaps amidst the greedy main;
While this last wish ran ever in his mind,
To die, and leave his darling son behind;
Eager to part, his soul disdain'd to wait,
And trust uncertain to a single fate.

And now Massilia's vanquish'd force gives way,
And Cæsar's fortune claims the doubtful day.
The Grecian fleet is all dispers'd around,
Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd;
Some, captives made, their haughty victors bore,
While some, but those a few, fled timely to the shore.

But oh! what verse, what numbers can express,
The mournful city, and her sore distress!
Upon the beach lamenting matrons stand,
And wailings echo o'er the lengthening strand;
Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,
And watch the bodies driving with the tide.
Here a fond wife, with pious error, press'd
Some hostile Roman to her throbbing breast;
There to a mangled trunk two mothers run,
Each grasps, and each would claim it for her son;
Each, what her boding heart persuades, believes,
And for the last sad office fondly strives.
But Brutus, now victorious on the main,
To Cæsar vindicates the watery plain;
First to his brow he binds the naval crown,
And bids the spacious deep the mighty master own.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Cæsar having joined Fabius, whom he had sent before him to Spain, incamps upon a rising ground near Ilerda, and not far from the river Sicoris. There, the waters, being swollen by great rains, endanger his camp; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating, Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over against him, decamp suddenly. Cæsar follows, and incamps so as to cut off their passage, or any use of the river Iberus. As both armies lay now very near to each other, the soldiers on both sides knew and saluted one another; and forgetting the opposite interest and factions they were engaged in, ran out from their several camps, and embraced one another with great tenderness. Many of Cæsar's soldiers were invited into the enemy's camp, and feasted by their friends and relations. But Petreius, apprehending this familiarity might be of ill consequence to his party, commanded them all (though against the rules of humanity and hospitality) to be killed. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards Ilerda; but is prevented, and inclosed by Cæsar; to whom, both himself and Afranius, after their army had suffered extremely for want of water and other necessaries, are compelled to surrender, without asking any other conditions than that they might not be compelled to take on in his army: this Cæsar, with great generosity, grants, and dismisses them. In the meanwhile, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæsar near Salonæ, on the coast of Dalmatia, being shut up by Octavius, Pompey's admiral, and destitute of provisions, had attempted by help of some vessels, or floating machines of

a new invention, to pass through Pompey's fleet. Two of them, by advantage of the tide, found means to escape; but the third, which carried a thousand Opitergians, commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a boom laid under the water. Those, when they found it impossible to get off, at the persuasion, and by the example of their leader, ran upon one another's swords and died. In Africa the poet introduces Curio inquiring after the story of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the natives, and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and killed by Juba.

But Cæsar in Iberian fields afar,
Ev'n to the western ocean, spreads the war;
And though no hills of slaughter heap the plain,
No purple deluge leaves a guilty stain;
Vast is the prize[1], and great the victor's gain.
For Pompey, with alternative command,
The brave Petreius and Afranius stand:
The chiefs in friendship's just conditions join,
And, cordial to the common cause, combine;
By turns they quit, by turns resume the sway,
The camp to guard, or battle to array:
To these their aid the nimble Vectons[2] yield,
With those who till Asturia's hilly field;
Nor wanted then the Celtiberians[3] bold, [old.
Who draw their long descent from Celtic Gauls of

[1] The reduction of Afranius and Petreius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, with so little bloodshed, was of great advantage to Cæsar; as it secured that province to him upon which Pompey principally relied, and left him at liberty to prosecute the war more powerfully in other places.

[2] The Vectones, or Vettones, were a people of Lusitania, (Portugal) separated from Asturia by the river Durius (Douro.)

[3] People of Arragon.

Where rising grounds the fruitful champain end,
And unperceiv'd by soft degrees ascend,
An ancient race their city chose to found,
And with Ilerda [4] walls the summit crown'd.
The Sicoris, of no ignoble name,
Fast by the mountain pours his gentle stream.
A stable bridge runs cross from side to side,
Whose spacious arch transmits the passing tide,
And jutting peers the wintry floods abide.
Two neighbouring hills their heads distinguish'd raise:
The first great Pompey's ensigns high displays;
Proud Cæsar's camp upon the next is seen;
The river interposing, glides between.
Wide spread beyond, an ample plain extends,
Far as the piercing eye its prospect sends:
Upon the spacious level's utmost bound,
The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around.
But soon in full Iberus' channel lost,
His blended waters seek Iberia's coast;
He yields to the superior torrent's fame,
And, with the country, takes his nobler name.
Now 'gan the lamp of Heaven the plains to gild,
When moving legions hide the' embattled field;
When front to front oppos'd in just array,
The chieftains each their hostile powers display:
But whether conscious shame their wrath repress'd,
And soft reluctance rose in every breast;
Or virtue did a short-liv'd rule resume,
And gain'd one day for liberty and Rome;

[4] The city of Lerida in Catalonia. Sicoris, the river Segre, and Cinga the Cinca, which fall into the Iberus, or Ebro, in the same country.

Suspended rage yet linger'd for a space,
And to the west declin'd the sun in peace.
Night rose, and blackening shades involv'd the sky,
When Cæsar, bent war's wily arts to try [5],
Through his extended battle gives command,
The foremost lines in order fix'd shall stand;
Meanwhile the last, low lurking from the foe,
With secret labour sink a trench below:
Successful, they the destin'd task pursue,
While closing files prevent the hostile view.
Soon as the morn renew'd the dawning gray,
He bids the soldier urge his speedy way,
To seize a vacant height that near Ilerda lay.
This saw the foe; and, wing'd with fear and shame,
Through secret paths with swift prevention came.
Now various motives various hopes afford,
To these the place, to those the conquering sword:
Oppress'd beneath their armour's cumbrous weight,
The' assailants labouring tempt the steepy height;
Half bending back, they mount with panting pain,
The following crowd their foremost mate sustain;
Against the shelving precipice they toil,
And prop their hands upon the steely pile;
On cliffs, and shrubs, their steps, some climbing stay,
With cutting swords some clear the woody way;
Nor death, nor wounds, their enemies annoy,
While other uses now their arms employ.

5 Cæsar, perceiving the enemy not disposed to an engagement, kept two lines of his army (which he had drawn up into three) under their arms all night; while the third threw up a trench in the rear for the security of his camp. The next morning he endeavoured to possess himself of a height, in order to cut off the enemy's communication with Ilerda, but was repulsed with some loss.

Their chief the danger from afar survey'd,
And bade the horse fly timely to their aid.
In order just the ready squadrons ride,
Then wheeling to the right and left divide,
To flank the foot, and guard each naked side.
Safe in the middle space retire the foot,
Make good the rear, and scorn the foes' pursuit;
Each side retreat, though each disdain to yield,
And claim the glory of the doubtful field.

Thus far the cause of Rome by arms was tried,
And human rage alone the war supplied;
But now the elements new wrath prepare,
And gathering tempests vex the troubled air.
Long had the earth by wintry frost been bound,
And the dry north had numb'd the lazy ground.
No furrow'd fields were drench'd with drisly rain,
Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain:
All desolate the western climes were seen,
Keen with the blasts, and sharp the blue serene,
To parch [6] the fading herb, and nip the springing green.
At length, the genial heat began to shine,
With stronger beams in Aries vernal sign [7];
Again the golden day resum'd its right,
And rul'd in just equation with the night:
The moon her monthly course had now begun,
And with increasing horns forsook the sun;
When Boreas [8], by night's silver empress driv'n,
To softer airs resign'd the western Heav'n.

6 The Latin word is here *urebant*, and seems to me by no means inelegant; extreme cold and extreme heat appearing to have much the same effects upon grass or other herbs.

7 In the vernal equinox, about the 10th of March.

8 The weather altering with the new moon.

Then with warm breezes gentler Eurus came,
Glowing with India's and Arabia's flame.
The sweeping wind the gathering vapours press'd,
From every region of the furthest east;
Nor hang they heavy in the midway sky,
But speedy to Hesperia driving fly;
To Calpe's[9] hills the sluicy rains repair,
From north and south, the clouds assemble there,
And darkening storms lour in the sluggish air.
Where western skies the utmost ocean bound,
The watery treasures heap the welkin round;
Thither they crowd, and, scanted in the space,
Scarce between Heaven and earth can find a place.
Condens'd at length, the spouting torrents pour,
Earth smokes, and rattles with the gushing show'r;
Jove's forky fires are rarely seen to fly,
Extinguish'd in the deluge, soon they die;
Nor e'er before did dewy Iris show
Such fady colours, or so maim'd a bow:
Unvaried by the light's refracting beam,
She stoop'd to drink[10] from ocean's briny stream;
Then to the dropping sky restor'd the rain:
Again the falling waters sought the main.
Then first the covering snows began to flow
From off the Pyrenean's hoary brow;
Huge hills of frost, a thousand ages old,
O'er which the summer suns had vainly roll'd,

9 Gibraltar: here it is generally taken for Spain.

10 So Virgil, in the First Georgic:

Et bibit ingens
Arcus.

'At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood.' *Dryden.*

As if they fancied the rainbow drew up water from the sea or rivers, and poured it down again in showers of rain.

Now melting, rush from every side amain,
Swell every brook, and deluge all the plain.
And now o'er Cæsar's camp the torrents sweep,
Bear down the works, and fill the trenches deep.
Here men and arms in mix'd confusion swim,
And hollow tents drive with the' impetuous stream;
Lost in the spreading floods the landmarks lie,
Nor can the forager his way descry.
No beasts for food the floating pastures yield,
Nor herbage rises in the watery field:
And now, to fill the measure of their fears,
Her baleful visage meagre famine rears;
Seldom alone, she troops among the fiends,
And still on war and pestilence attends.
Unpress'd, unstraiten'd by besieging foes,
All miseries of want the soldier knows.
Gladly he gives his little wealth to eat;
And buys a morsel with his whole estate.
Curs'd merchandize[11]! where life itself is sold,
And avarice consents to starve for gold!
No rock, no rising mountain rears his head,
No single river winds along the mead,
But one vast lake o'er all the land is spread.
No lofty grove, no forest-haunt is found,
But in his den deep lies the savage drown'd:
With headlong rage, resistless in its course,
The rapid torrent whirls the snorting horse;
High o'er the sea the foamy freshes ride,
While backward Tethys turns her yielding tide.

[11] History has a remarkable instance of this kind of avarice, when during the siege of Preneste, a soldier, who was himself dying (and shortly after did die) for hunger, sold a mouse he had caught for 200 Roman denarii; they were worth about seven pence farthing of our money apiece.

Meantime continued darkness veils the skies,
And suns with unavailing ardour rise;
Nature no more her various face can boast,
But form is huddled up in night, and lost.
Such are the climes beneath the frozen zone [12],
Where cheerless Winter plants her dreary throne;
No golden stars their gloomy heavens adorn,
Nor genial seasons to their earth return:
But everlasting ice and snows appear,
Bind up the summer signs, and curse the barren year.
Almighty sire! who dost supremely reign;
And thou, great ruler of the raging main!
Ye gracious gods! in mercy give command,
This desolation may for ever stand.
Thou Jove! for ever cloud thy stormy sky;
Thou Neptune! bid thy angry waves run high:
Heave thy huge trident for a mighty blow,
Strike the strong earth, and bid her fountains flow;
Bid every river-god exhaust his urn,
Nor let thy own alternate tides return;
Wide let their blended waters waste around,
These regions, Rhine, and those of Rhone confound.
Melt, ye hoar mountains of Riphæan snow;
Brooks, streams, and lakes, let all your sources go;
Your spreading floods the guilt of Rome shall spare,
And save the wretched world from civil war.
But fortune stay'd her short displeasure here,
Nor urg'd her minion with too long a fear;
With large increase her favours full return'd,
As if the gods themselves his anger mourn'd;
As if his name were terrible to Heaven,
And Providence could sue to be forgiven.

[12] The poet means here the polar regions. The hyperbole, a figure in which he is given to offend, is somewhat overstrained.

Now 'gan the welkin clear to shine serene,
And Phœbus potent in his rays was seen.
The scattering clouds disclos'd the piercing light,
And hung the firmament with fleecy white;
The troublous storm had spent his wrathful store,
And clattering rains were heard to rush no more:
Again the woods their leafy honours raise,
And herds upon the rising mountains graze.
Day's genial heat upon the damps prevails,
And ripens into earth the slimy vales.
Bright glittering stars adorn night's spangled air,
And ruddy evening skies foretel the morning fair.
Soon as the falling Sicoris begun
A peaceful stream within his banks to run,
The bending willow into barks they twine [13],
Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine:
Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,
Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po;
On such to neighbouring Gaul, allur'd by gain,
The bolder Britons cross the swelling main;
Like these, when fruitful Egypt lies afloat,
The Memphian artist builds his reedy boat.
On these embarking bold with eager haste,
Across the stream his legions Cæsar pass'd: [fell'd,
Straight the tall woods with sounding strokes are
And with strong piles a beamy bridge they build;
Then mindful of the flood so lately spread,
They stretch the lengthening arches o'er the mead:
And, lest his bolder waters rise again,
With numerous dikes they canton out the plain,
And by a thousand streams the suffering river drain.

[13] Cæsar, as appears by his own Commentaries, had learned to make these sorts of boats from the Britons.

Petreius now a fate superior saw,
While elements obey proud Cæsar's law;
Then straight Ilerda's lofty walls forsook [14],
And to the furthest west his arms betook;
The nearer regions faithless all around,
And basely to the victor bent, he found.
When with just rage and indignation fir'd,
He to the Celtiberians fierce retir'd;
There sought, amidst the world's extremest parts,
Still daring hands, and still unconquer'd hearts.
Soon as he view'd the neighbouring mountain's head
No longer by the hostile camp o'erspread,
Cæsar commands to arm. Without delay
The soldier to the river bends his way;
None then with cautious care the bridge explor'd,
Or sought the shallows of the safer ford;
Arm'd at all points, they plunge amidst the flood,
And with strong sinews make the passage good:
Dangers they scorn, that might the bold affright,
And stop ev'n panting cowards in their flight.
At length the further bank attaining safe,
Chill'd by the stream, their dropping limbs they chafe:
Then with fresh vigour urge the foes' pursuit,
And in the sprightly chase the powers of life recruit.

[14] There were many reasons for Afranius and Petreius to decamp at this time, and endeavour to transfer the seat of the war into Celtiberia; and it was not one of the least, that that part of Spain was extremely well affected to Pompey, as having received several benefits from him in the war with Sertorius. They dislodged therefore in the night, and marched towards the river Iberus: but Cæsar, upon the first notice of their motion, used so much diligence, that he got before them, made himself master of a pass they intended to seize upon, and cut off their communication with the river they intended to pass.

Thus they; till half the course of life was run,
And lessening shadows own'd the noon-day sun;
The fliers now a doubtful fight maintain,
While the fleet horse in squadrons scour the plain;
The stragglers scattering round, they force to yield,
And gather up the gleanings of the field.
Midst a wide plain two lofty rocks arise,
Between the cliffs an humble valley lies;
Long rows of ridgy mountains run behind,
Where ways obscure and secret passes wind.
But Cæsar, deep within his thought, foresees
The foes attempt the covert strong to seize:
So may their troops at leisure range afar,
And to the Celtiberians lead the war.
"Be quick, (he cries) nor minding just array,
Swift to the combat wing your speedy way.
See! where yon cowards to the fastness haste,
But let your terrors in their way be plac'd:
Pierce not the fearful backs of those that fly,
But on your meeting javelins let 'em die."
He said. The ready legions took the word,
And hastily obey their eager lord;
With diligence the coming foe prevent,
And stay their marches, to the mountains bent.
Near neighbouring now the camps intrench'd are seen,
With scarce a narrow interval between.
Soon as their eyes o'ershoot the middle space,
From either hosts, sires, sons, and brothers trace
The well-known features of some kindred face.
Then first their hearts with tenderness were struck,
First with remorse for civil rage they shook;
Stiffening with horror cold, and dire amaze,
Awhile in silent interviews they gaze:

Anon with speechless signs their swords salute,
While thoughts conflicting keep their masters mute.
At length, disdaining still to be repress'd,
Prevailing passion rose in every breast,
And the vain rules of guilty war transgress'd.
As at a signal, both their trenches quit,
And spreading arms in close embraces knit:
Now friendship runs o'er all her ancient claims,
Guest and companion are their only names;
Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind,
And how their boyish years in leagues were join'd.
With grief each other mutually they know,
And find a friend in every Roman foe.
Their falling tears their steely arms bedew,
While interrupting sighs each kiss pursue;
And though their hands are yet unstain'd by guilt,
They tremble for the blood they might have spilt.
But speak, unhappy Roman[15]! speak thy pain,
Say for what woes thy streaming eyes complain?
Why dost thou groan? why beat thy sounding breast?
Why is this wild fantastic grief express'd?
Is it, that yet thy country claims thy care?
Dost thou the crimes of war unwilling share?
Ah! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd?
How canst thou dread that power thyself hast made?
Do Cæsar's trumpets call thee? scorn the sound.
Does he bid march? dare thou to keep thy ground.
So rage and slaughter shall to justice yield,
And fierce Erinnys quit the fatal field:
Cæsar in peace a private state shall know,
And Pompey be no longer call'd his foe.
Appear, thou heavenly Concord! bless'd appear!
And shed thy better influences here.

[15] If this civil war be such an affliction to you, why will you follow Cæsar?

Thou, who the warring elements dost bind,
Life of the world, and safety of mankind,
Infuse thy sovereign balm, and heal the wrathful mind.
But if the same dire fury rages yet,
Too well they know what foes their swords shall meet[16];
No blind pretence of ignorance remains,
The blood they shed must flow from Roman veins.
Oh! fatal truce! the brand of guilty Rome!
From thee worse wars and redder slaughters come.
See! with what free and unsuspecting love,
From camp to camp the jocund warriors rove;
Each to his turfy table bids his guest,
And Bacchus crowns the hospitable feast.
The grassy fires refulgent lend their light,
While conversation sleepless wastes the night:
Of early feats of arms by turns they tell,
Of fortunes that in various fields befel,
With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate:
At length, their unauspicious hands are join'd,
And sacred leagues with faith renew'd they bind.
But oh! what worse could cruel fate afford!
The furies smil'd upon the curs'd accord,
And died with deeper stains the Roman sword.
By busy fame Petreius[17] soon is told,
His camp, himself, to Cæsar all are sold;
When straight the chief indignant calls to arm,
And bids the trumpet spread the loud alarm.

16 After a fondness and reconciliation of this kind, certainly the butcheries that they were guilty of afterwards appeared the more horrible.

17 This jealousy of Petreius was certainly unworthy of a man who had the best cause; and even the poet himself cannot forbear running out in praise of Cæsar on this occasion; the baseness and cruelty of Petreius were inexcusable.

With war encompass'd round he takes his way,
And breaks the short-liv'd truce with fierce affray;
He drives the' unarm'd and unsuspecting guest,
Amaz'd and wounded, from the' unfinish'd feast;
With horrid steel he cuts each fond embrace,
And violates with blood the new-made peace:
And lest the fainting flames of wrath expire,
With words like these he fans the deadly fire.
" Ye herd! unknowing of the Roman worth,
And lost to that great cause which led you forth;
Though victory and captive Cæsar were
Honours too glorious for your swords to share;
Yet something, abject as yon are, from you,
Something to virtue and the laws is due:
A second praise ev'n yet you may partake;
Fight, and be vanquish'd for your country's sake.
Can you, while fate as yet suspends our doom,
While you have blood and lives to lose for Rome,
Can you with tame submission seek a lord;
And own a cause by men and gods abhor'd?
Will you in lowly wise his mercy crave?
Can soldiers beg to wear the name of slave?
Would you for us your suit to Cæsar move?
Know we disdain his pardoning power to prove:
No private bargain shall redeem this head;
For Rome, and not for us, the war was made.
Though peace a specious poor pretence afford,
Baseness and bondage lurk beneath the word.
In vain the workmen search the steely mine,
To arm the field, and bid the battle shine;
In vain the fortress lifts her towery height;
In vain the warlike steed provokes the fight;
In vain our oars the foamy ocean sweep;
In vain our floating castles hide the deep;

In vain by land, in vain by sea we fought,
If peace shall e'er with liberty be bought.
See! with what constancy, what gallant pride,
Our steadfast foes defend an impious side!
Bound by their oaths, though enemies to good,
They scorn to change from what they once have vow'd.
While each vain breath your slackening faith withdraws:
Yours! who pretend to arm for Rome and laws;
Who find no fault, but justice in your cause.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,
A brave repentance still is in your pow'r:
While Pompey calls the utmost east from far,
And leads the Indian monarchs on to war,
Shall we (oh, shame!) prevent his great success,
And bind his hands by our inglorious peace?"
He spoke; and civil rage at once returns,
Each breast the fonder thought of pity scorns,
And ruthless with redoubled fury burns.
So when the tiger, or the spotted pard,
Long from the woods and savage haunts debar'd,
From their first fierceness for a while are won,
And seem to put a gentler nature on;
Patient their prison, and mankind they bear,
Fawn on their lords, and looks less horrid wear:
But let the taste of slaughter be renew'd,
And their fell jaws again with gore imbrew'd;
Then dreadfully their wakening furies rise,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;
With wrathful roar their echoing dens they tear,
And hardly ev'n the well-known keeper spare;
The shuddering keeper shakes, and stands aloof for fear.

From friendship freed, and conscious nature's tie,
To undistinguish'd slaughters loose they fly;
With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,
And scorn the' excuse of ignorance and chance.
Those whom so late their fond embraces press'd,
The bosom's partner, and the welcome guest,
Now at the board unhospitable bleed,
While streams of blood the flowing bowl succeed.
With groans at first each draws the glittering brand [18],
And lingering death stops in the' unwilling hand:
Till urg'd at length, returning force they feel,
And catch new courage from the murdering steel:
Vengeance and hatred rise with every blow,
And blood paints every visage like a foe.
Uproar and horror through the camp abound,
While impious sons their mangled fathers wound;
And, lest the merit of the crime be lost,
With dreadful joy the parricide they boast;
Proud to their chiefs the cold pale heads they bear,
The gore yet dropping from the silver hair.
But thou, oh Cæsar! to the gods be dear!
Thy pious mercy well becomes their care;
And though thy soldier falls by treacherous peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great success.
Not all thou ow'st to bounteous fortune's smile,
Not proud Massilia, nor the Pharian Nile;
Not the full conquest of Pharsalia's field,
Could greater fame, or nobler trophies yield:
Thine and the cause of justice now are one,
Since guilty slaughter brands thy foes alone.

[18] This word is used for a sword by some of the best of our English poets, Spenser and Fairfax especially.

Nor dare the conscious leaders longer wait,
Or trust to such unhallow'd hands their fate;
Astonish'd and dismay'd they shun the fight,
And to Ilerda turn their hasty flight.
But ere their march achieves its destin'd course,
Preventing Cæsar sends the winged horse:
The speedy squadrons seize the' appointed ground,
And hold their foes on hills encompass'd round.
Pent up in barren heights, they strive in vain
Refreshing springs and flowing streams to gain;
Strong hostile works their camp's extension stay,
And deep-sunk trenches intercept their way.
Now deaths in unexpected forms arise,
Thirst and pale famine stalk before their eyes.
Shut up and close besieg'd, no more they need
The strength or swiftness of the warlike steed;
But doom the generous coursers all to bleed.
Hopeless at length, and barr'd around from flight,
Headlong they rush to arms, and urge the fight:
But Cæsar, who with wary eyes beheld
With what determin'd rage they sought the field,
Restrain'd his eager troops. "Forbear! (he cried)
Nor let your sword in madmen's blood be dyed.
But since they come devoted by despair,
Since life is grown unworthy of their care,
Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis ours to spare.
Those naked bosoms that provoke the foe,
With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow;
With pleasure shall they meet the pointed steel,
Nor smarting wounds, nor dying anguish feel,
If, while they bleed, your Cæsar shares the pain,
And mourns his gallant friends among the slain.
But wait awhile, this rage shall soon be past,
This blaze of courage is too fierce to last;

This ardour for the fight shall faint away,
And all this fond desire of death decay."
He spoke; and at the word the war was stay'd,
Till Phœbus fled from night's ascending shade.
Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain,
The rash Petreians urge to arms in vain:
At length the weary fire began to cease,
And wasting fury languish'd into peace;
The' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,
And slackening passions cool'd upon the mind.
So when, the battle roaring loud around,
Some warrior warm receives a fatal wound;
While yet the griding sword has newly pass'd,
And the first pungent pains and anguish last;
While full with life the turgid vessels rise,
And the warm juice the sprightly nerve supplies;
Each sinewy limb with fiercer force is press'd,
And rage redoubles in the burning breast:
But if, as conscious of the' advantage gain'd,
The cooler victor stays his wrathful hand;
Then sinks his thrall with ebbing spirits low,
The black blood stiffens, and forgets to flow;
Cold damps and numbness close the deadly stound,
And stretch him pale, and fainting, on the ground.
For water now on every side they try,
Alike the sword and delving spade employ;
Earth's bosom dark, laborious they explore,
And search the sources of her liquid store;
Deep in the hollow hill the well descends,
Till level with the moister plain it ends.
Not lower down from cheerful day decline
The pale Assyrians, in the golden mine:
In vain they toil, no secret streams are found
To roll their murmuring tides beneath the ground;

No bursting springs repay the workman's stroke,
Nor glittering gush from out the wounded rock;
No sweating caves in dewy droppings stand,
Nor smallest rills run gurgling o'er the sand.
Spent and exhausted with the fruitless pain,
The fainting youth ascend to light again.
And now less patient of the drought they grow,
Than in those cooler depths of earth below;
No savoury viands crown the cheerful board,
Ev'n food, for want of water, stands abhor'd;
To hunger's meager refuge they retreat,
And since they cannot drink, refuse to eat.
Where yielding clods a moister clay confess,
With griping hands the clammy glebe they press;
Where'er the standing puddle loathsome lies,
Thither in crowds the thirsty soldier flies;
Horrid to sight, the miry filth they quaff,
And drain with dying jaws the deadly draff.
Some seek the bestial mothers for supply,
And draw the herds' extended udders dry;
Till thirst, unsated with the milky store,
With labouring lips drinks in the putrid gore.
Some strip the leaves, and suck the morning dews;
Some grind the bark, the woody branches bruise,
And squeeze the sapling's unconnected juice.
Oh! happy those [19], to whom the barbarous kings
Left their envenom'd floods, and tainted springs!
Cæsar be kind, and every bane prepare,
Which Cretan rocks or Libyan serpents bear:
The Romans to thy poisonous stream shall fly,
And, conscious of the danger, drink, and die.

[19] Jugurtha, Mithridates, and Juba, when they were vanquished by the Romans, are said to have poisoned the waters as they fled.

With secret flames their withering entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from their lungs return;
The shrinking veins contract their purple flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood;
The heaving sighs through straiter passes blow,
And scorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapours draws,
And restless rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want those floods that lately spread the plain.
Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,
And fix 'em on the dry relentless skies.
Nor here by sandy Afric are they curs'd,
Nor Cancer's sultry line inflames their thirst;
But to enhance their pain, they view below,
Where lakes stand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two streams [20] expires the panting host,
And in a land of water are they lost!

Now, press'd by pinching want's unequal weight,
The vanquish'd leaders yield to adverse fate:
Rejecting arms, Afranius seeks relief,
And sues submissive to the hostile chief.
Foremost himself, to Cæsar's camp he leads
His famish'd troops; a fainting band succeeds.
At length, in presence of the victor plac'd,
A fitting dignity his gesture grac'd,
That spoke his present fortunes, and his past.
With decent mixture in his manly mien,
The captive and the general were seen:
Then with a free, secure, undaunted breast,
For mercy thus his pious suit he press'd:

[20] The Sicoris and Iberus.

" Had fate and my ill-fortune laid me low,
Beneath the power of some ungenerous foe;
My sword hung ready to protect my fame,
And this right hand had sav'd my soul from shame:
But now with joy I bend my suppliant knee,
Life is worth asking, since 'tis given by thee!
No party zeal our factious arms inclines,
No hate of thee, or of thy bold designs:
War with its own occasions came unsought,
And found us on the side for which we fought:
True to our cause, as best becomes the brave,
Long as we could we kept that faith we gave.
Nor shall our arms thy stronger fate delay,
Behold! our yielding paves thy conquering way:
The western nations all at once we give,
Securely these behind thee shalt thou leave:
Here while thy full dominion stands confess'd,
Receive it as an earnest of the east.
Nor this thy easy victory disdain,
Bought with no seas of blood, nor hills of slain;
Forgive the foes that spare thy sword a pain.
Nor is the boon for which we sue too great,
The weary soldier begs a last retreat;
In some poor village, peaceful at the plough,
Let 'em enjoy the life thou dost bestow.
Think, in some field, among the slain we lie,
And lost to thy remembrance, cast us by.
Mix not our arms in thy successful war,
Nor let thy captives in thy triumph share.
These unprevailing bands their fate have tried,
And prov'd that fortune fights not on their side.
Guiltless, to cease from slaughter we implore;
Let us not conquer with thee, and we ask no more."

He said. The victor, with a gentler grace,
And mercy softening his severer face,
Bade his attending foes their fears dismiss,
" Go, free from punishment, and live in peace."
The truce on equal terms [21] at length agreed,
The waters from the watchful guard are freed:
Eager to drink, down rush the thirsty crowd,
Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they drain,
Forget the gasping lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing airs the choking channels fill,
But every spring of life at once stands still.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent pest assuage,
With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage;
With bursting sides each bulk enormous heaves,
While still for drink the' insatiate fever craves.
At length, returning health dispers'd the pain,
And lusty vigour strung the nerves again.
Behold! ye sons of luxury behold!
Who scatter in excess your lavish gold;
You, who the wealth of frugal ages waste,
To' indulge a wanton supercilious taste:
For whom all earth, all ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold! how little thrifty nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thousands saves!
No costly wines these fainting legions know,
Mark'd by old consuls many a year ago;
No waiting slaves the precious juices pour,
From Myrrhine goblets [22], or the golden ore:

[21] On fair, honest, and friendly conditions.

[22] This should rather be read murrine, from *murra*, a sort of precious stone which was transparent like our China-ware, and

But with pure draughts they cool the boiling blood,
And seek their succour from the crystal flood.
Who, but a wretch, would think it worth his care
The toils and wickedness of war to share,
When all we want thus easily we find?
The field and river can supply mankind.
Dismiss'd, and safe from danger and alarms,
The vanquish'd to the victor quits his arms;
Guiltless, from camps to cities he repairs,
And in his native land forgets his cares.
There in his mind he runs, repenting o'er
The tedious toils and perils once he bore;
His spear and sword of battle stand accurs'd,
He hates the weary march, and parching thirst;
And wonders much, that e'er with pious pain
He pray'd so oft for victory in vain;
For victory; the curse of those that win;
The fatal end where still new woes begin.
Let the proud masters [23] of the horrid field
Count all the gains their dire successes yield;
Then let 'em think what wounds they yet must feel,
Ere they can fix revolving Fortune's wheel:
As yet the' imperfect task by halves is done,
Blood, blood remains, more battles must be won,
And many a heavy labour undergone:
Still conquering, to new guilt they shall succeed,
Wherever restless fate and Cæsar lead.
How happier lives the man to peace assign'd,
Amidst this general storm that wrecks mankind!

of which the ancients made drinking vessels. If we read it myrrhine, it must be understood to be goblets perfumed with myrrh, which was likewise in use among the Romans.

[23] Cæsar and his army.

In his own quiet house ordain'd to die,
He knows the place in which his bones shall lie.
No trumpet warns him 'put his harness on,
Though faint, and all with weariness foredone:
But when night falls, he lies securely down,
And calls the creeping slumber all his own.
His kinder fates [24] the warrior's hopes prevent,
And ere the time, the wish'd dismission sent;
A lowly cottage, and a tender wife,
Receive him in his early days of life;
His boys, a rustic tribe, around him play,
And homely pleasures wear the vacant day.
No factious parties here the mind engage,
Nor work the' imbitter'd passions up to rage:
With equal eyes the hostile chiefs they view,
To this their faith, to that their lives are due:
To both oblig'd alike, no part they take,
Nor vows for conquest, nor against it, make.
Mankind's misfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to stand neuter, while the world's at war.
But fortune, bent [25] to check the victor's pride,
In other lands forsook her Cæsar's side;

[24] Lucan observes, that it was the particular good fortune of these soldiers of Afranius and Petreius to be dismissed from the service, even before their disability or old age could, by virtue of the laws and military constitutions, claim such a favour.

[25] Dolabella and C. Antonius were commanded by Cæsar to possess themselves of the entrance into the Adriatic sea; and accordingly, the first encamped on the Illyrian shore, and the other on the islands over against Salonæ. Pompey was then almost everywhere master of the seas, and consequently Octavius and Libo, two of his lieutenants, shut up Antonius, and besieged him with a great fleet. Basilus (as Lucan relates it here) came to relieve him, and attempting afterwards to get off

With changing cheer the fickle goddess frown'd,
And for awhile her favourite cause disown'd.
Where Adria's swelling surge Salonæ laves,
And warm Iader [26] rolls his gentle waves,
Bold in the brave Curictan's [27] warlike band,
Antonius 'camps upon the utmost strand:
Begirt around by Pompey's floating pow'r,
He braves the navy from his well-fenc'd shore.
But while the distant war no more he fears,
Famine, a worse, resistless foe, appears:
No more the meads their grassy pasture yield,
Nor waving harvests crown the yellow field;
On every verdant leaf the hungry feed,
And snatch the forage from the fainting steed;
Then ravenous on their camp's defence they fall,
And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall.
Near on the neighbouring coast at length they spy,
Where Basilus with social sails draws nigh;
While led by Dolabella's bold command,
Their Cæsar's legions spread the' Illyrian strand:

(though the historians say it was in coming to Antonius) two vessels or floats of a new invention, out of three, got over a kind of boom that was laid under the water; but the third, which was manned by a thousand Opitergians, commanded by Vulteius, was ensnared and held fast. These, after they had for a whole day resisted a very unequal assault from a force vastly superior to their own, at the persuasion and by the example of their leader, slew one another: a rare example of fidelity even to arbitrary and tyrannical power.

26 A river of Dalmatia that ran by Salonæ, not far from (or it may be the same with) the present Spalato.

27 Most editions read *Curetes* in the original; Curictan's is certainly better, and approved by the ancient geographers. Curicta is an island in the Sinus Flanaticus, or gulf of Carnero, in the upper end of the Adriatic sea, between the coasts of Istria and Liburnia.

Straight with new hopes their hearts recovering beat,
Aim to elude the foe, and meditate retreat.
Of wondrous form a vast machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating field.
Here, nor the keel its crooked length extends,
Nor o'er the waves the rising deck ascends;
By beams and grappling chains compacted strong,
Light skiffs, and casks, two equal rows prolong:
O'er these, of solid oak securely made,
Stable and tight, a flooring firm is laid;
Sublime, from hence, two planky towers run high,
And nodding battlements the foe defy:
Securely plac'd, each rising range between,
The lusty rower plies his task unseen.
Meanwhile, nor oars upon the sides appear,
Nor swelling sails receive the driving air:
But living seems the mighty mass to sweep,
And glide, self-mov'd, athwart the yielding deep.
Three wondrous floats, of this enormous size,
Soon by the skilful builder's craft arise;
The ready warriors all aboard them ride,
And wait the turn of the retiring tide.
Backward, at length, revolving Tethys flows,
And ebbing waves the naked sands disclose:
Straight by the stream the launching piles are borne,
Shields, spears, and helms, their nodding towers adorn;
Threatening they move, in terrible array,
And to the deeper ocean bend their way.
Octavius now, whose naval powers command
Adria's rude seas, and wide Illyria's strand,
Full in their course his fleet advancing stays,
And each impatient combatant delays [28]:

[28] Octavius stood out to sea, and would not suffer his men

To the blue offing wide he seems to bear,
Hopeful to draw the' unwary vessels near;
Aloof he rounds 'em, eager on his prey,
And tempts 'em with an open roomy sea.
Thus, when the wily huntsman spreads his nets,
And with his ambient toil the wood besets;
While yet his busy hands, with skilful care,
The meshy hayes and forky props prepare;
Ere yet the deer[29] the painted plumage spy,
Snuff the strong odour from afar, and fly;
His mates, the Cretan hound and Spartan, bind,
And muzzle all the loud Molossian kind;
The quester only to the wood they loose,
Who silently the tainted track pursues:
Mute signs alone the conscious haunt betray,
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.
'Twas at the season when the fainting light,
Just in the evening's close, brought on the night;
When the tall towery floats their isle forsook,
And to the seas their course, adventurous, took.
But now the fam'd Cicilian pirates, skill'd
In arts and warfare of the liquid field,

to engage at first, that he might draw the enemy out from among the islands, and surround them at once. The time and place where this action happened is somewhat doubted of; but I take it as related by my author.

[29] The Roman hunters, when they set toils to inclose their game, placed upon the tops of the nets feathers that were painted of several colours, and likewise burnt; that by their dancing, as well as strong scent, they might scare the deer from coming up to, or attempting to break through them. So Virgil:

Puniceæve agitant trepidos formidine pennæ.

'Nor scare the trembling deer with purple plumes.'

Their wonted wiles and stratagems provide,
To aid their great acknowledg'd victor's [30] side.
Beneath the glassy surface of the main,
From rock to rock they stretch a pondrous chain;
Loosely the slacker links suspended flow,
To' enwrap the driving fabrics as they go.
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,
Smooth o'er the boom the first and second glide;
The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,
And in his steely grasp entwining holds:
From the tall rocks the shouting victors roar,
And drag the resty captive to the shore.
For ages past an ancient cliff there stood, [flood:
Whose bending brow hung threatening o'er the
A verdant grove was on the summit plac'd,
And o'er the waves a gloomy shadow cast;
While near the base wild hollows sink below,
There roll huge seas, and bellowing tempests blow:
Thither whate'er the greedy waters drown,
The shipwreck, and the driving corps, are thrown:
Anon, the gaping gulf the spoil restores,
And from his lowest depths loud-spouting pours.
Not rude Charybdis roars in sounds like these,
When thundering, with a burst, she spews the foamy
Hither, with warlike Opitergians [31] fraught, [seas.
The third ill-fated prisoner float was brought:
The foe, as at a signal, speed their way,
And haste to compass in the destin'd prey;

30 The Cicilian pirates were subdued by Pompey. See Book I.

As this story is related, Pompey's forces had seized upon some passage or strait through which these vessels were to pass.

31 Opitergium, now called Operzo, in the territory of Venice, in the marquisate of Trevigiano.

The crowding sails from every station press,
While armed bands the rocks and shores possess.
Too late the chief, Vulteius, found the snare,
And strove to burst the toil with fruitless care:
Driv'n by despair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,
He turns upon the foe; and though distress'd,
By wiles intangled, and by crowds oppress'd,
With scarce a single cohort to his aid,
Against the gathering host a stand he made.
Fierce was the combat fought, with slaughter great,
Though thus on odds unequally they meet,
One with a thousand match'd, a ship against a fleet.
But soon on dusky wings arose the night,
And with her friendly shade restrains the fight;
The combatants from war, consenting, cease;
And pass the hours of darkness o'er in peace.
When to the soldier, anxious for his fate,
And doubtful what success the dawn might wait,
The brave Vulteius thus his speech address'd,
And thus compos'd the cares of every beating breast.
"My gallant friends! whom our hard fates decree,
This night, this short night only, to be free;
Think what remains to do, but think with haste,
Ere the brief hour of liberty be past.
Perhaps, reduc'd to this so hard extreme,
Too short to some, the date of life may seem;
Yet know, brave youths, that none untimely fall,
Whom death obeys, and comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighb'ring danger waits us nigh;
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;
Yet think not but with equal praise we die[32].

32 We die with as much honour, though death comes to our doors to seek us, as if we had gone out to meet it.

Dark and uncertain is man's future doom,
If years or only moments are to come;
All is but dying; he who gives an hour,
Or he who gives an age, gives all that's in his pow'r.
Sooner or late all mortals know the grave;
But to choose death distinguishes the brave.
Behold where, waiting round, yon hostile band,
Our fellow-citizens, our lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed;
'Tis but to do what is too sure decreed,
And where our fate wou'd drag us on, to lead.
A great conspicuous slaughter shall we yield,
Nor lie the carnage of a common field;
Where one ignoble heap confounds the slain,
And men, and beasts, promiscuous strow the plain.
Plac'd on this float by some diviner hand,
As on a stage, for public view we stand.
Illyria's neighbouring shores, her isles around,
And every cliff with gazers shall be crown'd;
The seas, and earth, our virtue shall proclaim,
And stand eternal vouchers for our fame;
Alike the foes and fellows of our cause[33],
Shall mark the deed, and join in vast applause.
Bless'd be thou, Fortune, that has mark'd us forth,
A monument of unexampled worth;
To latest times our story shall be told,
Ev'n rais'd beyond the noblest names of old,
Distinguish'd praise shall crown our daring youth,
Our pious honour and unshaken truth.
Mean is our offering, Cæsar, we confess;
For such a chief, what soldier can do less?

33 Those under the command of Dolabella, on the coast of Illyria.

Yet oh! this faithful pledge of love receive!
Take it, 'tis all that captives have to give.
Oh! that to make the victim yet more dear,
Our aged sires, our children had been here:
Then with full horror should the slaughter rise,
And blast our paler foes' astonish'd eyes;
Till aw'd beneath that scorn of death we wear,
They bless the time our fellows 'scap'd their snare:
Till with mean tears our fate the cowards mourn,
And tremble at the rage with which we burn.
Perhaps, they mean our constant souls to try,
Whether for life and peace we may comply.
Oh! grant, ye gods! their offers may be great,
That we may gloriously disdain to treat;
That this last proof of virtue we may give,
And show we die not now, because we could not live.
That valour to no common heights must rise,
Which he, our godlike chief, himself shall prize.
Immortal shall our truth for ever stand,
If Cæsar thinks this little faithful band
A loss, amidst the host of his command.
For me, my friends, my fix'd resolve is ta'en,
And fate, or chance, may proffer life in vain;
I scorn whatever safety they provide,
And cast the worthless trifling thought aside.
The sacred rage of death devours me whole,
Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my soul:
I see, I reach the period of my woe,
And taste those joys the dying only know.
Wisely the gods conceal the wondrous good,
Lest man no longer should endure his load;
Lest every wretch, like me, from life should fly,
Seize his own happiness himself, and die!"

He spoke. The band his potent tongue confess'd,
And generous ardour burn'd in every breast.
No longer now they view, with watery eyes,
The swift revolving circle of the skies;
No longer think the setting stars in haste,
Nor wonder slow Böotes moves so fast:
But with high hearts exulting all and gay,
They wish for light, and call the tardy day.
Yet, nor the heavenly Axis long delays,
To roll the radiant signs beneath the seas:
In Leda's twins[34] now rose the warmer sun,
And near the lofty Crab exalted shone;
Swiftly night's shorter shades began to move,
And to the west Thessalian Chiron[35] drove.
At length the morning's purple beams disclose
The wide horizon cover'd round with foes;
Each rock and shore the crowding Istrians keep,
While Greeks and fierce Liburnians[36] spread the deep;
When yet, ere fury lets the battle loose,
Octavius wooes 'em with the terms of truce:
If haply Pompey's chains they choose to wear,
And captive life to instant death prefer.
But the brave youth, regardless of his might,
Fierce in the scorn of life, and hating light;
Fearless, and careless, of whate'er may come,
Resolv'd, and self-determin'd to their doom,
Alike disdain the threatening of the war,
And all the flattering wiles their foes prepare.
Calmly the numerous legions round they view,
At once by land and sea the fight renew:

34 When the sun was passing from Gemini into Cancer, about the beginning of June.

35 Sagittary, the opposite sign, was then setting.

36 All on Pompey's side.

Relief, or friends, or aid, expect they none,
But fix one certain trust—in death alone.
In opposition firm awhile they stood,
But soon were satisfied with hostile blood:
Then turning from the foe, with gallant pride,
"Is there a generous youth (Vulteius cried)
Whose worthy sword may pierce your leader's side?"
He said: and at the word, from every part,
A hundred pointed weapons reach'd his heart;
Dying, he prais'd 'em all, but him the chief,
Whose eager duty brought the first relief:
Deep in his breast he plung'd his deadly blade,
And with a grateful stroke the friendly gift repaid.
At once all rush, at once to death they fly,
And on each other's sword alternate die;
Greedy to make the mischief all their own,
And arrogate the guilt of war alone.
A fate like this did Cadmus' harvest[37] prove,
When mortally the earth-born brethren strove;
When by each other's hands of life bereft,
An omen dire[38] to future Thebes they left.
Such was the rage inspir'd the Colchian foes,
When from the dragons' wondrous teeth they rose;
When urg'd by charms, and magic's mystic pow'r,
They dy'd their native field with streaming gore;
Till ev'n the fell enchantress[39] stood dismay'd,
And wonder'd at the mischiefs which she made.

37 The stories of Cadmus and Jason's sowing the teeth of the dragons which they had killed in Bœotia and Colchis, and the men that sprung up from them, and killed one another, are to be found at large in Ovid's Metamorphoses.

38 Because the two sons of Œdipus, Eteocles and Polynices, killed one another afterwards at the same place.

39 Medea, who instructed Jason.

Furies more fierce the dying Romans feel,
And with bare breasts provoke the lingering steel;
With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,
And press 'em plunging to their panting hearts.
No wound imperfect, for a second calls;
With certain aim the sure destruction falls.
This last best gift, this one unerring blow,
Sires, sons, and brothers [40], mutually bestow;
Nor piety, nor fond remorse prevail,
And if they fear, they only fear to fail.
Here with red streams the blushing waves they stain,
Here dash their mangled entrails in the main.
Here with a last disdain they view the skies,
Shout out heaven's hated light with scornful eyes,
And with insulting joy the victor-foe despise.
At length the heapy slaughter rose on high,
The hostile chiefs the purple pile descry;
And while the last accustom'd rites they give,
Scarcely the unexampled deed believe:
Much they admire a faith by death approv'd,
And wonder lawless power [41] could e'er be thus
belov'd.
Wide through mankind eternal fame displays
This hardy crew, this single vessel's praise.
But oh! the story of the godlike rage
Is lost upon a vile degenerate age;
The base, the slavish world will not be taught,
With how much ease their freedom may be bought;
Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,
Still liberty is gall'd by tyrants' bands,
And swords in vain are trusted to our hands.

[40] That is, such of them as were capable of being together in the service: so that this passage does not contradict that above in Vulteius's speech, p. 198.

[41] Cæsar's.

Oh, death! thou pleasing end of human woe,
Thou cure for life, thou greatest good below;
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.
Nor war's pernicious god less havoc yields,
Where swarthy Libya spreads her sun-burn'd fields:
For Curio now the stretching canvass spread,
And from Sicilian shores his navy led;
To Afric's coast he cuts the foamy way,
Where low the once victorious Carthage lay.
There landing, to the well-known camp[42] he hies,
Where from afar the distant seas he spies;
Where Bagrada's dull waves the sands divide,
And slowly downward roll their sluggish tide.
From thence he seeks the heights renown'd by fame,
And hallow'd by the great Cornelian name;
The rocks and hills which, long traditions say,
Were held by huge Antæus'[43] horrid sway.
Here, as by chance he lights upon the place,
Curious he tries the reverend tale to trace.
When thus, in short, the ruder Libyans tell,
What from their sires they heard, and how the case befel.

"The teeming earth, for ever fresh and young,
Yet, after many a giant-son, was strong;
When labouring here with the prodigious birth,
She brought her youngest-born Antæus forth.

42 The *Castra Corneliana*, where Cornelius Scipio had formerly incamped, and left his name to the place from his remarkable successes there in the second Punic war.

43 I wonder Lucan, who seems to avoid the fabulous in his poem, should go so far out of the way for this. The place of Antæus's abode and burial is by no author placed in this part of Afric; some fix it in Mauritania Tingitana, others in Libya, and Cellarius between the Nile and the Red Sea.

Of all the dreadful brood which erst she bore,
In none the fruitful beldame gloried more:
Happy for those above, she brought him not,
Till after Phlegra's [44] doubtful field was fought.
That this, her darling, might in force excel,
A gift she gave: whene'er to earth he fell,
Recruited strength he from his parent drew,
And every slackening nerve was strung anew.
Yon cave his den he made; where oft for food,
He snatch'd the mother lion's horrid brood:
Nor leaves, nor shaggy hides his couch prepar'd,
Torn from the tiger, or the spotted pard:
But stretch'd along the naked earth he lies:
New vigour still the native earth supplies.
Whate'er he meets his ruthless hands invade,
Strong in himself, without his mother's aid.
The strangers that, unknowing, seek the shore,
Soon a worse shipwreck on the land deplore.
Dreadful to all, with matchless might he reigns,
Robs, spoils, and massacres the simple swains,
And all unpeopled lie the Libyan plains.
At length, around the trembling nations spread,
Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.
The godlike hero, born by Jove's decree,
To set the seas and earth from monsters free;
Hither in generous pity bent his course,
And set himself to prove the giant's force.
" Now met, the combatants for fight provide,
And either doffs the lion's yellow hide.
Bright in Olympic oil [45] Alcides shone,
Antæus with his mother's dust is strown,
And seeks her friendly force to aid his own.

44 Where the gods and the giants fought a pitched battle.

45 As was usual among the racers and wrestlers at the Olympic games.

Now seizing fierce, their grasping hands they mix,
And labour on the swelling throat to fix;
Their sinewy arms are writh'd in many a fold,
And front to front they threaten stern and bold.
Unmatch'd before, each bends a sullen frown,
To find a force thus equal to his own.
At length the godlike victor Greek prevail'd,
Nor yet the foe with all his force assail'd.
Faint dropping sweats bedew the monsters brows,
And panting thick with heaving sides he blows;
His trembling head the slackening nerves confess'd,
And from the hero shrunk his yielding breast.
The conqueror pursues, his arms entwine,
Infolding gripe, and strain his crashing chine,
While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin.
At once his faltering feet from earth he rends,
And on the sands his mighty length extends.
The parent earth her vanquish'd son deplores,
And with a touch his vigour lost restores:
From his faint limbs the clammy dews she drains,
And with fresh streams recruits his ebbing veins;
The muscles swell, the hardening sinews rise,
And bursting from the' Herculean grasp he flies.
Astonish'd at the sight Alcides stood:
Nor more he wonder'd, when in Lerna's flood
The dreadful snake [46] her falling heads renew'd.
Of all his various labours, none was seen
With equal joy by heaven's unrighteous queen;
Pleas'd she beheld what toil, what pains he prov'd,
He who had borne the weight of heaven unmov'd.
Sudden again upon the foe he flew,
The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew;
The earth again her fainting son supplies,
And with redoubled forces bids him rise:

[46] The Hydra.

Her vital powers to succour him she sends,
And earth herself with Hercules contends.
Conscious at length of such unequal fight,
And that the parent touch renew'd his might,
" No longer shalt thou fall, (Alcides cried)
Henceforth the combat standing shall be tried;
If thou wilt lean, to me alone incline,
And rest upon no other breast but mine."
He said; and as he saw the monster stoop,
With mighty arms aloft he rears him up:
No more the distant earth her son supplies,
Lock'd in the hero's strong embrace he lies;
Nor thence dismiss'd, nor trusted to the ground,
Till death in every frozen limb was found.
" Thus, fond of tales, our ancestors of old
The story to their childrens' children told;
From thence a title to the land they gave,
And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave.
But greater deeds this rising mountain grace,
And Scipio's name ennobles much the place;
While fixing here his famous camp, he calls
Fierce Hannibal from Rome's devoted walls.
As yet the mouldering works remain in view,
Where dreadful once the Latian eagles flew.
" Fond of the prosperous victorious name,
And trusting fortune would be still the same.
Hither his hapless ensigns Curio leads,
And here his unauspicious camp he spreads.
A fierce superior foe his arms provoke,
And rob the hills of all their ancient luck,
O'er all the Roman powers in Libya's land,
Then Atius Varus bore supreme command;
Nor trusting in the Latian strength alone,
With foreign force he fortified his own;

Summon'd the swarthy monarchs all from far,
And call'd remotest Juba forth to war.
O'er many a country runs his wide command,
To Atlas huge, and Gades' western strand;
From thence to horned Ammon's fane renown'd,
And the waste Syrts unhospitable bound:
Southward as far he reigns, and rules alone
The sultry regions of the burning zone.
With him, unnumber'd nations march along,
The' Autololes[47] with wild Numidians throng;
The rough Getulian, with his ruder steed;
The Moor, resembling India's swarthy breed;
Poor Nasamon's, and Garamantines join'd,
With swift Marmaridans that match the wind;
The Mazax, bred the trembling dart to throw,
Sure as the shaft that leaves the Parthian bow:
With these Massylia's nimble horsemen ride,
They nor the bit nor curbing rein provide,
But with light rods the well-taught courser guide.
From lonely cots the Libyan hunters came,
Who still unarm'd invade the savage game,
And with spread mantles tawny lions tame.
But not Rome's fate, nor civil rage alone,
Incite the monarch Pompey's cause to own;
Stung by resenting wrath, the war he sought,
And deep displeasures past by Curio wrought.

47 Autololes, or Autololæ, people (according to some) of Gætulia, upon the shore of the Atlantic ocean; according to others, of Mauritania Cæsariensis, joining to Numidia; these latter seem to be those mentioned by Lucan.

The African nations here reckoned by the poet as the subjects of Juba, possessed not only all that which we at present call the coast of Barbary, but extended beyond Atlas very far southward, and from the Straits' mouth along the Atlantic ocean as far as the Fortunate or Canary islands.

He, when the tribune's sacred power he gain'd,
When justice, laws, and gods were all profan'd,
At Juba's ancient sceptre aim'd his hate,
And strove to rob him of his royal seat:
From a just prince would tear his native right,
While Rome was made a slave to lawless might.
The king, revolving causes from afar,
Looks on himself as party to the war.
That grudge, too well remembering, Curio knew;
To this he joins his troops to Cæsar new;
None of those old experienc'd faithful bands,
Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands;
But a loose, neutral, light, uncertain train,
Late with Corfinium's captive fortress ta'en.
That wavering pause, and doubt for whom to strike,
Sworn to both sides, and true to both alike.
The careful chief beheld, with anxious heart,
The faithless centinels each night desert:
Then thus, resolving, to himself he cried,
"By daring shows our greatest fears we hide:
Then let me haste to bid the battle join,
And lead my army, while it yet is mine;
Leisure and thinking still to change incline.
Let war, and action, busy thought control,
And find a full employment for the soul.
When with drawn swords determin'd soldiers stand,
When shame is lost, and fury prompts the hand,
What reason then can find a time to pause,
To weigh the differing chiefs, and juster cause?
That cause seems only just for which they fight;
Each likes his own, and all are in the right.
On terms like these, within the' appointed space,
Bold gladiators gladiators face:

Unknowing why, like fiercest foes they greet,
And only hate, and kill, because they meet."
He said; and rang'd his troops upon the plain,
While fortune met him with a semblance vain,
Covering her malice keen, and all his future pain.
Before him Varus' vanquish'd legions yield,
And with dishonest flight forsake the field;
Expos'd to shameful wounds their backs he views,
And to their camp the fearful rout pursues.
Juba with joy the mournful news receives,
And haughty in his own success believes.
Careful his foes in error to maintain,
And still preserve them confident and vain;
Silent he marches on in secret sort,
And keeps his numbers close from loud report.
Sabbura, great in the Numidian race,
And second to their swarthy king in place,
First with a chosen slender band precedes,
And seemingly the force of Juba leads:
While hidden he, the prince himself, remains,
And in a secret vale his host constrains.
Thus oft the' Ichneumon[48], on the banks of Nile,
Invades the deadly aspic by a wile;
While artfully his slender tail is play'd,
The serpent darts upon the dancing shade;
Then turning on the foe with swift surprise,
Full at his throat the nimble seizer flies:
The gasping snake expires beneath the wound,
His gushing jaws with poisonous floods abound,
And shed the fruitless mischief on the ground.

48 This is a creature commonly called the rat of Egypt, of the bigness of a weasel or small cat, an enemy to serpents, but particularly to the crocodile.

Nor fortune fail'd to favour his intent[49],
But crown'd the fraud with prosperous event.
Curio, unknowing of the hostile pow'r,
Commands his horse the doubtful plain to scour;
And ev'n by night the regions round explore.
Himself, though oft forewarn'd by friendly care,
Of punic frauds[50], and danger to beware,
Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,
His camp, with all the moving foot, forsook.
It seem'd, necessity inspir'd the deed,
And fate requir'd the daring youth should bleed.
War, that curs'd war which he himself begun,
To death and ruin drove him headlong on.
O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he takes,
Through rugged paths, and rude incumbering brakes;
Till from afar, at length the hills disclose,
Assembling on their heights his distant foes.
Of hasty flight with swift retreat they feign,
To draw the' unwary leader to the plain.
He, rash and ignorant of Libyan wiles,
Wide o'er the naked champain spreads his files;
When, sudden, all the circling mountains round
With numberless Numidians thick are crown'd:
At once the rising ambush stands confess'd,
And dread strikes cold on every Roman breast.
Helpless they view the' impending danger nigh,
Nor can the valiant fight, nor coward fly.

49 Juba's.

50 The *fraus punica*, or punic fraud, was a famous expression among the Romans to signify the most subtle deceit. Lucan says, that Curio sent out the horse by night, undoubtedly with design to *reconnoitre* (or discover) the country and the posture of the enemy; but that he marched, without knowing any thing of their strength.

The weary horse [51] neglects the trumpet's sound,
Nor with impatient ardour paws the ground;
No more he champs the bit, nor tugs the rein,
Nor pricks his ears, nor shakes his flowing mane:
With foamy sweat his smoking limbs are spread,
And all o'er-labour'd hangs his heavy head:
Hoarse, and with pantings thick, his breath he draws,
While roapy filth begrimes his clammy jaws;
Careless the rider's heartening voice he hears,
And motionless the wounding spur he bears.
At length, by swords and goading darts compell'd,
Dronish he drags his load across the field;
Nor once attempts to charge, but drooping goes,
To bear his dying lord amidst his foes.

Not so the Libyans fierce their onset make;
With thundering hoofs the sandy soil they shake;
Thick o'er the battle wavy clouds arise,
As when, through Thrace, Bistonian [52] Boreas flies,
Involves the day in dust, and darkens all the skies.
And now the Latian foot encompass'd round,
Are massacred, and trodden to the ground;
None in resistance vainly prove their might,
But death is all the business of the fight.
Thicker than hail the steely showers descend;
Beneath the weight the falling Romans bend.
On every side the shrinking front grows less,
And to the centre madly all they press:

[51] The Roman horse, when they came to charge, were quite tired and jaded.

[52] Bistonia was a city of Thrace, built by Biston, the son of Mars and Callirrhöe; from whence all the Thracians were called Bistons, and the winds blowing from that country Bistonian.

Fear, uproar, and dismay, increase the cry,
Crushing and crush'd, an armed crowd they die;
Ev'n thronging on their fellows' swords they run,
And the foes' business by themselves is done.
But the fierce Moors disdain [53] a crowd should share
The praise of conquest, or the task of war:
Rivers of blood they wish, and hills of slain,
With mangled carcases to strow the plain.
Genius of Carthage! rear thy drooping head,
And view thy fields with Roman slaughter spread.
Behold, oh Hannibal, thou hostile shade!
A large amends by fortune's hand is made,
And the lost Punic blood is well repaid.
Thus do the gods [54] the cause of Pompey bless?
Thus! is it thus they give our arms success?
Take, Afric, rather take the horrid good,
And make thy own advantage of our blood.
The dust, at length, in crimson floods was laid,
And Curio [55] now the dreadful field survey'd.
He saw 'twas lost, and knew it vain to strive,
Yet bravely scorn'd to fly, or to survive;

53 That their conquest should be owing to the tumult and disorder of the enemy; they would have rather gained it with more slaughter.

54 The poet would not have any advantage accrue to Pompey (whose person and cause he always favours) from the blood of his countrymen, but would rather transfer the benefit of such success, as well as the guilt of it, to Juba and his Africans.

55 Curio has been mentioned before in the first book. He was in debt immensely, for a private man. Val. Maximus says, that Cæsar paid *Sexcenties H. S.* 60,000 *Sestertia*, which is above 460,000*l.* sterling, for him; so that Cæsar might be well said to buy, and Curio to sell the commonwealth.

And though thus driven to death, he met it well,
And in a crowd of dying Romans fell.
Now what avail thy popular arts and fame,
Thy restless mind that shook thy country's frame;
Thy moving tongue that knew so well to charm,
And urge the madding multitude to arm?
What boots it, to have sold the Senate's right,
And driven the furious leaders on to fight?
Thou, the first victim of thy war, art slain;
Nor shalt thou see Pharsalia's fatal plain.
Behold! ye potent troublers of the state,
What wretched ends on curs'd ambition wait!
See! where, a prey, unburied Curio lies,
To every fowl that wings the Libyan skies.
Oh! were the gods as gracious, as severe,
Were liberty, like vengeance, still their care;
Then, Rome! what days, what people might'st thou see,
If Providence would equally decree,
To punish tyrants, and preserve thee free.
Nor yet, oh generous Curio! shall my verse
Forget thy praise, thy virtues, to rehearse;
Thy virtues, which with envious time shall strive,
And to succeeding ages long survive.
In all our pregnant mother's tribes, before,
A son of nobler hope she never bore:
A soul more bright, more great she never knew,
While to thy country's interest thou wert true.
But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd thy native worth,
And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When vice in triumph through the city pass'd,
And dreadful wealth and power laid all things waste.
The sweeping stream thy better purpose cross'd,
And in the headlong torrent wert thou lost.

Much to the ruin of the State was done,
When Curio by the Gallic spoils was won;
Curio, the hope of Rome, and her most worthy son!
Tyrants of old, whom former times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murdering sword;
Sylla, whom such unbounded power made proud;
Marius, and Cinna, red with Roman blood;
Ev'n Cæsar's mighty race, who lord it now,
Before whose throne the subject nations bow,
All bought that power which lavish Curio sold,
Curio, who barter'd liberty for gold.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

In Epirus the consuls assemble the senate, who unanimously appoint Pompey general of the war against Cæsar, and decree public thanks to the several princes and states who assisted the commonwealth. Appius, at that time prætor of Achaia, consults the oracle of Delphos concerning the event of the civil war. And, upon this occasion, the poet goes into a digression concerning the origin, the manner of the delivery, and the present silence of that oracle. From Spain, Cæsar returns into Italy; where he quells a mutiny in his army, and punishes the offenders. From Placentia, where this disorder happened, he orders them to march to Brundusium; where, after a short turn to Rome, and assuming the consulship, or rather the supreme power, he joins them himself. From Brundusium, though it was then the middle of winter, he transports part of his army by sea to Epirus, and lands at Palæste. Pompey, who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæsar's arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, marched that way: on the banks of the river Apsus they met and encamped close together. Cæsar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brundusium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and, being uneasy at his delays, leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempestuous sea, in a small bark, to hasten the transport. Upon Cæsar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be soon decided by a battle; and upon that consideration, resolved to send his wife to expect the event at Lesbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

Thus equal fortune holds awhile the scale,
And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail;
In doubt the goddess yet their fate detains,
And keeps 'em for Emathia's fatal plains.
And now the setting Pleiades [1] grew low,
The hills stood hoary in December's snow;
The solemn season was approaching near,
When other names [2], renew'd, the Fasti wear,
And double Janus leads the coming year.
The consuls, while their rods they yet maintain'd,
While yet some show of liberty remain'd,
With missives round the scatter'd fathers greet,
And in Epirus bid the Senate meet.
There the great rulers of the Roman state,
In foreign seats, consulting, meanly sate.
No face of war the grave assembly wears,
But civil power in peaceful pomp appears:
The purple order to their place resort,
While waiting lictors [3] guard the crowded court.
No faction these, nor party, seem to be,
But a full Senate, legal, just, and free.
Great as he is, here Pompey stands confess'd
A private man, and one among the rest.
Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs cease,
And every mournful sound is hush'd in peace;

[1] The seven stars set cosmically, as the astronomers call it (or about sun-rising), about the middle of November. It signifies here only the latter end of the year.

[2] Of the new consuls. For the Fasti, see before in the notes on Book II.

[3] These were somewhat like our serjeants at mace: they attended the principal Roman magistrates, and carried the ensigns of their authority, the rods and axes, before them.

When from the consular distinguish'd throne,
Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun:
" If yet our Roman virtue is the same,
Yet worthy of the race from which we came,
And emulates our great forefather's name;
Let not our thoughts, by sad remembrance led,
Bewail those captive walls [4] from whence we fled.
This time demands that to ourselves we turn,
Nor, fathers, have we leisure now to mourn;
But let each early care, each honest heart,
Our Senate's sacred dignity assert.
To all around proclaim it, wide and near,
That power which kings obey, and nations fear,
That only legal power of Rome is here.
For whether to the northern Bear we go,
Where pale she glitters o'er eternal snow;
Or whether in those sultry climes we burn,
Where night and day with equal hours return;
The world shall still acknowledge us its head,
And empire follow wheresoe'er we lead.
When Gallic flames the burning city felt,
At Veiæ Rome [5] with her Camillus dwelt.
Beneath forsaken roofs proud Cæsar reigns,
Our vacant courts and silent laws constrains;
While slaves obedient to his tyrant will,
Outlaws and profligates, his Senate fill;
With him a banish'd guilty crowd appear,
All that are just and innocent are here.
Dispers'd by war, though guiltless of its crimes,
Our order yielded to these impious times;

4 Rome possessed by Cæsar

5 When Rome was sacked by the Gauls, the Senate assembled at Veiæ, about three leagues from their own city, and there appointed Camillus dictator.

At length, returning each from his retreat,
In happy hour the scatter'd members meet.
The gods and fortune greet us on the way,
And with the world [6] lost Italy repay.
Upon Illyria's favourable coast,
Vulteius with his furious band are lost;
While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
One half of Cæsar's senators lie slain.
March then, ye warriors! second fate's design,
And to the leading gods your ardour join:
With equal constancy to battle come, [Rome.
As when you shun'd the foe, and left your native
The period of the consuls' power is near,
Who yield our Fasces with the ending year:
But you, ye fathers, whom we still obey,
Who rule mankind with undetermin'd sway,
Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
And bid our greatest Pompey lead the war."
In loud applause the pleas'd assembly join,
And to the glorious task the chief assign:
His country's fate they trust to him alone,
And bid him fight Rome's battles, and his own.
Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
And some with gifts, and some with praise are crown'd:
Of these, the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd [7],
And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd:

6 The consul Lentulus would insinuate, that their successes against Vulteius and Curio did overbalance the losses they had sustained in Spain and Italy, and were to be looked upon as an earnest of their recovering the empire of the world.

7 The colossus and temple of the sun, in that island, were famous in antiquity.

Of Athens much they speak; Massilia's aid
Is with her parent Phocis'[8] freedom paid.
Deiotarus[9] his truth they much commend,
Their still unshaken faithful Asian friend.
Brave Cotys, and his valiant son, they grace,
With bold Rhasipolis from stormy Thrace.
While gallant Juba justly is decreed
To his paternal sceptre to succeed.
And thou too, Ptolemy[10] (unrighteous fate!)
Wert rais'd, unworthy, to the regal state;
The crown upon thy perjur'd temples shone,
That once was borne by Philip's godlike son.
O'er Ægypt shakes the boy his cruel sword:
(Oh! that he had been only Ægypt's lord!)
But the dire gift more dreadful mischiefs wait,
While Lagos' sceptre gives him Pompey's fate:
Preventing Cæsar's, and his sister's hand,
He seiz'd his parricide, and her command.
The' assembly rose, and all on war intent
Bustle to arms, and blindly wait the' event.
Appius alone[11], impatient to be taught,
With what the threatening future times were fraught,
With busy curiosity explores
The dreadful purpose of the heavenly powers.

8 See notes on Book III.

9 Deiotarus, king of Galatia, brought 600 horse to join Pompey; Cotys, king of Thrace, sent 500, under the conduct of his son Sadalis; and Rhasipolis brought 200 from Macedonia.

10 Ptolemy defrauded his sister Cleopatra of her share in the kingdom; and in killing Pompey saved Cæsar the guilt of that impious act. Lagos was a surname of the Ptolemy's family.

11 Appius, the governor of Aehaia, desirous to know the event of the civil war, compelled the priestess of Delphos to descend to the oracle, which had not of a long time been used.

To Delphos straight he flies, where long the god
In silence had possess'd his close abode;
His oracles had long been known to cease,
And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.
Between the ruddy west and eastern skies,
In the mid-earth, Parnassus' tops [12] arise:
To Phœbus, and the cheerful god of wine,
Sacred in common, stands the hill divine.
Still as the third revolving year comes round,
The Mænades [13], with leafy chaplets crown'd,
The double deity in solemn songs resound.
When o'er the world the deluge wide was spread,
This only mountain rear'd his lofty head;
One rising rock, preserv'd, a bound was giv'n,
Between the vasty deep, and ambient Heav'n.
Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
Python [14] by infant Pæan's darts was slain,
While yet the realm was held by Themis' [15] righteous reign.
But when the god perceiv'd, how from below
The conscious caves diviner breathings blow [16],
How vapours could unfold the' inquirer's doom,
And talking winds could speak of things to come;

[12] The mountain Parnassus was sacred to Phœbus and Bacchus, and by the ancients believed to be exactly in the middle of the earth.

[13] These were priestesses properly of Bacchus. The Trieterica, or three-yearly feasts, were sacred to that god in honour of his return from his victories in India.

[14] Python was a monstrous serpent sent by Juno to persecute Latona. He was killed by Pæan, or Apollo.

[15] The goddess of justice.

[16] The original of this oracle was said to be from certain blasts or exhalations which proceeded from a deep cavern in the earth, and which inspired the Pythian, or prophetess, with

Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
There, with foretelling fury first inspir'd,
From thence the prophet's art and honours he acquir'd.

So runs the tale. And oh! what god indeed
Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid?
What power divine forsakes the Heaven's fair light,
To dwell with earth, and everlasting night?
What is this spirit, potent, wise, and great,
Who deigns to make a mortal frame his seat?
Who the long chain of secret causes knows,
Whose oracles the years to come disclose?
Who through eternity at once foresees,
And tells that fate which he himself decrees?
Part of that soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whose energy informs the pendant ball,
Through this dark passage seeks the realms above,
And strives to re-unite itself to Jove.
Whate'er the Dæmon, when he stands confess'd
Within his raging priestess' panting breast,
Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
And thundering from her foamy mouth he speaks.
Such is the burst of bellowing Ætna's sound,
When fair Sicilia's pastures shake around;
Such from Inarimè [17] Typhœus roars,
While rattling rocks bestrew Campania's shores.

a spirit of prediction. And Lucan in this place makes Apollo add his godhead to some divine quality that was before in the earth itself. For a larger account of this oracle, see Dr. Potter, the present Bishop of Oxford, in his Archæologia Græca, lib. ii. cap. 9.

[17] An island on the coast of Italy, near Naples, now Ischia, in which there is a volcano or fiery eruption. The giant Typhœus is feigned by the poets to have been struck with lightning by Jupiter, and this island thrown upon him.

The listening god, still ready with replies,
To none his aid[18] or oracle denies;
Yet wise and righteous ever, scorns to hear
The fool's fond wishes, or the guilty's pray'r;
Though vainly in repeated vows they trust,
None e'er find grace before him but the just;
Oft to a banish'd[19], wandering, houseless race,
The sacred dictates have assign'd a place:
Oft from the strong he saves the weak in war:
This truth, ye Salaminian seas declare!
And heals the barren land, and pestilential air.
Of all the wants with which this age is curs'd,
The Delphic silence surely is the worst.
But tyrants[20], justly fearful of their doom,
Forbid the gods to tell us what's to come.
Meanwhile the prophetess may well rejoice,
And bless the ceasing of the sacred voice:
Since death too oft her holy task attends,
And immature her dreadful labour ends.
Torn by the fierce distracting rage she springs,
And dies beneath the god for whom she sings.

[13] That is, in the times when there were frequent oracles given: (using the present tense for the præterite, frequent in poetry.) It is plain, not only from Lucan in this book, but other ancient authors, that this and other oracles had been silent some time before the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey.

[19] There are frequent instances in story of these useful oracles. The Phœnicians, driven by earthquakes from their first habitations, were taught to fix first at Sidon, and after at Tyre. When Greece was invaded by Xerxes, the Athenians were advised to trust in their wooden walls, (their ships) and beat the Persians at sea at the battle of Salamis. A famine in Ægypt, and the plague at Thebes, for the murder of Laius, were both removed by consulting this oracle.

[20] They forbid their subjects to inquire.

These silent caves, these Tripods [21] long unmov'd,
Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd:
He bids the guardian of the dread abode
Send in the trembling priestess to the god.
The reverend sire the Latian chief obey'd,
And sudden seiz'd the unsuspecting maid,
Where careless in the peaceful grove she stray'd.
Dismay'd, aghast, and pale, he drags her on;
She stops, and strives the fatal task to shun:
Subdued by force, to fraud and art she flies,
And thus to turn the Roman's purpose tries.
"What curious hopes thy wandering fancy move,
The silent Delphic oracle to prove?
In vain, Ausonian Appius, art thou come;
Long has our Phœbus and his cave been dumb.
Whether, disdaining us, the sacred voice
Has made some other distant land its choice;
Or whether, when the fierce Barbarians' fires [22]
Low in the dust had laid our lofty spires,
In heaps the mouldering ashes heavy rod,
And chok'd the channels of the breathing god:
Or whether Heaven no longer gives replies,
But bids the Sibyls' mystic verse [23] suffice;

[21] There are several differing opinions concerning the Tripus, or Tripod, at Delphos, which are collected by the learned Dr. Potter (as above). The most common, and, I think, the most probable, is, that it was a three legged stool, or seat, placed over the hole or vent of the sacred cavern: upon this the priestess sat or leaned, and received the divine *afflatus*, or blast, from below. Those that have a curiosity to be better informed, may see *Vandale de Oraculis*.

[22] When Delphos was taken and sacked, and the temple burnt by Brennus and the Gauls.

[23] That volume which was kept at Rome, and consulted upon the most important public occasions.

Or if he deigns not this bad age to bear,
And holds the world unworthy of his care:
Whate'er the cause, our god has long been mute,
And answers not to any suppliant's suit."
But ah! too well her artifice is known,
Her fears confess the god, whom they disown.
Howe'er each rite she seemingly prepares,
A fillet gathers up her foremost hairs;
While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
And knit the looser locks which flow behind.
Sudden the stronger priest, though yet she strives,
The lingering maid within the temple drives:
But still she fears, still shuns the dreadful shrine,
Lags in the outer space, and feigns the rage divine.
But far unlike the god, her calmer breast
No strong enthusiastic throes confess'd;
No terrors in her starting hairs were seen,
To cast from off her brow the wreathing green;
No broken accents half obstructed hung,
Nor swelling murmurs roll her labouring tongue.
From her fierce jaws no sounding horrors come,
No thunders bellow through the working foam,
To rend the spacious cave, and shake the vaulted dome.
Too plain the peaceful groves and fane betray'd
The wily, fearful, god-dissembling maid.
The furious Roman soon the fraud espied,
And, "Hope not thou to 'scape my rage (he cried);
Sore shalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane!
(The gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain)
Unless thou cease thy mortal sounds [24] to tell,
Unless thou plunge thee in the mystic cell,

[24] Your own words; what you speak from yourself, and not from the inspiration of Apollo.

Unless the gods themselves reveal the doom
Which shall befal the warring world and Rome."
He spoke, and, aw'd by the superior dread,
The trembling priestess to the Tripod fled:
Close to the holy breathing vent she cleaves,
And largely the unwonted god receives.
Nor age the potent spirit had decay'd,
But with full force he fills the heaving maid;
Nor e'er so strong inspiring Pæan came,
Nor stretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame:
The mortal mind driven out, forsook her breast,
And the sole godhead every part possess'd.
Now swell her veins, her turgid sinews rise,
And bounding frantic through the cave she flies;
Her bristling locks the wreathy fillet scorn,
And her fierce feet the tumbling Tripods spurn.
Now wild she dances o'er the vacant fane, [pain.
And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the
Nor yet the less, the' avenging wrathful god,
Pours in his fires, and shakes his sounding rod[25]:
He lashes now, and goads her on amain;
And now he checks her, stubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, just labouring to disclose,
And speak that fate which in her bosom glows.
Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads crowd;
Men, times, and things, or present, or to come,
Work labouring up and down, and urge for room.
Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her thought, and to her sight is seen.
The ocean's utmost bounds her eyes explore,
And number every sand on every shore;

[25] In these divine furies the priestess seemed to be driven along with whips.

Nature, and all her works, at once they see, [be.
Know when she first begun, and when her end shall
And as the Sibyl once in Cumæ's cell,
When vulgar Fates she proudly ceas'd to tell,
The Roman destiny distinguish'd took,
And kept it careful in her sacred book;
So now, Phemonoë[26], in crowds of thought,
The single doom of Latian Appius sought.
Nor in that mass, where multitudes abound,
A private fortune can with ease be found.
At length her foamy mouth begins to flow,
Groans more distinct, and plainer murmurs go:
A doleful howl the roomy cavern shook,
And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents spoke:
"While guilty rage the world tumultuous rends,
In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends;
Thither, as to thy refuge, shalt thou fly,
There find repose, and unmolested lie."
She said; the god her labouring tongue suppress'd,
And in eternal darkness veil'd the rest.
Ye sacred Tripods, on whose doom we wait!
Ye guardians of the future laws of fate!
And thou, O Phœbus! whose prophetic skill
Reads the dark counsels of the heavenly will;
Why did your wary oracles refrain
To tell what kings, what heroes, must be slain,
And how much blood the blushing earth should stain?
Was it that, yet, the guilt was undecreed?
That yet our Pompey was not doom'd to bleed?
Or chose you wisely, rather, to afford
A just occasion to the patriot's sword?

[26] Lucan gives this name to the priestess of his time, probably because it was the name of the first maid that delivered these oracles.

As if you fear'd to' avert the tyrant's doom,
And hinder Brutus from avenging Rome?
Through the wide gates at length, by force display'd,
Impetuous sallies the prophetic maid;
Nor yet the holy rage was all suppress'd,
Part of the god still heaving in her breast:
Urg'd by the Dæmon, yet she rolls her eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the spacious skies.
Now horrid purple flushes in her face,
And now a livid pale supplies the place;
A double madness paints her cheeks by turns,
With fear she freezes, and with fury burns:
Sad breathing sighs with heavy accent go,
And doleful from her fainting bosom blow.
So when no more the storm sonorous sings,
But noisy Boreas hangs his weary wings,
In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
And murmur o'er the hoarse-resounding main.
Now by degrees the fire ethereal fail'd,
And the dull human sense again prevail'd;
While Phœbus, sudden, in a murky shade,
Hid the past vision from the mortal maid,
Thick clouds of dark oblivion rise between,
And snatch away at once the wondrous scene;
Stretch'd on the ground the fainting priestess lies,
While to the Tripod, back, the' informing spirit flies.
Meanwhile fond Appius, erring in his fate,
Dream'd of long safety, and a neutral state;
And ere the great event of war was known,
Fix'd on Eubœan Chalcis [27] for his own.

[27] Chalcis and Aulis lie over-against each other, one in Eubœa (Negropont) the other in Bœotia, with the Euripus or gulf between.

Fool! to believe that power could ward the blow,
Or snatch thee from amidst the general woe!
In times like these, what god but death can save?
The world can yield no refuge but the grave.
Where struggling seas Charystos rude constrains,
And, dreadful to the proud, Rhamnusia[28] reigns;
Where by the whirling current barks are toss'd
From Chalcis to unlucky Auli's coast;
There shalt thou meet the god's appointed doom,
A private death, and long-remember'd tomb.
To other wars[29] the victor now succeeds,
And his proud eagles from Iberia leads:
When the chang'd gods his ruin seem'd to threat,
And cross the long successful course of fate.
Amidst his camp, and fearless of his foes,
Sudden he saw where inborn dangers rose,
He saw those troops that long had faithful stood,
Friends to his cause, and enemies to good,
Grown weary of their chief, and satiate with blood.

[28] Nemesis, or the goddess of divine vengeance, was particularly worshipped at Rhamnus, a town in Attica, and from thence called Rhamnusia. Appius thinking this oracle had warned him only to abstain from this war, retired into that country called Cœla Eubœa, where before the battle of Pharsalia he died of a disease, and was there buried, and so possessed quietly the place which the oracle had promised him.

[29] Cæsar was now returned from Spain to Placentia in Italy, and was going to follow Pompey into Epirus and Macedonia, when this mutiny in his army happened. As Lucan tells the story, he seems not to have been present at the time it first began, but upon the first notice of it to have repaired to the camp. Nor does the speech of one of the ringleaders (though addressed to him) suppose him to be present.

Whether the trumpet's sound too long had ceas'd,
And slaughter slept in unaccustom'd rest:
Or whether, arrogant by mischief made,
The soldier held his guilt but half repay'd:
Whilst avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
Turn against Cæsar, and his cause, the scale,
And set the mercenary sword to sale.
Nor, e'er before, so truly could he read
What dangers strow those paths the mighty tread.
Then first he found on what a faithless base
Their nodding towers ambition's builders place:
He who so late, a potent faction's head,
Drew in the nations, and the legions led;
Now strip'd of all, beheld in every hand
The warrior's weapons at their own command;
Nor service now, nor safety they afford,
But leave him single to his guardian sword.
Nor is this rage the grumbling of a crowd,
That shun to tell their discontents aloud;
Where all with gloomy looks suspicious go,
And dread of an informer chokes their woe:
But, bold in numbers, proudly they appear,
And scorn the bashful mean restraints of fear.
For laws, in great rebellions, lose their end,
And all go free, when multitudes offend.

Among the rest, one thus: "At length, 'tis time
To quit thy cause, oh Cæsar! and our crime:
The world around for foes thou hast explor'd,
And lavishly expos'd us to the sword;
To make thee great, a worthless crowd we fall,
Scatter'd o'er Spain, o'er Italy, and Gaul;
In every clime beneath the spacious sky,
Our leader conquers, and his soldiers die.

What boots our march beneath the frozen zone,
Or that lost blood which stains the Rhine and Rhone!
When scar'd with wounds, and worn with labours hard,
We come with hopes of recompense prepar'd,
Thou giv'st us war, more war, for our reward.
Though purple rivers in thy cause we spilt,
And stain'd our horrid hands in every guilt;
With unavailing wickedness we toil'd,
In vain the gods, in vain the Senate spoil'd;
Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
Our pious poverty is all we've left.
Say to what height thy daring arms would rise?
If Rome's too little, what can e'er suffice?
Oh, see at length! with pity, Cæsar, see, [thee.
These withering arms, these hairs grown white for
In painful wars our joyless days have past,
Let weary age lie down in peace at last:
Give us on beds our dying limbs to lay,
And sigh at home our parting souls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
And ask this wondrous favour at thy hand:
Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
To close our drooping eyelids when we die.
Be merciful, and let disease afford
Some other way to die, beside the sword;
Let us no more a common carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent urn.
Still wilt thou urge us ignorant and blind,
To some more monstrous mischief yet behind?
Are we the only fools[30], forbid to know
How much we may deserve by one sure blow?

[30] Do you think we only are ignorant, how greatly we may deserve of the commonwealth by killing you?

Thy head, thy head is ours, whene'er we please;
Well has thy war inspir'd such thoughts as these:
What laws, what oaths can urge their feeble bands,
To hinder these determin'd daring hands?
That Cæsar, who was once ordain'd our head,
When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,
Is now no more our chieftain, but our mate;
Guilt equal, gives equality of state.
Nor shall his foul ingratitude prevail,
Nor weigh our merits in his partial scale;
He views our labours with a scornful glance,
And calls our victories the works of chance:
But his proud heart, henceforth, shall learn to own,
His power, his fate, depends on us alone.
Yes, Cæsar, spite of all those rods that wait,
With mean obsequious service, on thy state;
Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war shall cease,
And we, thy soldiers, will command a peace."
He spoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inspir'd,
The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,
And with loud cries their absent chief requir'd.
Permit it thus, ye righteous gods, to be;
Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree;
And since lost faith and virtue are no more,
Let Cæsar's bands the public peace restore.
What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,
And heard this tumult with the last despair?
But Cæsar, form'd for perils hard and great,
Headlong to drive, and brave opposing fate;
While yet with fiercest fires their furies flame,
Secure, and scornful of the danger, came.
Nor was he wroth to see the madness rise,
And mark the vengeance threatening in their eyes;

With pleasure could he crown their curs'd designs,
With rapes of matrons, and the spoils of shrines:
Had they but ask'd it, well he could approve
The waste and plunder of Tarpeian Jove[31]:
No mischief he, no sacrilege, denies,
But would himself bestow the horrid prize.
With joy he sees their souls by rage possess'd,
Soothes and indulges every frantic breast,
And only fears what reason may suggest.
Still, Cæsar, wilt thou tread the paths of blood?
Wilt thou, thou singly, hate thy country's good!
Shall the rude soldier first of war complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful, in vain?
Give o'er at length, and let thy labours cease,
Nor vex the world, but learn to suffer peace.
Why should'st thou force each now unwilling hand,
And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?
When ev'n relenting rage itself gives place,
And fierce Enyo[32] seems to shun thy face."
High on a turfy bank the chief was rear'd,
Fearless, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
Around the crowd he cast an angry look,
And, dreadful, thus with indignation spoke.
"Ye noisy herd! who in so fierce a strain
Against your absent leader dare complain:
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he stands,
And braves the malice of your threatening hands.
Here find your end of war, your long-sought rest,
And leave your useless swords in Cæsar's breast.
But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
To rail is all your feeble rage can do.

[31] The Capitol.
[32] The goddess of civil war.

In grumbling factions you are bold and loud,
Can sow sedition, and increase a crowd;
You! who can loath the glories of the great,
And poorly meditate a base retreat.
But hence! be gone from victory and me,
Leave me to what my better fates decree:
New friends, new troops, my fortune shall afford,
And find a hand for every vacant sword.
Behold, what crowds on flying Pompey wait,
What multitudes attend his abject state!
And shall success, and Cæsar, droop the while?
Shall I want numbers to divide the spoil,
And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?
Legions shall come to end the bloodless war,
And shouting follow my triumphal car:
While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
Shall view our honours with a downward face,
And curse yourselves in secret as we pass.
Can your vain aid, can your departing force,
Withhold my conquest, or delay my course?
So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry;
The deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor supply.
Nor think such vulgar souls as yours were giv'n,
To be the task of fate, and care of heav'n:
Few are the lordly, the distinguish'd great,
On whom the watchful gods, like guardians, wait:
The rest for common use were all design'd,
An unregarded rabble of mankind.
By my auspicious name, and fortune led, [spread;
Wide o'er the world your conquering arms were
But say, what had you done with Pompey at your head?

Vast was the fame by Labienus [33] won,
When rank'd amidst my warlike friends he shone:
Now mark what follows on his faithful change,
And see him with his chief new-chosen range;
By land and sea, where'er my arms he spies,
An ignominious runagate he flies.
Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my care [34],
Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear:
Who quits his leader, wheresoe'er he go,
Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.
Yes, ye great gods! your kinder care I own,
You made the faith of these false legions known;
You warn me well to change these coward bands,
Nor trust my fate to such betraying hands.
And thou too, fortune! point'st me out the way,
A mighty debt thus cheaply to repay:
Henceforth my care regards myself alone,
War's glorious gain shall now be all my own.
For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
My ensigns shall by manly hands be borne.
Some few of you, my sentence here shall wait,
And warn succeeding factions by your fate.
Down! groveling down to earth, ye traitors, bend,
And with your prostrate necks my doom attend.
And you, ye younger striplings of the war;
You, whom I mean to make my future care;
Strike home! to blood, to death, inure your hands,
And learn to execute my dread commands."

33 He had been Cæsar's lieutenant in Gaul; but was persuaded by Cæsar's enemies to forsake him, and go over to Pompey.

34 It is very indifferent to me whether you only forsake me, and remain neuters, or go over to Pompey and assist him.

He spoke; and at the' impious sound dismay'd,
The trembling unresisting crowd obey'd:
No more their late equality [35] they boast,
But bend beneath his frown, a suppliant host.
Singly secure, he stands confess'd their lord,
And rules, in spite of him, the soldier's sword.
Doubtful at first, their patience he surveys,
And wonders why each haughty heart obeys;
Beyond his hopes he sees the stubborn bow,
And bare their breasts obedient to the blow;
Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed disclaim,
And would not find [36] their fiercer souls so tame.
A few at length [37], selected from the rest,
Bled, for example; and the tumult ceas'd:
While the consenting host the victims view'd,
And in that blood their broken faith renew'd.
Now to Brundusium's walls he bids 'em tend,
Where ten long days their weary marches end;
There he commands assembling barks to meet,
And furnish from the neighbouring shores his fleet.
Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,
From Taras [38] old, and Hydrus [39] winding tide;

35 See before, p. 232.

36 As thinking such a disposition of mind too tame for the execution of designs like his.

37 Cæsar cashiered, with infamy, all the ninth legion at Placentia; and with much ado, after many prayers and great submissions, received them again, but not without making severe examples of the chief mutineers.

38 Or Tara, a river of Naples in the province of Otranto; it rises in the Apennine mountains, and falls into the gulf of Tarentum.

39 Hydrus and Hydruntium was the ancient name of Otranto. Here it signifies a river, probably, near that place of the same name.

Thither with swelling sails their way they take,
From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake[40];
From where Apulia's fruitful mountains rise,
Where high along the coast Garganus[41] lies,
And beating seas and fighting winds defies.
Meanwhile, the chief[42] to Rome directs his way,
Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his sway.
There, with mock prayers, the suppliant vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great Dictator's state.
Obedient he, since thus their wills ordain,
A gracious tyrant condescends to reign.
His mighty name the joyful Fasti wear,
Worthy to usher in the curs'd Pharsalian year.
Then was the time, when sycophants began
To heap all titles on one lordly man;
Then learn'd our sires[43] that fawning lying strain,
Which we, their slavish sons, so well retain:
Then first were seen to join an ill-match'd pair,
The axe of justice with the sword of war;
Fasces and eagles, mingling, march along,
And in proud Cæsar's train promiscuous throng.
And while all powers[44] in him alone unite,
He mocks the people with the shows of right.

[40] Salapia and Sipus were both towns in Apulia.

[41] Garganus, a mountain in Apulia.

[42] Cæsar made himself dictator at Rome without any lawful election, (that is, neither named by the Senate or Consul;) and eleven days after quitted his dictatorship, having made himself and Publius Servilius consuls.

[43] Then began those names of flattery which were afterwards used to their emperors of *divus*, *semper augustus*, *pater patriæ*, &c. 'divine, for ever august, father of his country,' &c.

[44] After all government was in the hands of Cæsar alone, all the ancient rites observed in creating of magistrates were quite taken away; an imaginary face of election was still kept

The Martian field the' assembling tribes receives,
And each his unregarded suffrage gives;
Still with the same solemnity of face,
The reverend augur seems to fill his place:
Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
Nor sees the flight of the ill-boding owl.
Then sunk the state and dignity of Rome,
Thence monthly consuls [45] nominally come:
Just as the sovereign bids, their names appear,
To head the calendar, and mark the year.
Then too, to finish out the pageant show,
With formal rites to Alban Jove [46] they go;
By night the festival was huddled o'er,
Nor could the god unworthy ask for more;
He who look'd on, and saw such foul disgrace,
Such slavery befal his Trojan race.

up in the field of Mars; the tribes were summoned indeed, but were not admitted to give their suffrages distinctly and regularly. The other orders were vain and merely formal; for the emperor commended him to the centuries whom he intended should be consul; or else designed him, and actually chose him himself. The observations of the augurs were formerly greatly regarded on these occasions; but, under the emperors, the religion was prostituted to the prince, and the prophet prophesied as Cæsar pleased.

It is proper to observe here, that the appearance of an owl within the city was reckoned amongst the most unlucky omens.

45 Under the emperors, consuls were often chosen for half a year, or for one, two, or three months.

46 The *Feriæ Latinæ*, or Latin Festivals, here mentioned, were such as were celebrated by the new consuls in the Alban mountain to Jupiter, by torch-light, with great solemnity. But Lucan says, (with little reverence for Jupiter) that the god deserved they should be thus disrespectfully huddled over by Cæsar; for suffering the Romans, who were the race of Æneas and Ascanius (the latter of whom instituted these rites) to be brought into slavery.

Now Cæsar, like the flame that cuts the skies,
And swifter than the vengeful tigress, flies,
Where waste and overgrown Apulia lies;
O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd plains,
Brundusium's crooked shores and Cretan walls he gains.
Loud Boreas there his navy close confines,
While wary seamen dread the wintry signs.
But he, th' impatient chief, disdains to spare
Those hours that better may be spent in war:
He grieves to see his ready fleet withheld,
While others boldly plough the watery field.
Eager to rouse their sloth, "Behold, (he cries)
The constant wind that rules the wintry skies;
With what a settled certainty it flies!
Unlike the wanton fickle gales, that bring
The cloudy changes of the faithless spring.
Nor need we now to shift, to tack, and veer:
Steady the friendly north commands to steer.
Oh! that the fury of the driving blast
May swell the sail, and bend the lofty mast:
So shall our navy soon be wafted o'er,
Ere yon Phæacian galleys [47] dip the oar,
And intercept the wish'd-for Grecian shore,
Cut every cable then, and haste away;
The waiting winds and seas upbraid our long delay."
Low in the west the setting sun was laid,
Up rose the night in glittering stars array'd,
And silver Cynthia cast a lengthening shade;
When loosing from the shore the moving fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the spreading sheet;

47 Pompey's galleys that lay at Dyrrhachium, which was built by the Phæacians, who inhabited Corcyra, now Corfu.

The slacker tacklings let the canvass flow,
To gather all the breath the winds can blow.
Swift for a while they scud before the wind,
And leave Hesperia's lessening shores behind;
When, lo! the dying breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the mast the flagging sail:
The duller waves with slower heavings creep,
And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
As when the winter's potent breath constrains
The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains;
No more the Bosphori[48] their streams maintain,
Nor rushing Ister heaves the languid main;
Each keel inclos'd, at once forgets its course,
While o'er the new-made champion bounds the horse:
Bold on the crystal plains the Thracians ride,
And print with sounding heels the stable tide.
So still a form the' Ionian waters take,
Dull as the muddy marsh, and standing lake:
No breezes o'er the curling surface pass,
Nor sun-beams tremble in the liquid glass;
No usual turns revolving Tethys knows,
Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows:
But sluggish ocean sleeps in stupid peace,
And weary nature's motions seem to cease.
With differing eyes the hostile fleets beheld
The falling winds, and useless watery field.
There Pompey's daring prows attempt, in vain,
To plough their passage through the' unyielding main;

[48] Two straits, the one called the Thracian, the other the Cimmerian Bosphorus, lie at each end of the Euxine sea. The former is now the channel of Constantinople, and the latter the Straits of Caffa.

While, pinch'd by want, proud Cæsar's legions here
The dire distress of meagre famine fear.
With vows, unknown before, they reach the skies,
That waves may dash, and mounting billows rise;
That storms may with returning fury reign,
And the rude ocean be itself again!
At length the still, the sluggish darkness fled,
And cloudy morning rear'd its lowering head.
The rolling flood the gliding navy bore,
And hills appear'd to pass upon the shore.
Attending breezes waft 'em to the land,
And Cæsar's anchors bite Palæste's[49] strand.
In neighbouring camps the hostile chiefs sit down,
Where Genusus[50] the swift, and Apsus run;
Among the' ignobler crowd of rivers, these
Soon lose their waters in the mingling seas:
No mighty streams nor distant springs they know,
But rise from muddy lakes, and melting snow.
Here meet the rivals who the world divide,
Once by the tenderest bands of kindred tied.
The world with joy their interview beheld,
Now only parted by a single field,
Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe
Whene'er they come thus near they must forgive.
Vain hopes! for soon they part to meet no more,
Till both shall reach the curs'd Egyptian shore;
Till the proud father shall in arms succeed,
And see his vanquish'd son untimely bleed;
Till he beholds his ashes on the strand,
Views his pale head within a villain's hand;
Till Pompey's fate shall Cæsar's tears demand.

49 A village in Epirus, near the city of Oricum.

50 Now Arzenza; and Apsus, now Æspro; two rivers of Macedonia, that fall into the Adriatic sea.

The latter yet his eager rage restrains,
While Antony[51] the lingering troops detains.
Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
Impatient Cæsar often chides his stay,
Oft he is heard to threat, and humbly oft to pray.
"Still shall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wilt thou stop the gods, and hinder fate?
What could be done before was done by me:
Now ready fortune only stays for thee. [stand?
What holds thee then? do rocks thy course with-
Or Libyan Syrts oppose their faithless strand?
Or dost thou fear new dangers to explore?
I call thee not but where I pass'd before.
For all those hours thou losest I complain,
And sue to heaven for prosperous winds in vain.
My soldiers (often has their faith been tried)
If not withheld, had hasten'd to my side.
What toil, what hazards, will they not partake?
What seas and shipwrecks scorn, for Cæsar's sake?
Nor will I think the gods so partial are,
To give thee fair Ausonia for thy share;
While Cæsar and the Senate are forgot,
And in Epirus bound their barren lot."
In words like these, he calls him oft in vain,
And thus the hasty missives oft complain.
At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
What vast success his rasher darings crown'd;
Who saw how much the favouring gods had done,
Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious stay,
Resolves by night to prove the doubtful way:

[51] When Cæsar passed over into Greece with part of his army, he left the other with M. Antony at Brundusium.

Bold in a single skiff he means to go,
And tempt those seas that navies dare not plough.
'Twas now the time when cares and labour cease,
And ev'n the rage of arms was hush'd to peace:
Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched lay,
And slept the sounder for the painful day.
Through the still camp the night's third hour[52] resounds,
And warns the second watches to their rounds;
When through the horrors of the murky shade,
Secret the careful warrior's footsteps tread.
His train, unknowing, slept within his tent,
And fortune only follow'd where he went.
With silent anger he perceiv'd, around,
The sleepy centinels bestrew the ground:
Yet, unreproving, now he pass'd them o'er,
And sought with eager haste the winding shore.
There through the gloom his searching eyes explor'd,
Where to the mouldering rock a bark was moor'd.
The mighty master of this little boat
Securely slept within a neighbouring cot:
No massy beams support his humble hall,
But reeds and marshy rushes wove the wall;
Old shatter'd planking for a roof was spread,
And cover'd in, from rain, the needy shed.
Thrice on the feeble door the warrior strook,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling shook.
"What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
Driv'n by the raging seas and stormy skies,
To my poor lowly roof for shelter flies?"
He spoke; and hasty left his homely bed,
With oozy flags and withering sea-weed spread.

[52] Our nine at night. See Book II. p. 123.

Then from the hearth the smoking match he takes,
And in the tow the drowsy fire awakes;
Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel he supplies,
Till kindling sparks and glittering flames arise.
Oh happy poverty! thou greatest good
Bestow'd by heaven, but seldom understood!
Here, nor the cruel spoiler seeks his prey,
Nor ruthless armies take their dreadful way:
Security thy narrow limits keeps,
Safe are thy cottages, and sound thy sleeps.
Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great,
Where gods and godlike princes choose their seat;
See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
Nor starts, though Cæsar's call commands to rise.
What terrors had you felt that call to hear? [fear,
How had your towers and ramparts shook with
And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
The door unbar'd: "Expect (the leader said)
Beyond thy hopes, or wishes, to be paid;
If in this instant hour thou waft me o'er,
With speedy haste, to yon' Hesperian shore.
No more shall want thy weary hand constrain,
To work thy bark upon the boistrous main:
Henceforth, good days and plenty shall betide;
The gods and I will for thy age provide.
A glorious change attends thy low estate,
Sudden and mighty riches round thee wait;
Be wise, and use the lucky hour of fate."
Thus he; and though in humble vestments dress'd,
Spite of himself, his words his power express'd;
And Cæsar in his bounty stood confess'd.
To him the wary pilot thus replies:
"A thousand omens threaten from the skies;

A thousand boding signs my soul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the seas by night.
In clouds the setting sun obscur'd his head,
Nor painted o'er the ruddy west with red:
Now north, now south[53], he shot his parted beams,
And tip'd the sullen black with golden gleams:
Pale shone his middle orb with faintish rays,
And suffer'd mortal eyes at ease to gaze.
Nor rose the silver queen of night serene,
Supine and dull her blunted horns were seen,
With foggy stains, and cloudy blots between.
Dreadful awhile she shone all fiery red,
Then sicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.
Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow roar,
In leafy groves, and on the sounding shore.
In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
And thwart, and run across, and mix their way.
The cormorants the watery deep forsake,
And soaring herns avoid the plashy lake;
While, wadling on the margin of the main,
The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
Howe'er, if some great enterprise demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand:
My venturous bark the troubled deep shall try,
To thy wish'd port her plunging prow shall ply,
Unless the seas resolve to beat us by."
He spoke; and spread his canvass to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the shore behind.
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they pass'd,
Long trails of light the shooting meteors cast;

[53] As is very often seen when the sun is behind a black cloud, and the rays strike out on each side. These prognostics of the weather are much the same with those in Virgil's First Georgic, and many of them are to be found in Aratus.

Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion seem,
Shake through the blast, and dart a quivering beam;
Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood;
While loud and louder murmuring winds arise,
And growl from every quarter of the skies.
When thus the trembling master, pale with fear,
"Behold what wrath the dreadful gods prepare;
My art is at a loss; the various tide
Beats my unstable bark on every side:
From the nor-west [54] the setting current swells,
While southern storms the driving rack foretels.
Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is lost,
Nor can one relic [55] of our wreck be tost
By winds, like these, on fair Hesperia's coast.
Our only means of safety is to yield,
And measure back with haste the foamy field;
To give our unsuccessful labour o'er,
And reach, while yet we may, the neighbouring shore."
But Cæsar, still superior to distress,
Fearless, and confident of sure success,
Thus to the pilot loud: "The seas despise,
And the vain threatening of the noisy skies.
Though gods deny thee yon' Ausonian strand;
Yet go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cause thy fears,
Thou know'st not what a freight thy vessel bears;
Thou know'st not I am he, to whom 'tis giv'n
Never to want the care of watchful heav'n.

54 The tide or current of the sea setting one way, and the clouds another.

55 As if he had said; though we are sure to be cast away, yet not the least piece of the vessel shall be driven towards Italy.

Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
And, always ready, comes before I call.
Let winds, and seas, loud wars at freedom wage,
And waste upon themselves their empty rage;
A stronger, mightier Dæmon is thy friend,
Thou, and thy bark, on Cæsar's fate depend!
Thou stand'st amaz'd to view this dreadful scene;
And wonder'st what the gods and fortune mean!
But artfully their bounties thus they raise,
And from my dangers arrogate new praise;
Amidst the fears of death they bid me live,
And still inhance what they are sure to give.
Then leave yon shore behind, with all thy haste,
Nor shall this idle fury longer last.
Thy keel auspicious shall the storm appease,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer seas,
And reach Brundusium's safer port with ease.
Nor can the gods ordain another now,
'Tis what I want, and what they must bestow."
Thus, while in vaunting words the leader spoke,
Full on his bark the thundering tempest strook;
Off rips the rending canvass from the mast,
And whirling flits before the driving blast;
In every joint the groaning alder sounds,
And gapes wide-opening with a thousand wounds.
Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,
From every quarter roars the rushing wind:
First from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed,
Tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful head;
The' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the north-east encountering fierce defied,
And back rebuffeted the yielding tide.

The curling surges loud conflicting meet,
Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian strand,
Ploughs up the waves, and scoops the lowest sand.
Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor showery Notus in the' Æolian cell;
But each from every side, his power to boast,
Rang'd his proud forces to defend his coast.
Equal in might, alike they strive in vain,
While in the midst the seas unmov'd remain:
In lesser wars they yield to stormy heav'n,
And captive waves to other deeps are driv'n;
The Tyrrhene billows dash Ægean shores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
How then must Earth the swelling ocean dread,
When floods ran higher than each mountain's head!
Subject and low the trembling beldame lay,
And gave herself for lost, the conquering water's prey.
What other worlds, what seas unknown before,
Then drove their billows on our beaten shore!
What distant deeps, their prodigies to boast,
Heav'd their huge monsters on the' Ausonian coast!
So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
And tir'd his thunders on a harden'd world:
New wrath, the god, new punishment display'd,
And call'd his watry brother to his aid:
Offending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
And bade his floods no longer stand confin'd:
At once the surges o'er the nations rise,
And seas are only bounded by the skies.
Such now the spreading deluge had been seen,
Had not the' Almighty ruler stood between;

Proud waves, the cloud-compelling sire obey'd,
Confess'd his hand suppressing, and were stay'd.
Nor was that gloom the common shade of night,
The friendly darkness that relieves the light;
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell:
So thick the mingling seas and clouds were hung,
Scarce could the struggling lightning gleam along.
Through nature's frame the dire convulsion strook,
Heaven groan'd, the labouring pole and axis shook:
Uproar and Chaos old prevail'd again,
And broke the sacred elemental chain:
Black fiends, unhallow'd, sought the bless'd abodes,
Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods.
One only hope, when every other fail'd,
With Cæsar, and with nature's self, prevail'd;
The storm that sought their ruin, prov'd 'em strong,
Nor could they fall who stood that shock so long.
High as Leucadia's[57] lessening cliffs arise,
On the tall billow's top the vessel flies;
While the pale master, from the surge's brow,
With giddy eyes surveys the depth below:
When straight the gaping main at once divides,
On naked sands the rushing bark subsides,
And the low liquid vale the topmast hides.
The trembling shipman, all distraught with fear,
Forgets his course, and knows not how to steer;
No more the useless rudder guides the prow,
To meet the rolling swell, or shun the blow.
But lo! the storm itself assistance lends,
While one assaults, another wave defends:

57 Or Leucas, an island in the Ionian sea, over-against Acarnania, now called the isle of St. Maur.

This lays the sidelong alder on the main,
And that restores the leaning bark again.
Obedient to the mighty winds she plies,
Now seeks the depths, and now invades the skies;
There borne aloft, she apprehends no more,
Or shoaly Sason, or Thessalia's shore;
High hills she dreads, and promontories now,
And fears to touch Ceraunia's[58] airy brow.
At length the universal wreck appear'd
To Cæsar's self, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
" Why all these pains, this toil of fate, (he cries)
This labour of the seas, and earth, and skies?
All nature, and the gods, at once alarm'd,
Against my little boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye powers divine! your will decrees
The glory of my death to these rude seas:
If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
If that, my first of wishes, you deny:
My soul no longer at her lot repines,
But yields to what your providence assigns.
Though immature I end my glorious days,
Cut short my conquest, and prevent new praise;
My life, already, stands the noblest theme,
To fill long annals of recording fame.
Far northern nations own me for their lord,
And envious factions crouch beneath my sword;
Inferior Pompey yields to me at home,
And only fills a second place in Rome.
My country has my high behests obey'd,
And at my feet her laws obedient laid:
All sovereignty, all honours are my own,
Consul, dictator, I am all alone!

58 Or Acro-Ceraunium, a promontory in Epirus, running out into the Adriatic sea.

But thou, my only goddess, and my friend,
Thou, on whom all my secret prayers attend,
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
Let none on earth, let none beside thee, know
I sunk thus poorly to the shades below.
Dispose, ye gods! my carcase as you please,
Deep let it drown beneath these raging seas:
I ask no urn my ashes to infold,
Nor marble monuments, nor shrines of gold;
Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
Expect me still, and think I am to come;
So shall my name with terror still be heard,
And my return in every nation fear'd."

He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
Nor sunk again, alternate, as before,
But, rushing, lodg'd and fix'd upon the shore.
Rome and his fortune were at once restor'd,
And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.

Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
The warriors crowd, their leader to behold;
In tears around the murmuring legions stand,
And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.

"What means, too daring, Cæsar, (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthless seas, and stormy sky?
What a vile helpless herd had we been left,
Of every hope at once in thee bereft?
While on thy life so many thousands wait,
While nations live dependent on thy fate,
While the whole world on thee, their head, rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die.
And could'st thou not one faithful soldier find,
One equal to his mighty master's mind,
One that deserv'd not to be left behind?

While tumbling billows toss'd thee on the main,
We slept at ease, unknowing of thy pain.
Were we the cause, oh shame! unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging sea?
Is there a slave whose head thou hold'st so light,
To give him up to this tempestuous night?
While Cæsar, whom the subject earth obeys,
To seasons such as these his sacred self betrays.
Still wilt thou weary out indulgent heaven,
And scatter all the lavish gods have given?
Dost thou the care of providence employ,
Only to save thee when the seas run high?
Auspicious Jove thy wishes would promote;
Thou ask'st the safety of a leaky boat:
He proffers thee the world's supreme command;
Thy hopes aspire no further than to land,
And cast thy shipwreck on the' Hesperian strand."

In kind reproaches thus they waste the night,
Till the grey east disclos'd the breaking light:
Serene the sun his beamy face display'd,
While the tir'd storm and weary waves were laid.
Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their sails,
And catch the gently-rising northern gales:
In fair appearance the tall vessels glide,
The pilots, and the wind, conspire to guide,
And waft 'em fitly o'er the smoother tide:
Decent they move, like some well-order'd band,
In rang'd battalions marching o'er the land.
Night fell at length, the winds the sails forsook,
And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
So when, from Strymon's[59] wintry banks, the cranes,
In feather'd legions, cut the' ethereal plains;

[59] Is a river in that part of Thrace which joins to Mace-

To warmer Nile they bend their airy way,
Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in just array:
But if some rushing storm the journey cross,
The wingy leaders all are at a loss:
Now close, now loose, the breaking squadrons fly,
And scatter in confusion o'er the sky.

The day return'd; with Phœbus Auster rose,
And hard upon the straining canvass blows.
Scudding afore him, swift the fleet he bore,
O'er passing Lyssus [60], to Nymphæum's shore;
There, safe from northern winds, within the port they moor.

While thus united Cæsar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great decision near;
Sad Pompey's soul uneasy thoughts infest,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breast.
To distant Lesbos [61] fain he would remove,
Far from the war, the partner of his love.

donia: it is now called Stromona. The commentators observe upon this passage, that the cranes in their flight (as here from a colder to a warmer climate) usually kept in the form of one of these three Greek letters, Δ, Λ, or Υ, unless the violence of the wind broke their order.

60 This was a town of Macedonia, at the mouth of the river Drilon, on the borders of Illyricum. The Nymphæum, here mentioned, is a promontory of Macedonia, on the Ionian sea, not far from Apollonia.

I do not know whether it be worth while to observe, that this passage concerning the course of Cæsar's fleet is differently related by the historians.

61 This was one of the most considerable islands in the Archipelago, on the coast of Asia. It was greatly favoured by Pompey, and after it had suffered in the Mithridatic war, restored by him to its liberty. See more of this place in the eighth book.

Oh! who can speak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderness which pious lovers feel?
Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell, [dwell?
With all the crowd of cares that in their bosoms
See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome and the world he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife.
Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And, lingering, puts off fate from day to day.
The fleeting shades began to leave the sky,
And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia press'd
Her lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast,
Wondering, she found he shun'd her just embrace,
And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
Heart-wounded with the sudden woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd.
When, with a groan, thus he:—"My truest wife,
To say how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expresses what my heart would show,
Since life, alas! is grown my burden now;
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæsar calls me to the fight.
Haste then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
The Lesbian isle attends thy peaceful seat:
Nor seek, oh! seek not to increase my cares,
Seek not to change my purpose with thy pray'rs;
Myself, in vain, the fruitless suit have tried,
And my own pleading heart has been denied.

Think not thy distance will increase thy fear:
Ruin, if ruin comes, will soon be near,
Too soon the fatal news shall reach thy ear.
Nor burns thy heart with just and equal fires,
Nor dost thou love as virtue's law requires[62];
If those soft eyes can ev'n thy husband bear,
Red with the stains of blood, and guilty war.
When horrid trumpets sound their dire alarms,
Shall I indulge my sorrows with thy charms,
And rise to battle from these tender arms?
Thus mournful, from thee rather let me go,
And join thy absence to the public woe.
But thou be hid, be safe from every fear,
While kings and nations in destruction share:
Shun thou the crush of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
Then, if the gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce victor chase me o'er the plain,
Thou shalt be left me still, my better part,
To soothe my cares, and heal my broken heart;
Thy open arms I shall be sure to meet,
And fly with pleasure to the dear retreat."
Stun'd and astonish'd at the deadly stroke,
All sense, at first, the matron sad forsook.
Motion, and life, and speech, at length returns,
And thus in words of heaviest woe she mourns:
" No, Pompey! 'tis not that my lord is dead,
'Tis not the hand of fate has rob'd my bed;
But like some base Plebeian I am curs'd,
And by my cruel husband stand divorc'd[63].

62 As if Cornelia could not come up to the virtue of the Roman matrons, if she did not look with detestation, even upon her husband, when he was engaged in a civil war.

63 Divorces were very frequent among the Romans; though

But Cæsar bids us part! thy father comes!
And we must yield to what that tyrant dooms!
Is thy Cornelia's faith so poorly known,
That thou shouldst think her safer whilst alone?
Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one?
Canst thou, inhuman, drive me from thy side,
And bid my single head the coming storm abide?
Do I not read thy purpose in thy eye?
Dost thou not hope, and wish, ev'n now to die?
And can I then be safe? Yet death is free,
That last relief is not denied to me;
Though banish'd by thy harsh command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the realms below.
Thou bidst me with the pangs of absence strive,
And, till I hear thy certain loss, survive.
My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear;
But oh! my heart's a woman, and I fear.
If the good gods, indulgent to my pray'r,
Should make the laws of Rome and thee their care;
In distant climes I may prolong my woe,
And be the last thy victory to know.
On some bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
A constant watch thy weeping wife shall keep;
There from each sail misfortune shall I guess,
And dread the bark that brings me thy success.
Nor shall those happier tidings end my fear,
The vanquish'd foe may bring new danger near;
Defenceless, I may still be made a prize,
And Cæsar snatch me with him as he flies:
With ease my known retreat he shall explore,
While thy great name distinguishes the shore:

Cornelia, who was a lady of singular virtue, complains here that she should be parted from her husband upon any other occasion than death.

Soon shall the Lesbian exile stand reveal'd,
The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
But if the' o'erruling powers thy cause forsake,
Grant me this only last request I make:
When thou shalt be of troops and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy safety left;
Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But choose a refuge in some distant part.
Where'er thy inauspicious bark shall steer,
Thy sad Cornelia's fatal shore forbear,
Since Cæsar will be sure to seek thee there."
So saying, with a groan the matron fled,
And, wild with sorrow, left her holy bed:
She sees all lingering, all delays are vain,
And rushes headlong to possess the pain;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One last embrace from her forsaken lord.
Uncommon cruel was the fate, for two,
Whose lives had lasted long, and been so true,
To lose the pleasure of one last adieu!
In all the woful days that cross'd their bliss,
Sure never hour was known so sad as this.
By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
They met all after-sorrows with disdain,
And fortune shot her envious shafts in vain.
Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
Her train officious hasten to her aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand,
Support her, slow-descending o'er the strand.
There, while with eager arms she grasp'd the shore,
Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, these pangs, she knew,
When from her native Italy she flew:

Lonely, and comfortless, she takes her flight,
Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night.
In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her side.
When weary oft in heaviness she lies,
And dozy slumber steals upon her eyes;
Fain, with fond arms, her lord she would have press'd,
But weeps to find the pillow at her breast.
Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
Painful she lies, and restless oft she turns;
She shuns his sacred side with awful fear,
And would not be convinc'd he is not there.
But, oh! too soon the want shall be supplied,
The gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling hours bring back her lord,
And Pompey shall be fatally restor'd.

END OF VOL. I.

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